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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE EVOLUTION OF PROVIDENCE.

A Discourse by E. M. Wheelock, of the Unitarian Society of Spokane Falls, W. T.

"Working together with Him."—II. Corinthians, 6, 1.

Providence is inseparable from a creative God. It is implied in his being. He who created must also from moment to moment preserve, or His creation reverts to nothingness again. The designs of care in the universe fronting us on every side point to the Care-taker. Thus everywhere with the belief in Deity is found belief in Providence. It is a universal accompaniment of religion. There is a general instinctive belief in a Divine superintendence over the world, and all forms of faith are full of it. It is taught in every form of speech in the Scriptures, and it is the frequent theme of Jesus, who says, "Not a sparrow falls without the Father's notice, and the very hairs of your heads are numbered." The poets, ancient and modern, bear witness to this central doctrine of faith. Says Tennyson:

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete."

Indeed we must believe that a being of infinite love and wisdom has an infinitely wise purpose in the creation of man, and that he is, at all moments, carrying that purpose into effect. It is a self-evident truth of religion.

But while the heart of man welcomes and cherishes the belief in a perfect Providence over all things and all men, and indeed cannot rest in any other, the intellect demurs and cannot follow out the clue. The understanding finds itself confronted with terrible facts. It stands in a world full of unexplained wants, a struggling world, unregulated and troubled, not able to find or to follow the golden thread of its destiny.

In the realm of outward nature we are surrounded by fatalities which we are not able to control—extremes of heat and cold, droughts and floods, storms and earthquakes, pestilences and deaths. Every star is a conflagration—beautiful because distant. The forces of matter move with absolute recklessness. They go straight to their end without regarding whom they crush on the road. War and strife is the watchword of the whole of organic nature. There is a constant struggle of organisms. The worm crawling on the earth, the butterfly hovering over the flower, the eagle in the clouds—all have their enemies. Every plant, tree and shrub has its insect pest; every animal its tormenting parasite. A worm is at the root of every blossom.

So, in the world of humanity; Strauss, in describing it, makes use of this language: "In the enormous machine of the universe, amid the incessant whirl and hiss of its jagged iron wheels, and the deafening crash of its ponderous stamps and hammers, in the midst of this whole terrific commotion, man, a helpless and defenseless creature, finds himself placed, not secure for a moment that, on an imprudent motion, a wheel may seize and rend him, or a hammer crush him to powder."

Our dependent humanity, under the pressure of its dire distresses, flings itself upon the heart of the universe with a cry for help. But the destructive activities of nature are not stayed. They work on in their unquenching course. The clouds gather, the winds crash, the thunderbolt smiles, the floods down, the earth yawns and opens, and cities with their dwellers are buried. The prayer of human beings to be spared is not answered. The cup of hurt, heart-bruises and sorrows must be drained to its last drop, even though the Son of Man Himself pray that it may pass untasted by. Underneath all nature's order

and beauty are woeful tragedies, unavailing cries for help, bitterness of soul and anguish of heart.

An earthquake kills men like flies. The cholera, small-pox, pestilence cuts them off as with grape-shot. Nature grinds hearts to pigments for the shifting canvasses of life. Every page of history is spattered with tears. The tragedy of pain and death spares no weakness and pities no innocence. Nero is on the throne and Jesus is on the cross, in every age and time. "The spider sips upon the fly; the toad snaps up the spider; the snake is swallowing the toad when the hawk pounces upon him; man is lying in wait for the hawk; other men watch for him, and death engulfs the whole." If the rain falls to the growing crop, or the potato bug destroys a nation's harvest, there is no interference with the natural result, and the tragedy ends in starvation. Men and women are held as cheap as the rotting food for lack of which they die.

The laws of nature are impersonal, inviolable, and immutable. No prayers can turn their sharp and bitter edge. Nature is not exorable. She shows no sympathy toward her offspring. An animal becoming decrepit, is left to die by starvation, or is converted into a meal by the sturdier members of the pack. All her children are digestible; to eat and be eaten in her eternal law. There is no pity in her plan. No process, event, or cruel circumstance is ever held at bay by the compassion of the over-ruling powers towards those who must bear the brunt. When the pinch comes man learns by practical experience, that there is no active tenderness on which he can call, to check the tragedy of earthquake, plague and storm. The sleep of the tyrant may be as sweet as the infant's. The sea will wreck a saint and bear a murderer home. The snake stings the innocent child. It is poetry, not reality, which says the stars in their courses fight against sinners; that the wall of Sileam fell on the worst sinners; that the sword of the guilty man falls in the duel and his foot is burnt by the hot plowshare.

Only in poetry does the fire refuse to burn the innocent, and Purty lay her hand on the fawning lion's mane. Raphael once composed a lovely picture of St. Marguerite, showing how, with no weapon but a lily, she walked safely through the yawning and serrated jaws of a dragon. That will do for romance, but in real life the dragon welcomes the lady to breakfast and gives her an inside seat. Says Prof. Fisk: "In every part of the animal world we find implements of torture, surpassing in devilish ingenuity anything ever seen in the chambers of the inquisition. Nature," he says, "introduces us to a scene of universal strife with no prospect of a good or happy outcome for any being." Pain is the universal law. Every tint on a butterfly's wing was painted there by an agony. Untold myriads of cruel deaths preceded every progression; every progression entered a new chamber of torture, the extremest being reached by man. Nature gives poisonous fangs to the rattlesnake as well as beauty to the humming bird. A more bloody battle than Gettysburg or Waterloo has been fought on each square mile of the earth's surface, since time began.

Says the saintly Frederick Robertson: "The evidences of goodness in the natural world are questionable. I found a caterpillar the other day writhing in anguish and perforated by a dozen maggots, which had hatched from the eggs of a fly. It penetrates the skin of the living animal, leaves its eggs, and the grub eats the creature alive by degrees. Is that the work of a kindly Providence? Is it pleasant to believe in a God who has made such a provision as this? We see in nature the glare of the tiger, the spring of the leopard, the coil of the serpent, the sting of the insect; while in the human world on every hand we find hunger unfed, nakedness unclothed, weakness without protection and misery without consolation and without hope. The fields are tilled, the cities are built; the factories are operated, the mines are excavated by means of a perpetual slavery. Not here the music of intelligence, the harmonious play of faculty, the sweetness and the light of life; but silliness of perpetual discontent—the work prospering, but the worker groaning under his load and the mass of his necessities. Men by millions are entrapped in the legalized iniquities of our civilization, robbed of intelligence, of culture, of opportunity, with no outlook but that of monotonous toil, and God seems to care no more for them than for so many mice.

The present conditions of the human world are the result of aeons upon aeons of conflict, of clashing, of waste, and devastation. Think of the wrongs, the cruelties and the slaughters of history, from the murder of Abel to the bombardment of Alexandria. Each nation grips the other by the throat. The past of the race is knee-deep in blood—largely innocent blood; and the past of nature is black with convulsion and struggle. Where is the Divine Providence? When whole nations rot down corrupting the planet; when millions on millions, multiplying through the generations, are forced ruinward to squalor, disease, brutality and all the vices—where is Providence? Where the Supreme Benevolent Cause revealed by poets, sages and saints, who actively sympathize with and intelligently care for the well being and happiness of every creature he has made. This is the anomaly of the creation; this the contradiction of the universe. The practical man, looking at the disorder of the world, finds no Providence and therefore believes in none. The pietist holds to the sentiment, but closes

his eyes against the facts. He clings to his belief in a Providence which he does not see and cannot find. Oppressed by the chaos of things, good and earnest men have sought refuge in skepticism, pessimism, or even in suicide.

There is but one solution of the great perplexity, and it is found in the sonship of man. Man is the heir of the world. It is his inheritance, of which he can dispose as he pleases. He can work with the laws of the universe, or he can work against them. He can hasten or he can retard the advent of the day of better things. He can assist or he can resist the heavenly order. All lies in man's own hands. In himself is the God-power which must transform nature, which must uplift and redeem nature, till her tragedy ends in divine satisfactions. The breadth of human wishes is the only limit to the obsequiousness of nature. Like every other divine thing, Providence dwells with men, and waits to be put to service. Providence supplies the world with its redeemers. The creative Word becomes flesh in man. It is humanity that embodies God, and the effort of humanity to perfect itself is the effort of God to complete himself in the powers of man. When we try to throw off our evils upon Providence, Providence throws them back upon us, and compels us to use our own powers to improve our own condition. God's push is the human will, and the effort of man is the divine endeavor.

In the spheres both of outward nature and of human nature the Creator does not accomplish His designs by a direct exercise of omnipotent power, but always through human mediation. Man and God are partners in the work of Providence. He waits for us until we are ready to do His will; there is no compelled obedience. The Father works through His children, and in waiting for our wills He is of an infinite patience. His Providence is waiting, and it is universal, minute, perfect, just as Jesus so sweetly and vividly portrayed it; but though perfect, it is not perfected when the Father has done His part. It waits for us to do ours. For Providence is a compound principle, having a human as well as a divine element. The higher powers having done their best, it remains for the lower powers to respond. Ideally, and so far as heaven is concerned, Providence is perfect now, and always has been. Practically, the most of the work is yet to be done, and it shares the imperfection of all human industry.

The responsibility for human progress rests on human shoulders. It goes as fast as man wills and works, and no faster. If the divine purpose in the world appears from time to time to stop, or fail, or turn aside, the fault is ours alone. Just as to the eye of science the oak is all in the acorn, so the Divine Providence is seen by the filial soul, even as Jesus and the poets, prophets and moralists have declared; but it is in the air, not on the earth; it is floating, not fixed, and it can only find shape, realization and embodiment through the free spiritual concurrence of man. It is in germ only; it is like a seed waiting for its opportunity of growth; it is latent, and we must bring it forth by evolution. The divine sympathy and pity come to man through man. They must be incarnated before they can neutralize the tragic effects of storm and plague, and famine and neglect. For how many ages did the thunder roll and blast, deaf to all human beseeching; but when common sense, incarnate in Franklin, entered the field with a kite and a wire and a key, he soon hauled down the mystery. Providence with the needed deliverance came not in the anguished prayer, but in the cool, clear scientific brain, which had inspired to learn and to master the electric laws. For science, that multiplies a thousand fold the powers of labor, comes forth to man a divine gift as truly as any bible; nor does the infinite word of God reach us solely through a Jewish pin hole.

God befriends human nature through its friends. In flesh and blood He plants his providence. Our human friends are the channels of the infinite friendliness. He comes and dwells with us in them. They are the expressions of His presence, and the shining means of His love. The Creator hears through all the human ears He has made. Where there is no man to hear, there is no Providence to save. If the broken ship goes down in a lonely sea, where there is no human aid, the sea swallows ship and crew. The supplication flung skyward brings no Divine succor, because it does not reach the ear of God—incarnate in human opportunity. The sympathy of heaven can only manifest itself to man through his own flesh and blood. A human mediator goes with every act and fact of divine pity. Thus he sends the comfort. In the great Bengal famine, the petitions of starving millions of Hindoos did not restore the lost rice harvest, but so much of heavenly help as could get aboard the relief ships from London, New York and Boston, came to intervene.

This living world we have to ourselves; it is ours to battle with, to conquer and to shape; ours to force into conformity with our beliefs. No God will perform our tasks for us, or save us from our blunders. He comprehends all the necessary power within the compass of human attributes and makes the race its own Providence. Whether there shall be peace or war, health or pestilence, plenty or famine, are questions that men must answer for themselves. All the impelling and governing powers are in man. On him the burden rests whether things go well or ill. During the ministry of Lord Palmerston, an epidemic of typhoid swept over certain districts of England. A delegation visited the minister, asking him to appoint a day

for fasting and prayer. Palmerston replied: "Deity is not the providence of the shiftless. The remedy lies in your own hands. Go home and look to your drains." They did so and the pestilence ceased.

God and man are coupled in every providence. It is the God in us that saves us. The God-power that works for man, works only through man. Above the sinking wreck, the starving people, the sacked city, the heavens remain serene and silent. No answer direct from out of the unseen and eternal, has ever broken upon man's ear, in response to his long waiting for supernatural aid. Any work for man's uplifting, if ever done, will be done by man and through man. The raw material of Providence, its properties and potencies, are given in the rough as the ore is given in the mine, the timber in the forest, but it must be ultimately through human effort. The perfect social Providence foretold by poets and seers, can only come little by little as it is wrought out through such men of the race as are willing to work with God. In every age we see men of a forlorn hope, who propose a conception of religion, of worship, of human rights which nowhere exists. They sacrifice personal peace, the approval of their fellows, life itself, for the sake of a finer idea of right. What impels them to fight against wrongs which are upheld by usage, and to revolt against the system which experience has gradually built up, around them? It is the Divine Providence seeking to enter human nature, through these chosen sons, and to lead mankind towards a more righteous future. These heroes, reformers, martyrs, who fling themselves against the scorn and menace of their time, are the redeemers through whom Providence develops and evolves, and without whom there would be neither redemption nor Providence for man.

Let men find Providence where they found the steam engine and the telegraph, where they found the reaper and the printing press—in the regnant and adequate human brain. In this age the "son of man" is evolution; the "Holy Ghost" is social fellowship; the divine spirit is the helpful spirit. God makes iron but not horseshoes; they must be made by his inspired apostle, Smith. God furnishes the wool and cotton plant, but man must evolve the loom, the factory, the mill, before the latent providence is translated into substantial clothing for the comfort of millions. Providence does not rain peaches. I must first plant the pit, and then protect the tree to its maturity.

In the world of matter, man was made to rule nature, not to be crushed by her. When he takes possession of his inheritance, and controls more and more the natural forces about him, making use of them to correct the ills of life, providence in nature will begin to be evolved, malaria and parasites will disappear, the deserts be fertilized, the climates ameliorated, and all that is detrimental to man recede and pass away. By a wise study of his environments, and by consecrating all human effort to the regeneration of the globe, there are no rude powers, no fatalities, no elemental strife which he may not overcome. The hard, remorseless forces of nature, before whom man at first seemed a mere helpless pawn in the blindfold game of necessity, he learns to govern and to guide. He yokes the river to the mill, steam to his car, lightning to his wire. Human worship began with man adoring the elements, and ends with the elements adoring and obeying man. As he has tamed electricity, so will he prevent the earthquake and dissipate the cyclone, and say to the tornado, "Peace be still." The divine work in nature must be done through man, and only the faithful use of the powers implanted in us is needed to accomplish all that we aspire after or imagine in our highest mood. When all is said, this world was not made by the devil, and if a thing is good we can be sure it is possible. The order of Providence in the world of matter means the divine opening through the human, advancing through the human, pressing forward into visibility, until all the powers of nature are servants and docile to man. When Genius speaks, Nature obeys.

So in the world of humanity, life is hemmed in by woes we cannot help to cure, nor yet endure to see. There is no visible, adequate Providence. The amount of suffering, as far beyond desert as beyond relief, can only be removed as the infinite involves itself in man and makes paths for itself in human nature, to reach every finite circumstance and need. Providence is always meditative, and the mediator through whom it acts is man. Jesus came to bring the kingdom of God—the kingdom of unselfishness and love, and with it the perfect Providence that He foresaw, for the one waits upon the other. But the world would have none of His gifts, and it has not yet a Providence. Man must evolve it, step by step, as he has the telephone and the sewing machine, before he can possess that perfect Providence which shall prevent all suffering and provide for every need. The Divine Providence must become human before it becomes immediate and special. Deity gives nothing directly. The distribution of all gifts is in human hands. The agent of every providence is man. No superhuman hand has ever shown itself here. The measure of a Providence is the exact measure of the human care that is in it. God purposes, wills and loves; man executes that loving will. Until he does the Father waits and His Providence waits. Wherever there is a help for man it comes through a human form. Every providential manifestation, though divine in spirit is human in agency. Human justice, human kindness and pity is all the justice, kindness

and pity that we know or ever will know, for we never realize or see Deity other than in man.

As the Garden of Eden was given to Adam to keep and to rule, so is this earth given to man. In all human affairs God works by human instruments, and He never interferes by supernatural means, with the habitual order of the world. Men are the measures of His principles, and our sympathy and justice the instruments of His Providence. No more justice, good-will and pity are at work in the world to-day than men put in motion. Men are impatient at the slowness of God. He is as slow as they are. His chariot goes just as fast as they drive. If the moral and material advance of humanity moves on slowly, it is because they make no effort to push it forward. So far as there is direct foresight in human affairs it is human. Every special Providence, from the foundation of the world, has had a man behind it.

Providence never gives bread to the hungry. He gives the wheat or the maize; man must make the flour and the loaf. The only bread-maker in the universe is man. Providence never clothes the naked. He gives the wool on the sheep's back; man furnishes the shears and loom and needle. The only cloth-maker in the universe is man. Providence never warms those who are cold. He gives the fuel in the forest of timber and the mine of coal; man must excavate and blast, must use axe and saw, must evolve from the fuel by an immense effort the heat which is vital to civilization and to life. The true Prometheus or fire-bringer is man. The agents of the Divine Good-will are not the priest, the saint, the devotee, absorbed in their selfish scramble for an imaginary heaven, but the farmer, the fisherman, the laborer, the scientist, the reformer, the inventor, the producer. They are, though perhaps unconsciously, working with the Creative Power to repair, the waste and blunders of ignorance, to diminish the evils that infect the creation, and to evolve at last the perfect Providence. God and man are in one likeness and image. They are partners in the world's work. The one originates, the other manifests. The one creates, the other reveals. The infinite is mysteriously involved in the finite. God and his kingdom are within you.

Jesus saw with the vision of the Spirit, an absolute providential care enclosing the world. So far as He could reach man, He was that Providence, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, consoling those in sorrow or despair, and lifting up the fallen. In all this He was the type of what each member of the family of man shall one day do and when all our wills freely admit the passage of the Father's will, just as the clearest glass transmits the light of day. Then His providential love shall come to perfect fruition through us. Even now each man or woman is an imperfect Providence to others. Said Job: "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eye to the blind and feet to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause I knew not I searched out." Of every one who seeks to live a true and sincere life, some of these words may be said.

Man co-operates with the divine design and helps on the movement of the creative purpose, atom by atom, as he strives to mend and guide humanity, to mitigate somewhat of its sorrows, to lessen its woes, to soften its vices, and to strive for its well being. To the extent of his efforts, his sympathy, his practical work, each man or woman can become a providence to others. The father is a providence to his family, the mother to her children, friend to friend, employer to employee. Every generous act, every consoling word, every friendly or kindly look is a providence. To be helpful to others is to be, in very deed, a providence. The process of evolution will go on, broadening with the years. Providence, from age to age, will organize itself more and more effectively in human institutions and human hearts. You and I can help on that work. The Infinite Father will not refuse to use our efforts, our sympathies, and the little atom of providence that we have evolved to forward His mighty work. You and I may work with him in our daily life, in house, or field, or shop, patiently faithful, and so assist the growth of the heavenly kingdom. All the providence we mature shall bless others while we live, and at our death we leave it added to the common stock of human kind, for no atom of the pure ideal is ever lost, until the glad day that Jesus foresaw shall appear, when all our needs will be satisfied; when the divine love will find adequate human expression in the world and the waste places of the earth will be glorified by the feet of those who are seeking and saving the lost.

We shall then understand that not only are the hairs of our heads all numbered, but the leaves of the maple, the needles of the pine and the blades of the grass, are also counted; by that divine mathematics which has weighed in its balance each drop of the ocean and every atom of the globe. If the dust is thus cared for, can the children be forgotten of Him who has said: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world?"

The Princess Olympia Barinskii is a trusted agent of the Czar. She is now in Berlin on a confidential mission to Emperor William. The Czar evidently believes that a woman can keep a secret.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Paramount Duties Enforced by Instructive Visions.

BY THOS. HARDING.

"Young men shall see visions and old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens I shall pour out of my spirit, in those days, and they shall prophesy."—EZEK. (quoted from memory).

"Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."—OLIVER CROMWELL.

"My reputation, Iago! Oh, Iago, my reputation!"—SHAKESPEARE.

The advice of the Protector to his soldiers, not to forget the concerns of every-day life while attending to their spiritual welfare, is one which deserves the consideration of every man and woman. Our duty to "keep our powder dry" is as imperative as to "trust in God," and vice versa. There are those who are so deeply immersed in the concerns of personal and earthly ambition, that they can not devote an unprejudiced thought to spiritual matters; they grow day by day more and more determined to shut them out, until at length the shell has grown so thick and hard around their higher perceptions, that not a ray of spiritual light can obtain entrance into their souls. This is one extreme, and broad is the way which leads to it, and many there be who travel that road, denying themselves the sweetest pleasures of existence for that which satisfieth not, and devoting all their energies to accumulate wealth and acquire fame, whose pleasures are fleeting and whose possession is uncertain.

On the other hand there are those who are too visionary, men and women who imagine that in some unaccountable way their affairs are controlled differently from those of other people. Some will even isolate themselves from their fellows, and follow the bent of their unenlightened dispositions, devoting themselves to what they call "spiritual study," and thus nurse their self-love until they become monomaniacs, actually insane from excessive self-indulgence and the continual flattery of their self-esteem. But such persons are known and read of all men. Their deportment marks them as self-sufficient semi-lunatics who love to be flattered to their faces and have their vulgar pride inflated to balloon dimensions, and its temperature increased to fever heat. Thus, while they preach with their tongues about universal charity and love as paramount duties, their own charity and love are bounded by the outline of self, and their universe is confined within the limits of their overcoats. The house in which such a man confines himself is the cage of a restless bird, and every page he reads fills his brain with gas, which when it escapes leaves no substance behind to tell that anything had ever been there; knowledge requires substantial labor for its own sake, and wisdom is a jealous Goddess. Hermits were a feature of the Dark Ages.

But there is another class: those who permit their imaginations to carry them away to the other extreme, who do not confine themselves within their rooms, and who do not read or study at all—mere birds of passage. These are they who have become Spiritualist tramps, subject to every wind that blows; men whose self-conceit has established in them the absurd supposition that they have been singled out by the Spirit-world to assist in the angelic work of elevating humanity. Some of us had thought that this class of imbeciles had become extinct, and had gone to the shade with the rest of the early spiritual rubbish; but it has not, and would it had, for possibly some, even good men and women, have unfortunately permitted themselves to be reduced to the condition of vagabonds who might be practical people, useful and valuable in society, had they but exercised a tinge of the good sense which they possess. Heaven knows I pity them, for I can readily conceive how their visionary notions (homeless and penniless as they are) subject them to the heartless caprice of a cold and thoughtless world.

Wretched men! If they are mediums their controls are ignorant, vagabond spirits who promise more than they can perform; and if they are not, they have permitted their own minds to wander in illegitimate channels and are self-deceived. They will never know "the glorious privilege of being independent" until they return to their "right minds," and go to work at some practical and creditable business; for at present they are not a credit to the cause, nor "the cause" an advantage to them. May they find strength and manhood sufficient to enable them to cast out the evil and adopt the good. Better they had never heard of Spiritualism, or that Spiritualism had never heard of them, for they have put too much trust in the spirit and have not "kept their powder dry."

This train of thought was suggested to my mind by the following circumstance: A few days ago I perceived a respectable appearing man, beyond middle age, standing on the sidewalk, apparently belonging to the farming class. I had never seen him before, but felt a strange disposition to speak to him. I reached out my hand and we got into conversation. He proved to be a "medium." On our walk to my place I asked him where his home was. "Oh, any where," he replied, "where I happen to be." He told me that he had buried his wife some years ago and (as I understood him) he then became a traveling medium, going on foot from place to place. His mediumship is not of a remarkable character and to tell the whole truth I think him a self-deceived man.

Readers of the JOURNAL, think of this sad case, and it represents a class more numerous, perhaps, than many of us are aware of. A respectable man, in the decline of life, between 50 and 60, a wanderer on the earth; no home, no friends, no money, no employment, practically isolated, objectless and irresponsible, dependent upon the "spirits"—and such "spirits!" He was old enough to judge for himself; advice, I had none to give, but I thought the practical JOURNAL would furnish him good reading, so I picked out one-half dozen copies of different dates and gave them to him when he was going away. May he read them carefully and profit thereby.

The method of nature by which she fits and prepares her children for higher conditions and responsibilities, is "business." By its means she brings women and men in association and conflict with their fellow beings, and it is thus that each undergoes a process of discipline and education. The workman, the manufacturer, the farmer, the lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, through contact with each other, become enlightened and made valuable for future purposes; and that man (or woman) who isolates himself, or lives mainly for or to himself, is violating one of the primary laws of mother nature. Every man has business or desire, "such as it is," says Shakespeare, and if he has not he ought to have. Business and desire are necessities of happiness. Unpleasant consequences must ensue when a man through vanity, glory, or love of ease, or notoriety, becomes either a tramp or a hermit.

The profession of mediumship, or of oratory, or authorship, are legitimate when pur-

sued by those who have been educated for them by study or fitted by inspiration; but then they become "business," and the results accruing are the same as those from any other business. These strictures do not apply to those who sit for a neighbor or mediate for a periodical outside their ordinary business; indeed, the best work in the field of Spiritualism is sometimes done by non-professionals outside business hours and business obligations. But the universal spirit is one; he has no favorites; he is unity in diversity and all his children are mutually dependent. Isolation means disintegration: it is centrifugal, and the opposite to those natural forces which tend to unity and love.

Spiritualism to be really valuable must either convince or instruct. It is valuable to the skeptic when it convinces him of a great truth in nature; and it is exceedingly valuable when it instructs in regard to this life or the future; but perhaps it is most valuable when it points out the imperfections and deficiencies of our own characters. But we look with caution, if not with suspicion, upon those emblems of Spiritualism which merely flatter and please, building us up in those pleasing ideas of ourselves which we know cannot establish our characters in worth and stability. Even the consolations of Spiritualism are instructive, for they come from true teachers whose exalted aim is to improve and morally elevate. But "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and chastisements are generally more beneficial than panegyrics.

I have frequently been favored with visions which indirectly pointed out to me my tendencies toward wrong doing and the necessity for watchfulness. Within a few years I have not been favored in this way as much as formerly; some of those visions brought me solace in trouble by pointing out indirectly, by figures, the insignificance of earthly troubles and the possibilities of great good derivable from them. A picture, perhaps, would pass before me like a panorama, or a drama would be enacted in which I myself was one of the actors, and in these and other ways I have gained a sort of inexpressible soul-knowledge, which I could not have obtained by reading or study unaided.

Though we may not have wise heads, we may have wise souls, and if we could plant some of the seeds of our soul's wisdom in our heads, it would be quite an advantage; at all events I know that I have naturally a disposition to self-gratification, and some experiences have taught me that my Spiritualism is good in proportion as it points out to me my faults and imparts a disposition to deny myself, or as the Christian expresses it, "Take up my cross."

Many of our troubles in life proceed from pride and self-love, although we rarely are willing to admit it. We imagine sometimes that we are the most ill-used individuals on earth, and that nature and circumstance ought to be ashamed of themselves for giving such innocents as we are such rough usage, when really if we could be free to weigh our characters in impartial balances, it would be seen that we possess the seeds of our troubles in our own makeup. The ground work of spiritual exercises is to point out those defects in ourselves and to so vitalize the principle of sovereign good within us, that we shall be able to conquer them by patient continuance in well doing. Thus Spiritualism should begin by convincing and continue by instructing; this true Spiritualism spiritualizes, and any other kind is of little value.

Now if I venture to detail a vision of my own I shall be chargeable with transgressing a rule of politeness: for it is not etiquette to talk of one's self; but my image breaking propensity suggests to me that if my object is to do good to others, I ought not to stand on punctilio with abstract rules; but go right ahead, regardless of consequences to my reputation with "society." Duty first and deportment after, is a good rule. Who cares what people think of us! If we can do them good, let us do it, and let reputation take care of itself.

The lessons which those visions teach, which I hope to relate, bear directly upon those subjects which we have been considering, and if, instead of finding fault with me, the reader would apply it to himself, he may find it profitable, as I have. While we are canvassing all the ins and outs of public opinion, time is flying, and even self-scrutiny itself may be taken too far; so, regardless of consequences, let us do the right.

"Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Thoughts, like minutes, often fly from us never to return, we must be up and doing.

Human character, like a costly edifice, should be built upon a sure foundation, and sometimes the builders must dig deep before they reach the rock. Superficial sands are not safe; they must be disturbed, lacerated, overturned and cast aside before the wise architect consents to lay the corner stones of a lofty building. But the soul becomes sick from repeated disappointment. The too hopeful becomes hopeless, the ambitious dispirited, and sometimes the sunshine of glorious expectations is changed to the blackness of despair. "Oh my Father, I wish that I could die," he exclaims, and he argues that any death would be justifiable under his circumstances, and yet how could he inflict pain and bereavement upon those who love him? Oh no, he cannot do it; he must try to bear up a little longer.

When I hear of a man or woman being thus depressed, I conclude that the architects of character are preparing to lay foundation stones, and my tears of sympathy sparkle in the sunshine of joy; yet it is not I but the spirit within me who is willing to say "amen."

Some years ago I was away on business and sojourning in a distant city, away from home and family. I had few acquaintances there, and I felt much depressed, as my career affairs were perplexing. I did not know how matters would turn out, and I had for a long time previously been uneasy, sometimes very unhappy and often perfectly wretched in mind, for I could see no way out of my embarrassments. In vain I again and again inquired, to what end I was born; for what purpose is my life, devoid of those enjoyments so common to other people; and how shall I make my glad exit from these scenes of earthly trouble. Again and again I asked myself, "What have I done to deserve all this chastening? Why am I not permitted to die and be at rest?" Life and its purposes were inexplicable to me, for I seemed but a cumber of the earth, utterly useless and unprofitable both to God and man, a creature entangled in a strong web from my very birth.

One night I could not sleep; my thoughts wandered back over my past life and I tried to peer into the future, as I asked myself many questions which I could not answer. In the midst of the pale moonlight I felt as though my locality had changed. I knew and myself in a vast ocean, the billows roll and toss around me and sometimes I sink deep in

the brine, even up to my shoulders, and again I rise like a cork and almost stand on the waves. Now a mountain wave rolling on threatens to engulf me, and anon I am fretted with the innumerable little billows which dash upon me and strike their spray against my cheeks like grains of shot, and I am waited hither and thither at the mercy of that restless ocean. The turbulence of the sea is not subject to me, but I am subject to it. Instead of conquering, I must yield submission, and be content to gather wisdom from experience.

Now I look around for some point of land on which to rest, but there is none, not a rock even or a foot of soil on which to set my foot. Now I perceive a dark colored door far off in front, that is to be my door of exit. The waves wash up to the threshold of it but go no farther. The door seems an ugly thing to look at, yet it has a strange interest for me; I look all round for a boat to ferry me across without further delay, but there is no boat to be seen, yet wave after wave washes me nearer and nearer toward that door.

I awoke from this strange scene and, as was usual, the interpretation flashed upon me. That sea was the ocean of life; that door was "death;" all the rest was plain.

SECOND VISION.

Pretty soon my inner sense was again made susceptible and another scene opens before me; but this time I was on the dry land. I seem to have just passed through the door; there is a pathway before me on a level with the sea outside but quite dry; it leads to a vast mountain, steep and high. I look up and on the mountain's summit I behold a building, beautiful beyond all comparison; it is clear as crystal; it seems as though the immense structure has been hewn from a solid diamond. A soft mellow light is shed upon all things and its source is the palace or temple on the mountain top. That light seems to silently draw all things toward its source.

As I look around me on the mountain I see it literally covered with travelers, all journeying up the hill sides. I also perceive that there are innumerable round stones or boulders scattered all over the mountain, and what surprises me is that every traveler carries a boulder which greatly impedes his progress. Some carry them against their breasts and supported by their hands; some carry them on their shoulders, and some even on their heads; but one way or another every man and every woman carry a boulder.

As I observe particulars, I perceive that some of the journeyers carry heavier boulders than others, and sometimes one would lay down one boulder and take up another, and the one taken up often is heavier than the one laid down. Sometimes, too, I observe that it is not so much the weight or size of the boulder which make them troublesome to bear, but rather the awkwardness of their shape, some having sharp edges, which make them painful to handle. I also notice that now and again a traveler would sit on his boulder and fall asleep.

As I looked abroad upon the scene I began to feel sad, for in some strange way I fancied that these boulders had reference to the prejudices of people (growing out of their self-love). For them they were blinded to their own best interests, through them they frequently did injustice to themselves and others, and by them the intellect was clouded and the moral perceptions partially paralyzed. It also occurred to me that the mountain, or the laws governing its territory, was not to blame if people carried great round stones on their journey.

I felt so distressed in consequence of these considerations that I sat down and bowed my head in sorrow for the follies of mankind. Soon I heard a movement as though some one was approaching, and raising my eyes I perceived a lady in white robe standing near me. Her deportment was majestic, the atmosphere surrounding her was luminous, but it shone by a borrowed light, and in her hand she held a scroll of parchment with which she emphasized her utterance, somewhat as an unconscious gesture strikes a spoken thought home to the hearer.

"A teacher in authority," I thought in my own mind. I arose to my feet and uncovered my head in the presence of the angel.

"Why do you mourn?" she inquired.

"Ah, Madame," I said, "why don't they throw away their boulders?"

"Perhaps it is not easy to throw them away," she replied.

"If they will but let them go," I said, "they will roll down the mountain and then how much more easily they could ascend."

"Do you find it easy to ascend?" she asked me.

"Far from it," I replied. "I have so many things to distress me; my ascent is very difficult."

"Why don't you throw them away?" she inquired.

"Most gladly would I do so if I could," I replied, "but others are involved with me and I cannot."

"Perhaps your distresses are mainly caused by the boulder you carry," she said. I stood in amazement at this remark.

"Madame," said I, "I am not carrying a boulder."

"You can readily see another's boulder," she replied, "but cannot perceive your own, for you are carrying quite a heavy one," and she observed me sternly. I looked at her in utter astonishment, and pondered in my own mind whether there could be any lunatics in heaven. She evidently observed my thought though unexpressed, and she seemed to smile.

"Pray what is that on your back?" she said. I felt offended that so absurd a question should be addressed to me.

"Madame," said I, "there is nothing on my back."

She reached forward the scroll in her right hand and touched my forehead. Instantly I felt as though borne toward the earth under a heavy load, and my spirit sank as I realized the melancholy truth; a large round stone was imbedded between my shoulders.

Sturgis, Mich., Oct. 15, 1887.

Miss Dix—Her Advice to the Pope.

The Rev. James Freeman Clarke made the late Miss Dix the subject of his sermon lately. In the course of it he related the following anecdote of Miss Dix, as told by herself: In Rome I did not find sick persons under treatment, but brute beasts in chains. Several days after this visit I was presented to the Pope, Pío Nono. He asked me in a very kindly way if I had yet visited the asylum in Rome. I had the courage to answer, "Yes, and I am sure your Holiness has not yet paid it a visit." Pío Nono quickly raised his head and asked my meaning by a fixed expression on his face. I related to him, in a voice of emotion, all the horrors I had witnessed. I ventured to express boldly my sense of the unchristian treatment of these unhappy beings. The man who commanded the attention of Christendom listened with earnest attention

and when I had finished said briefly: "Come again in a week's time." My anxiety was unutterably great, for the Protestant and stranger had perhaps risked too much. Though conscious in my heart of my good intentions, I yet passed a sleepless night and a day of inward agitation. It caused a deep sensation when the holy father two days after, in taking a drive, stopped before the gate of the asylum to spend an hour in the building. The week passed and I came again to the Vatican. In a grave and calm tone Pío Nono said: "I have appointed a commission, charged to lay before me a plan for the erection of a lunatic asylum in conformity with the rules of humanity and morality. When you again visit Rome your just and pious wishes will have been fulfilled. I thank you for your communications. May heaven bless you."

A STARTLING MANIFESTATION.

A Spirit Discovers a Lost Will.

Stories of the supernatural are just now in fashion. Almost every one is interested in reading of remarkable spiritual manifestations, yet few persons who listen to such narratives are willing to give them the credence deserved. It should not seem remarkable to any thinking person who acknowledges the truth of Scripture and the evidence of nature herself that there is a Spirit-world, and that the immortal spirit still loves for a while, after leaving the body, to hover around the friends it loved while in the flesh. Especially it is not remarkable that the spirits of parents still love and take an interest in the welfare of their children, and even manifest themselves, or materialize, to comfort or help those whose existence they must ever feel responsible for. The following story was related to a correspondent of *The Enquirer* by a well known lawyer, who would certainly be the very last person to misrepresent facts or coin a ghost. It may be taken literally, for there can be no doubt of its truth, coming as it does from a person whose mind was incapable of prejudice, and who, before the occurrence of this episode, was a disbeliever in Spiritualism, his present opinion of which is "that there are still many things in nature for us to learn more about, and this is one of them."

The following is his story:

"About three months ago my client, Mr. J., died very suddenly. After his death search was made for his will and life insurance policy. I knew he had drawn up a new will just previous to his death; but, as he had been a lawyer himself, he had drawn it with his own hand, and had not told me its contents any further than to tell me before he drew it up that he intended to divide his property equally between his two children, a son by his first wife, and an infant daughter by his second wife. He was a widower, his second wife having died giving birth to the little girl. After his death the new will was not to be found, and the only evidence of its existence was what he had told me, and the affirmation of his son who was one of the witnesses.

"The other witness, who was a brother of the deceased, had died a few days before him, and, in fact, it was thought by the family physician that the excitement and grief of my client, caused by the death of his brother, had caused the fit of apoplexy which terminated his life. Had my client left no will at all, the case would not have been so bad, for then the law would have made an equitable division of the property between the heirs; but, unfortunately, he had made a will at the time of his second marriage, 'cutting off' his son with a shilling, or, rather, cutting him off with one hundred dollars. The latter will was found. By it the second wife and her heirs, or her children, should she have any before his death, were devised the whole of the estate; and a brother of hers and myself were made executors. Both of the witnesses were alive, and every part of the will was unassailable by law. The reason of

THIS INJUSTICE

had been the opposition of the son, who was twenty years of age at the time, to the father's second marriage; after which event the son went to Europe and remained abroad until the second wife died, when his father sent for him and they were reconciled, and the new will made. The estate was very large. It consisted of several hundred thousand dollars in real estate and manufacturing property, chiefly in a New England town, where the family homestead was situated, and also of a large life insurance policy which could not be found, and probably was in the same envelope as the lost will. Of course nothing could be done but execute the former will. The Surrogate was appealed to by the son, but could do nothing, as the son was the only witness of the lost will living, and at the same time the most interested person. Besides, the brother of my client's second wife was determined that his infant niece should have her fullest rights under the will produced, and the young man had to be satisfied with his hundred dollars and the right of his mother's dowry, which was left to her heirs by the will of which I have spoken.

One morning while I was sitting in my office here in the Mills building, William entered. He was the young man whom I have spoken of as the son by a former marriage, and co-heir under the lost will. He is a fine fellow, and I felt keenly the injustice which I, as an executor of the standing will, had to carry out against him. He said: 'Judge, a very remarkable thing happened to me last night.' After I had turned out the gas and was getting into bed, I was shocked and horrified to see my father open the curtains of my window and enter the room from the balcony. As he threw aside the curtains I could see the moonlight shining clear through him, and he did not cast the least shadow on the floor. As I am not naturally nervous, I could scarcely believe my eyes, so I stood perfectly still and he advanced into the room, leaving the curtains opened and the moonlight streaming in. When he had reached me he raised his hand and laid it on my shoulder. Then I spoke: 'Father, is this you?'

'Yes, William,' he answered, 'I have come to tell you where you can find my last will, which will give you justice. It is in my safe in our house at A, where I want just before my death to bring my sick and now dead brother, your uncle John, back to this city, thinking I would return once and bring back the will. I left it there for safety. I had taken it there to show my old friend D., who read it and will attest that the instrument which you find is the true will, and with the will is my life insurance policy. Go and tell my lawyer, Judge R., what I have told you, and ask him to go with you to A. on Wednesday, I will meet you both there. And now, my son, let me say this: Never do an act in haste that may prove an injustice.'

THE UNJOY DEAD CANNOT REPLY.

"After saying this he vanished through

the window as he had come, leaving the curtains down and the moon still shining in and with a ghastly light. I lit the gas at once and closed the window, and have not slept since. Will you go to A. on Wednesday next? What do you think of it all? He ceased speaking, and having heard him through without interruption, I said that I should either think he had been drinking or had been reading some book on ghosts, and then had fallen asleep and waking found himself standing in the room with the curtains drawn, having dreamed the ghost scene and arisen in his sleep. Such was my theory, but he resented it, though he admitted that it might be true, as he had been thinking very closely of late on his father's death and his own fortunes.

"Well, I agreed, after a few moments' reflection, to go to A. on the following Wednesday. I had business there, anyway, and should be able to transact it, and, if nothing happened further, it would not be time lost. Accordingly, Wednesday found William and myself in the old homestead at A. The house was one of those old shingle palaces such as our Yankee forefathers were so fond of building. It stood on a knob-like hill overlooking the village, and the gambled roof gables looked rather picturesque rising out of a wilderness of gnarled oak tree tops. No one had lived in the house since Mr. J.'s second marriage, at which time he had moved to New York, but the house was furnished and ready for the old gentleman any time he might come to A. on business and wish to remain for a few days. In a smaller house near by lived an old negro and his wife, who were servants to the family and had the care of the house. We got the keys and entered. It was evening. At the door of the old man's office what was our surprise and my

UNPARALLELED ASTONISHMENT

to be met by Mr. J. Yes, there was my old client in his dressing gown and slippers, just as natural as could be; and the lamp light which I carried did not make him look the least bit ghostly. My hair raised on end, and a cold chill crept up my spine and made my teeth chatter. 'Well, I never,' I said. 'I told you so,' said William, who did not seem in the least afraid. The old man advanced to meet us, and laid his hand in mine to be shaken. It felt cool but substantial; he shook hands with William, also. Then he said to me, 'I suppose, John, you who were one of my pall bearers only a few months ago, are rather overcome with meeting me, but you have nothing to fear, surely; were you Dr. D. who did not bleed me quick enough, you might have more cause to tremble. I will tell you this, though, for the occasion seems to need some explanation. My son, William, is a natural medium of wonderful power. It is by his wonderful, though unconscious, strength that I can appear to you here. Now, as our time is short, let's to work.'

"The safe was then opened, and wonderful to relate, the missing will and insurance policy were both found! Then we three talked several hours, I should think, during which the negro woman entered the room and seeing her old master shrieked and fled. After a while I noticed the buttons in the back of the large upholstered chair in which the ghostly S. was sitting through his body; and in a few moments more all of him had melted into air but his hand, which still clung to his son William's hand, and at length that disappeared also.

"My astonishment knew no bounds. There was nothing but positive proof that I had seen and talked with a ghost, and the will which proved to be the lost one, as I have said, was there to prove all!

"Well, the new will is now being proved, although the ghost story has not been told before the court, and without the negro woman has spread it, as she probably has in A., it is unknown to the world. Could any ghost story be more remarkable? I don't know yet what to think of it."—*New York Correspondent of Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Spiritualism and Its Relations to the Churches of To-day.

Rev. Samuel Watson at Cleveland, Ohio.

The Columbia theatre at Cleveland was well filled Sunday evening Oct. 16th, by an intelligent and appreciative audience to listen to the first of a series of discourses on Spiritualism by one of the oldest exponents of this doctrine or philosophy. The speaker on this occasion was Rev. Samuel Watson, for many years a leading minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Entering upon his discourse, he said that his theme would be the relation of Spiritualism to the church of to-day. Events in the world appear to move in cycles of about 2,000 years. From the earliest history of the race up to about 2,000 years ago, belief in the realities of the Spirit-world and communication between the two worlds was general. Such communication was regarded as a matter of course and nobody thought strange of it.

In his own case it came to him as uninvited, indeed an unwelcome guest. It came into his own family and no man ever fought harder against it or subjected it to severer tests. He had been for nearly thirty years in the ministry of the Methodist church, preaching in Memphis and the country around. At that time he was editor of the Methodist Southern Christian Advocate. Spiritualism came to him as it came to John Wesley, in his own family. He did not seek it nor desire it but it came unbidden. There in company with twelve other citizens of Memphis, all men of intelligence, five of them physicians and three preachers, all skeptical, and not a Spiritualist among them they began their inquiry into the phenomena honestly and sincerely. They kept on applying test after test, opening every meeting with prayer for guidance, and in the end every man was convinced of its reality. There was no room for doubt, no possibility for delusion or deception. Mr. Watson was the last to give in, being more cautious, more exacting, more reluctant to believe than the others, but he could not escape from the conviction that forced itself upon him. He tried to persuade himself that Satan was let loose, and was at the bottom of the phenomena, but he had to give up that idea also after a while. Since then he has given the matter as close and diligent and searching investigation as any man can possibly do, applying the strictest of scientific tests, only to find his conviction strengthened and confirmed.

He had in particular given to that last and most astonishing phase of spiritualistic phenomena, materialization, several years of the closest investigation, but not until 1872 had its reality been demonstrated to him in a manner that admitted of no doubt. Mrs. Hollic, a medium from Louisville, came to his house in Memphis, a house he had planned and built himself so that he knew there were no secret traps or tricks about it, and in a series of sances held there, convinced not only himself but many others, skeptics and materialists, that the spirits can and do

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E. D. HOLBROOK, Secretary

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 5, 1887.

The Bible—Its Future.

In an able article on "The Religious Element in New England," in the third volume of the "Narrative and Critical History of America,"—a new and valuable work now being published, Rev. George E. Rilla, of Boston, says, with many frankness:

"The Bible, the Holy Scriptures, will never henceforward, to any generation, in any part of the globe, be, or stand for, to individuals or groups of men and women, what it was to the early English Puritans (or to their New England brethren). To it was intrusted all the honor, reverence, obedience, and transcendent responsibility in the life, the hope, and the salvation of men, which had but recently been given, in awe and dread, to a now dishonored and repudiated church.

This means that the idea of the Divine and miraculous origin and infallible authority of the book is fading away. This is true, and when such ideas fade they do not revive again. It is as true in thought as in national life, that "revolutions never go backward," and a great revolution is sweeping over the world touching this question of Bible authority, or of any authority over "the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven,"—the spirit of man.

Not long since we made note of some missions and statements in the Christian Union, giving up the case as to the verbal inspiration of the Bible, or as to its accuracy in facts, which showed the trend of thought among the more liberal of our orthodox people. Now comes this word of warning against the more pronounced Unitarian heresy of the same kind, from that staunch defender of old-time dogmas, the New York Observer. It says:

"The Boston Register cheerfully turns its back on the Bible and joins hands with the latest science, which, it says, 'shows us that the human race never was ruled, that it has not fallen down, but up, and that the continual presence of God in the world is sufficient for its salvation without any other theological expedient.' This is liberal doctrine in a nutshell. If the Word of God is true, it is as false and fatal as the doctrine of the serpent whose words charmed the ear of our first mother.

To which the Christian Register replies: "We have turned our back, not on the Bible but on what we deem an unfortunate misuse of it. It is a beautiful and helpful book, if we are careful, in reading it, to sift its truth from its error."

Such sifting is to be the future work of Bible readers, and when it comes the real value of the book will be far greater than it ever has been; its benefit to humanity greater, for we shall hold better to its truths, and let its error go by like the idle wind which we regard not.

It is but a few years since the New York Observer was a staunch defender of chattel slavery in this country as ordained of God, and sanctioned by his word—the "curse of Canaan" of the Old Testament, its warrant for such miserable work.

In the good time coming no great iniquity will ever be so upheld.

In future the Bible, rationally read, will also be found full of valuable records of the real presence of the ascended Hebrews—a history, indeed, of the Spiritualism of the Jews and of primitive Christians.

In due time blind eyes, Unitarian and others, will be opened to this fact, and thus will come a new and better future for the old collection of fragmentary Hebrew and Christian writings called the Bible.

Now is the accepted time. Get your friends to subscribe to the JOURNAL.

A Troubled Sunday School Superintendent.

A Sunday school library must be carefully watched, so thinks a superintendent near St. Louis, of whose troubles his neighbor tells in a newspaper in that city, from which *Unity*, our Unitarian neighbor, quotes. The books of Oliver Optic, Alger, Miss Bradton, George Sand, and even Ouida, had got into the library, and the children read them—all good reading for children and youth, save George Sand and Ouida. The sad story is best told by the St. Louis correspondent as follows:

"But that isn't all or the worst of it," continued the superintendent. "Not long ago one of the teachers came to me and said her faith in orthodoxy had been very much shaken, and she did not know that she could conscientiously remain longer in the school. Several of her class were also losing their confidence in the old creed. She said this result had been reached by reading one of the books in the Sunday school library. It was 'Bluffton,' and was the account of how a young Presbyterian minister had been converted to rationalism and had finally taken his congregation with him over to liberalism. I hunted up the work and read it. The author is the Rev. Minot J. Savage, the prominent and eloquent Boston Unitarian clergyman. The book is a remarkable one, and even made me feel uncomfortable, as I have bound in Calvinism as I supposed. Investigation showed me that a score of our older scholars and several of the teachers had been very much impressed by the story, and had been talking the subject over. Right in our own city I have learned that 'Bluffton' is in half a dozen libraries and is doing deadly work to orthodoxy. Of course this sort of thing must stop. I wish I could send a note of warning to other superintendents."

Poor man! This is a troublesome and weary world to live in,—that is if a person reads and thinks. It may be a good world for oysters, but is surely a poor place for men and women with brains and hearts. How happy the thought to this pious and perplexed superintendent, that neither "Bluffton" nor its heretic author will be in heaven. It will be indeed peace to his soul to go where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," and to feel happy in the thought that all heretics are in—another place.

The thought comes to mind in reading the bright comments of *Unity* on this matter, that there may be a mote in the Unitarian eye. No book on Spiritualism has ever gone into a Unitarian Sunday school library to our knowledge, and it is really to be feared that such books might be dreaded by some liberal Christian superintendents as this evangelical guardian of youth dreads "Bluffton" and its like.

Evan R. Dale Owen's "Debatable Land," although written in a tender and reverent spirit might get stowed away on a back shelf, and Tattle's "Ethics of Spiritualism," high in morals as it is, might share a like fate.

The Women Beat "Old Billie."

William Stewart, who lives in an elegant house on a fashionable avenue near Lincoln Park, is one of those bores who sometimes gain importance through their commercial standing and ability to domineer over all who come near them. "Old Billie," as he is called, is a County Commissioner and has done some good service as a reformer. His intentions are apparently good, but his obstinately blind zeal and want of discrimination overlaid by his vulgar aggressiveness and contempt for women philanthropists led him to his Waterloo. Among the many noble public activities which the philanthropic women of Chicago carry forward successfully, none is more worthy of encouragement than the training school for nurses. Mrs. J. M. Flower, a sister of Dr. Elliott Cones, is President of the training school management, as well as an officer in other benevolent societies. Mrs. Flower and her staff secured a foothold for their nurses in the county hospital, under conditions very favorable for the county and beneficial to the interests of the training school. "Old Billie" took it into his head to go gunning for bogglers in Mrs. Flower's bailiwick. He fired his blunderbuss wildly, made ridiculous and absurd charges. When Mrs. Flower and other women appeared before the County Board to explain matters and refute his charges, "Old Billie" shamed his fellow commissioners by his abusive language and insulting manners. But his triumph was short lived. One has only to look at the square jaw and strong features of Mrs. Flower to know that she is able to corral all the old Billies who may attempt to buck against her work. The other day there was a still hunt for the old man's scalp; and when he found that his renomination as commissioner had failed, he suddenly woke up to the fact that he had been whipped by the women. Here is the way William frankly tells the story of his political death, as reported in a daily paper:

"Women did it," said Mr. Stewart positively, when he was called upon. "That's all I don't deny it. Don't care a continental either. Wouldn't give these women the satisfaction they thought they were entitled to, and they sent their husbands and cousins and the Lord only knows who else after me." "Then they downed you?" suggested the reporter. "Sure!" was the money-making reply. "Well, how was it done?" "O, you see, Mrs. Flower's husband was a delegate to the convention, so was Sam Raymond. Sam's mother-in-law is one of the women from the Industrial School at Evanston and Sam—well, you know how things go with the women."

The following is the opinion of R. A. Dague, editor of the *Reform*, Phillipsburg, Kansas, with reference to the JOURNAL: "I have taken the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL ever since it started, and I have liked it better the last year than any former year. It is a power for good. I have been an editor for seventeen years and exchange with forty or fifty papers, but always pay the regular subscription price to the JOURNAL, and like it better than any paper that comes to my table."

W. H. Blair lectured at Vicksburg, Mich., last Sunday. He is capable of doing a "most excellent work for the cause of Spiritualism." He will receive subscriptions for the JOURNAL.

The Anarchists.

Prominent divines and leaders in the Ethical Culture movement have been giving their reasons why the Anarchists in this city, who have been condemned to death, should not be hanged. Last Sunday Felix Adler spoke before the Society of Ethical Culture of New York City, in which he took strong grounds against hanging the Anarchists.

Mr. Adler looks upon the Anarchists, not as heroes, but as criminals. There is no doubt in his mind of their criminality. Every fibre of his moral nature is outraged by the methods by which they sought to obtain their ends. He spoke for them as he would speak for his worst enemy, if justice were about to be done to him. He notices with regret that the cause of the Anarchists is described as the cause of free speech. He cannot share in this opinion. Freedom of speech should be well guarded, but there should be a limit to it. No man should be allowed to use his tongue to excite the passions of men as a frebrand to kindle a riot or to lead to bloodshed.

Mr. Adler condemned the action of some of the leaders of the labor organizations, in holding up the Anarchists as heroes. He reviewed the case and said that in view of the facts, he thought that while the Anarchists should be punished with imprisonment, they should not be hanged. He called the Anarchists the worst enemies of society, and thought they should be suppressed. Lingg, Schwab and Fielden, he thought, should be imprisoned for life; and the other four should be sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. In closing, he said: "If these men are hung they will be looked upon as heroes and martyrs. They should not be at large. Society has a right to quarantine them, just as it has the right to deal with the cholera plague."

Wm. M. Salter lectured before the Society of Ethical Culture in this city, last Sunday, his subject being "The Cure for Anarchy." In speaking of the cure for anarchy, Mr. Salter advocated as one way to do it, to educate the working people. This had never been attempted in any efficient manner. The Anarchists had more than once sent out to ministers and others invitations to attend their meetings, but such invitations were treated as a joke in the press and were ignored by the ministers. The Anarchists were rarely, if ever, sought to be convinced; they were simply denounced and vilified and made thereby only the madder, the wilder and the sorer of their cause.

"The trouble is," said the speaker, "that we—I mean what are called the respectable classes generally—have not cared very much to instruct the workingmen, we have gone our way and let them go theirs, forgetful that the more favored portion of the community have any guardianship whatever over the less favored portion. We need more humanity—not charity or alms, but willingness to go out and help clear up the minds of the people. Anarchism is not confined to the Anarchists, but the predisposition to it is in large classes of workingmen, and it is encouraged, wittingly or unwittingly, by eminent teachers of political economy, and you cannot alter it by books or sermons, or thundering editorials or formal lectures, but by going out and mingling with the workmen, perchance, by living in their midst."

The services in the Third Unitarian Church last Sunday, says the *Tribune*, were not without a certain impressiveness, not simply because the pastor, the Rev. James Vila Blake, had elected to speak in favor of a commutation of the death sentence of the Anarchists, but because of a certain indefinable something that indicated constraint on the part of the speaker and a palpable opposition on at least a part of the congregation.

Mr. Blake approached his subject, "A Plea for Them," with a seeming reluctance, but it afterwards disappeared, and before the close of his plea he stood forth the champion of his conviction that justice dictated the commutation of the death sentence. He said at the beginning that it had become clear to him that he would not be doing his duty without speaking on the case of the condemned Anarchists, and that following his usual custom he had sent a pastoral letter to the members of the church, advising them of his intentions. It surprised him very much to encounter a great deal of resistance, as it did not occur to him that there was anything strange in selecting such a subject. He had also been reproached in the matter, and the attempt made to persuade him to change his subject, one or two going so far as to declare they would not attend the service. It pained him greatly to see that these persons had really remained away, and he regarded the absentees as recording themselves against the principles on which the church was founded. He then explained his attitude with reference to anarchy, saying he had an absolute abhorrence for those who sought to overturn the existing conditions of society by violence, for he believed such a course a crime.

Mr. Blake found no fault with society in condemning riotous talk, and had no blame for the authorities when they suppressed riotous demonstrations and believed right and proper the statutes which held a speaker responsible for the violent acts to which the promulgation of his doctrines led. He also thought the Anarchists were guilty and deserving of punishment, and he had no desire to shield them, for in his mind they were guilty of a heinous crime. On these points he would not and could not go behind the decision of the courts, but there were reasons why the extreme penalty of the law should not be enforced. The Anarchists were not ordinary criminals, and had not undertaken

to live by plundering society. They were not in any sense like burglars and footpads, but belonged to a different order, and it was therefore but justice to deal with them differently. The burglar and footpad did not propagate their doctrines, for if everybody was a criminal their occupation would be gone. The Anarchists were the disciples of a doctrine, and earnestly desired to have everybody become like them, and for that reason it was not exact justice to deal with them under the method proposed. Then the Anarchists were the product of hard European, social enforcements, and had become what they were from centuries of European tyranny, which had resulted in placing them in a different moral situation. This moral state could not be stamped out by the gallows, and it was to the credit of human nature that this was so, for otherwise the propagation of the Calvinistic doctrines would never have taken place.

Woman's Conference.

Under the above head the JOURNAL offers women a column every week in which they can publicly confer, and discuss in brief and clear-cut communications the many topics which vitally and specially interest their sex. Mrs. Lydia R. Chase, an experienced newspaper woman and earnest advocate of all legitimate methods for woman's growth, has kindly consented to act as leader, and conduct this column. The measure of its usefulness and consequently of its life will depend upon the ability and unanimity with which she is aided by the women who read the JOURNAL. Let all, therefore, who desire to see the Conference Column maintained lend Mrs. Chase their active and continuous support. All communications for that column should be addressed to L. R. Chase, 2139 Uber Place, Philadelphia, Penn.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society give a social dance on Friday evening of this week. All are invited.

A correspondent writes that Mr. Geo. H. Brooks held a very successful meeting Oct. 16th, at Maple Rapids, Mich.

The supreme court at Buffalo, N. Y., dissolved the Chautauque association corporation, and a receiver has been appointed to settle its affairs.

D. L. Moody has arranged to have Ying Lee, proprietor of a Chinese laundry in Hartford, Conn., enter school at Northfield, Mass., to prepare himself for the ministry.

If the heated controversy over the administration of the American Board could be cut up into chunks and put under the seats of the horse-car, how comfortably we might ride this winter.—*Springfield Union*.

The Roman Catholic church has in Great Britain 1,000 chapels, 224 monasteries, 415 convents, 29 colleges, and 2,599 priests. The gains since 1870 have been as follows: Chapels 256, monasteries 155, convents 182, colleges 9, and priests 872.

The Mormon missionaries who are proselytizing in Great Britain, held a meeting in London recently, and reported that their greatest success had been in Scotland and Wales. In London their mission had been an entire failure, for which they adopted a resolution invoking the curse of God on that city.

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes that during October he has been speaking in the States of New York, Ohio and Indiana, at various points along his journey westward. He will respond to calls for lectures in Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada and Colorado, and may be addressed, General Delivery, Fort Scott, Kan., or his home address, Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. Emma H. Britten desires to inform the public that her effort to publish a book of pictures of mediums has proved a failure after a quite considerable expenditure of money in preparing the pictures for the press. This failure is owing to the photographs sent her being unfit for the purpose of photo-engraving, some being too light, others too dark, some too large and others too small.

John Slater, the remarkable test medium, will leave Brooklyn, N. Y., for the Pacific Coast, Nov. 10th. He will stop in Chicago the last two Sundays of November, and give tests under the auspices of the Young Peoples' Progressive Society, at 159, 22nd street. Mr. Slater has engagements at Canton, Ill., Kansas City, Mo., and Newton, Kansas. Spiritualist societies that desire his services should address him at once in care of this office. Sunday, Oct. 16th, Mr. Slater held two séances in Parker Hall, Boston,—both crowded. The following Monday he gave twenty-two private sittings, and held a public circle in the evening. He has also lately visited Holyoke, Mass., where his time was fully employed. Mr. Slater is undoubtedly one of the best platform test mediums now before the public.

A curious incident was brought to light in the Orphans' Court, Philadelphia, Pa., during argument in the contest over the possessions of Daniel L. Thomas, an aged colored man who died recently. Thomas' earthly goods consisted of a house on Lombard street and a small interest in a rubber business. Some time before his death, it was related, he awoke one morning and made the astonishing statement that the Angel Gabriel had appeared to him in the night and directed him to go to St. Thomas' Church, where he would find in a certain pew a woman named Rebecca, whom he should marry. He followed the directions, found his Rebecca, and married her. He was so well pleased with his bargain that he made a will in her favor to the detriment of his three children by his first wife.

The committee on state affairs of the Utah mission conference of Methodist Episcopal church has entered an unqualified protest against the efforts now being made to secure the admission of Utah as a State. They say the constitution proposed was framed by a committee appointed by Mormons exclusively, and that its real object is the perpetuation of polygamy.

Gov. I. R. Bodwell of Maine, speaking of prohibition, says: "I am trying to enforce prohibition in Maine, but I find it is the biggest job that I ever undertook in my life. The law is fairly well enforced in the rural districts and receives the support of the community, but in the larger cities and towns it is impossible to enforce it, as the liquor men defy it, and in many instances the local authorities conspire with the violators and accept bribes from them. Even the general public in the State have no idea of the success of the violators of the law."

The Spiritualist Association of Southwestern Michigan, will convene at the Opera House, Benton Harbor, Saturday, Nov. 5th, at three o'clock, P. M. After organizing and a short address, the meeting will be adjourned to half-past six, P. M., and will then open with an Old Folks' Concert, together with some humorous elocution by juveniles, after which an address may be expected from Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids. The subjects to be presented by Mr. Moulton are, "Searching for the Infinite," "Revelation," "Agnosticism or Spiritualism, Which?"

Rival inventors entertain the opinion that Edison has in some way supernatural assistance. Having announced that he had made a remarkable new discovery, and that he is going to "keep it mum" for six months, to give other inventors an opportunity to show their hands, one who thinks he understands what Edison is driving at, writes as follows to the *Electrical Review*:

"Now you gave notice on behalf of Tom Edison, that he has made a new discovery, and that he is going to 'keep it mum' for six months, to give other fellows a chance to show their hands, etc. That's a very kind of him, but it's just a little too thin. Don't you see his little game? He wants a lot of us fellows to publish our wonders, and then, when he has them all spread out before him, he goes into a mesmeric trance, and in this supernatural state his faculties do what he can't himself—pick out wonder-working combinations with which to startle the world. I don't say he has done this, but I don't propose to give him a chance, so far as I am concerned."

The superstition that human beings should sleep with their heads to the North is believed by the French to have for its foundation a scientific fact. They affirm that each human system is in itself an electric battery, the head being one of the electrodes, the feet the other. Their proof was discovered from experiment which the academy of sciences was allowed to make on the body of a man who was guillotined. This was taken the instant it fell and placed on a pivot free to move as it might. The head part, after a little vacillation, turned to the North, and the body then remained stationary. It was turned halfway round by the professors, and again the head end of the trunk moved slowly to the cardinal point due North, the same result being repeated until the final arrestation of organic movements.—*Ex.*

"You just ought to have been at St. George's hall yesterday," he said as he slammed open the door of the JOURNAL office on Monday morning. "Why, what's the matter?" softly inquired the mild-spoken subscription clerk. "Where's your editor?" he demanded without replying to the soft voiced questioner. "He's never to be seen on Mondays, not even by his own family," rejoins the guardian of the sanctum. "Well, tell him one of the Bangs Sisters gave a most wonderful exhibit in independent state writing there yesterday. A slate was examined and held under the table by one of the audience, his hand flat on the under side of the slate and the slate close against the table. The medium merely placed her hand on his, and in a few minutes the man drew out the slate and it was covered with exquisitely drawn flowers and a written message that looked like copper plate engraving it was so perfect. There appeared no possible chance for deception; anyhow I'll give \$100 to any body who will duplicate it or come any where's near it under the same circumstances. Tell your editor to increase his staff so he will have more time to talk to us investigators when we come in here. Good morning." The door banged again and away went a leading State street merchant, not knowing that his interview had been jotted down by one of the JOURNAL's staff.

"My JOURNAL goes all over the neighborhood, and if it gets back home it is worn to tatters." This in substance is said or written to the publisher every few days. While it speaks well for the paper, it does not do credit to those who thus sponge their reading. Those subscribers who are in the habit of lending their papers regularly to the same old chronic spongers will do well to mildly but reproachfully say next time they are asked for them, that the paper is \$2.50 per year, and may be had by sending that amount to the publisher—and decline longer to lend.

An uptown rector was writing his sermon for Sunday, when his little girl came into his study. Taking her upon his knee for a moment, she looked at his manuscript curiously, and turning to him in a thoughtful way, said, "Pa, does God tell you what to write?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch so much of it out," queried the little one.

Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Consolation.

BY DR. E. L. FERRY.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

Angels came to me last night;
Spirits clothed in radiant light
Came and stood beside my bed,
Placed their hands upon my head,
Chased away all gloom and fear,
Whispered gently in my ear:
This is what the spirit said:
With her hands upon my head:

"Dear husband, when I hear your cry,
As lightning flashes from the sky,
So quickly am I by your side,
To best away the sorrowing tide.
We come from our loved ones bowers,
To cheer you in your lonely hours,
And never think yourself alone
While those in Heaven you call your own.
"O, could you stand on Parnassus' height,
And look on us with undimmed sight,
You'd know what know your loved ones here,
Earth is not worth a single tear.
Beyond life's trials and the tomb,
Are fragrant fields where roses bloom,
And love immortal reigns supreme—
'Tis lovelier far than fairest dreams."

"Your day of life is nearly past;
Your evening time is coming fast;
A few more months, a few more years,
Will end your trials, doubts and fears.
And many friends in heaven wait
To greet you at the golden gate;
And what your loved ones all are come—
Thank God!—again we'll all be home."

This is what the spirit said,
As she stood beside my bed.

How Shall we Discriminate?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The object in writing the articles, "Securely Bound," and "To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal," as opposed to Spiritualism. I think I appreciate just how such articles would be received. Those desiring to be educated in the phenomena of Spiritualism, are always willing to listen to the exposition of tricks which are made to appear like the genuine phenomena. Then there are two other classes—those who have an "axe to grind," and those who in their ignorance think there are no frauds. These two classes will continually assure us that they deprecate fraud, yet they can point to no medium on earth who is a fraud. The question will naturally rise, "How, then, shall we discriminate between the false and the true?" A simple answer will be found in every well-affiliated. Depend upon the manifestation of intelligence. If in the dark circle a friend whispers in my ear and say, "I am your father," why should I accept the statement without question? But whenever he will put me in possession of facts which no other could give, then I know it is his father.

It is not strange that many spirits can communicate better in the dark than in the light. Musical instruments can be played upon in the dark by spirits with greater facility than in the light. From what the writer has experienced, the phenomena of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, he is cheerfully willing to add his opinion to that of thousands of others, and that on the ground of the manifestation of unmistakable intelligence, that her mediumship is genuine. One is too much inclined to trace the unaccountable to spiritual or supernatural causes; this is clearly error. The writer once thought he saw (at Canton in China) a man throw a rope into the air, and then, there, when the other seemed to pass out of sight, which at last became an endless stick of candy, so far as vision was concerned. Why not attribute this to spirits? Oriental jugglers can give us many feats which, although in open daylight and upon the streets, far surpass many of our night séances, so far as mystery is concerned. The application of these facts to the intelligence must be the touchstone of Spiritualism. At the séance of the Davenportes the writer never saw the manifestation of intelligence. No doubt they deftly learned little points of a general nature to throw in and help to mystify, but nothing really crucial was given. Yet in a sitting in the dark where a little girl was the medium, messages were given to the writer which contained intelligence unknown to all except to the communicant. The readers of the JOURNAL are not seriously in want of these points of discrimination, still I can not think them wholly out of place. Just now large numbers of fraudulent mediums (?) are making money through overweening innocents who think they are receiving communications from the dead (?). Some spiritual papers, so-called, are without doubt issued by unscrupulous charlatans, and their readers are the dupes of fraud. There is no doubt but that in many instances we have pimps who are paid by pretenses to mediumship, to puff those pretenses; and filthy sheets, which for pay are holding these pretenses up as genuine mediums! What shall we think, my dear reader, when we take up our spiritual papers to find advertisements of prophetic, charms, spiritualism and magnetic papers, etc., without one word of comment from the editors? The answer is obvious. Let us, then, learn to discriminate between the true and the false. That we have no dead is absolutely demonstrated; we need no jugglery to elucidate this fact. We shall know each returning loved one by his own individuality, not otherwise. Concordia, Kansas. R. R. ANDERSON.

The Brooklyn Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Brooklyn Spiritualists, since the opening services held at Conservatory Hall, corner of Bedford and Fulton avenues, for the last two months, have joyously realized the presence, as a spiritual teacher, of Mrs. A. M. Glading, who by the aid of her spirit friends has shown a rare talent with our unseen witnesses, has delighted large and appreciative audiences. At the close of each lecture or answer, the various spirit delineations, tests and character readings have been received with many an affirmation, bringing comfort to stricken hearts, and thus lifting the veil of sorrow, nursing anew the drooping, encouraging the weak, and blessing all with a hope of a triumphant reunion in the blissful future, the future of our unseen witnesses. The philosophy, which teaches us that death is only the portal of change to a higher, purer, truer, and more beautiful life in the Spirit-world, to which all are hastening.

A Society has now been organized, aided by the kindly suggestions of Mrs. Glading, and it is fondly hoped by the harmonious aid and monetary co-operation of new members, that with our unseen witnesses, the Brooklyn Spiritual Society will be able to spread abroad the glorious tidings of an unending future, with an onward progression for all of humanity.

Mrs. Glading's present engagement closes the last Sunday of October, but we hope in the coming year to be again favored by her return. Her engagements are now filled to the month of September, 1888.

May the Infinite Presence and the angel world sustain, ever comfort and inspire her, and the loving sympathies of all aid and encourage her in her new and truly grand efforts to bless humanity by self-elevation, which is the true Savior.

SAMUEL D. GREEN.

Joseph Parker on Creeds.

I would not sign any creed that man has written. A creed taken as a starting point may be right, but it needs to be changed constantly. What right have we to write down words and say that they are everlasting, unchangeable? I should call such a dogma a foolish dogma were it not an insult to the Pope. (Laughter.) If any theologian says that some men have light enough to be damned by, but not light enough to be saved by, I know not that the fire of hell is hot enough to burn such blasphemy. (Applause.) If any theologian says that men may be condemned for not believing what they never heard, I say that such theology should be branded and excommunicated. (Applause.)—En.

There are in Boston between 500 and 900 negroes who were born subjects of the British crown.

EDISON'S PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH.

The Wonderful Things He Claims the Little Machine Will Do.

New York Post: "When found yesterday morning in the laboratory of his lamp factory in Newark, from which 4,000 lamps a day are now sent out, Edison said that the commercial phonograph is now the most interesting thing in the world to him, although it is perfectly finished, and tools are being made for its manufacture upon a large scale. The stories which Edison tells of his perfected phonograph will do as an extraordinary tale that he scarcely expects people to believe him, and yet he says the apparatus is so simple, so effective, and so immediately useful that he is certain of its rapid introduction into business—far more certain than he was of the universal adoption of the telephone as a business instrument. Edison said of his newly-finished phonograph: 'You know that I finished the first phonograph more than ten years ago. It remained more or less a toy. The germ of something wonderful was perfectly distinct. I tried the impossible with it, and when the electric-light business assumed commercial importance I threw everything overboard for that. Nevertheless, the phonograph has been more or less constantly in my mind ever since. When resting from prolonged work upon the light, my brain would revert almost automatically to the old idea. Since the light has been finished I have taken up the phonograph, and after eight months of steady work have made it a commercial invention. My phonograph I expect to see in every business office. The first 500 will, I hope, be ready for distribution about the end of January. Their operation is simplicity itself and cannot fail. The merchant or clerk who wishes to send a letter has only to set the machine in motion and to talk in his natural voice and at the usual rate of speed into the receiver. When he has finished, the sheet, or 'phonogram,' as I call it, is ready for putting into a little box made on purpose for the mail. We are making the sheets in three sizes—one for letters of from 800 to 1,000 words, another size for 2,000 words, another size for 4,000 words. I expect that arrangements may be made with the post-office authorities enabling the phonogram boxes to be sent at the same rate as a letter.

"The receiver of a phonogram will put it into his apparatus and the message will be given out more clearly, more distinctly than any telephone message ever sent. The tones of the voice in the two phonograms which I have finished are so perfectly rendered that one can distinguish between twenty different persons, each one of whom has said a few words. One tremendous advantage is that the letter may be repeated a thousand times, and the phonogram does not wear out by use; moreover it may be filed away for a hundred years and be ready the instant it is needed. If a man dictates his will to the phonograph, there will be no disputing the authenticity of the document with those who knew the tones of his voice in life. The cost of making the phonogram will be scarcely more than that of ordinary letter-paper. The machine will read out the letter or message at the same speed with which it was dictated.

"I have experimented with a device for enabling printers to set type directly from the dictation of the phonograph, and think that it will work to a charm. It is so arranged that the printer, by touching a lever with his foot, allows five or ten words of the phonogram to be sounded; if he is not satisfied with the first hearing he can make the same words over and over again until he has them in type. For busy men who dictate a great deal for the press I am sure the phonograph will be a necessity after a very little experience.

"For musicians the phonograph is going to do wonders, owing to the extreme cheapness with which I can duplicate phonograms and the delicacy with which the apparatus gives out all musical sounds. In the early phonograph of ten years ago, which was a very imperfect and crude affair compared to that of to-day, it was always noticed that musical sounds came out particularly well; the machine would whistle or sing far better than it would talk. This peculiarity of the phonograph remains. I have taken down the music of an orchestra, and the result is marvelous; each instrument can be perfectly distinguished, the strings are perfectly distinct, the violins from the cellos, and the wind instruments and the wood are perfectly heard, and even in the notes of a violin the over-tones are distinct to a delicate ear. It is going to work wonders for the benefit of music-lovers. A piece for any instrument, for a piano, or for an orchestra, or an act of the whole of an opera, musical instruments and voices, can be given out of the phonograph with a beauty of tone and a distinctness of sound, and the duplicating apparatus for phonograms is as cheap an affair that the price of music for the phonograph will be scarcely worth considering. As the phonogram will be practically indestructible by ordinary use, such music can be played over and over again.

"My first phonograph, as you remember, consisted simply of a roller carrying the foil, and provided with a diaphragm-point pressed against the groove or indent the foil. The roller was turned by hand. In the new instrument there is far more complication, but altogether different results. My propelling machinery consists of a small electric motor, run by a very few cells. Strange to say, I have found more difficulty in getting a motor to suit me than any other part of the apparatus. I tried various kinds of motors, and spring-motors, but found them untrustworthy and noisy. The motor I am now making are absolutely steady and noiseless. There is no part of the apparatus, the tools for which I am now making upon a large scale here, which is likely to get out of order or to work in an uncertain manner. The two finished phonograms are practically exactly what I intend to offer for sale within a few months."

SOLAR BIOLOGY.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In a brief article which I wrote in defense of "Solar Biology," published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of the date of Aug. 20th, I did an unintentional injustice to Mr. Butler's astronomical tables. In the second paragraph I said: "I was sorry to detect but rude approximations to correctness of longitude embraced in his tables." The superior positions of the evening-morning planets—Venus and Mars—vary from one degree to thirty from the positions given in astronomical ephemerides."

Now, I have discovered that the "rude approximations" were entirely my own, as I proceeded upon the assumption that the heliocentric longitudes of the planets should bear a certain unvariable relation to their geocentric longitudes. But as a matter of fact this can never occur except the planet is in conjunction or opposition with respect to the earth. The little explanation will make this clear: The sun is the heliocentric center of the zodiacal zone; the earth is the geocentric center thereof. The heliocentric center is stationary, while the geocentric center is constantly shifting its position, by reason of the orbital revolution of the earth about the sun. We will suppose the heliocentric position of Jupiter is in Aries, and that the position of the earth is in Capricornus; Jupiter would then appear to be in Taurus from the geocentric point of observation. Thus if Jupiter were to remain stationary, while the earth moved through half its circuit, round to Cancer, Jupiter would then appear to have retrograded towards Pisces, and his geocentric longitude would be given accordingly; but a planet never becomes retrograde in relation to the heliocentric center. It will hence be seen that the constant shifting of the geocentric center in the zodiac, absolutely prevents that "coincidence" which I insisted should appear in Mr. Butler's tables.

Since my review was written, I have found that the tables in Solar Biology agree in all essential particulars with the heliocentric longitudes published from the Greenwich Observatory, and they will hence serve the practical purpose for which they were intended. I am very glad to have discovered my error, and make haste to correct it, for I should be truly sorry to have any one hesitate to purchase Solar Biology because they had been led to suppose the tables published therein have but little practical value. Man's relation to the zodiac is worthy of our profoundest study, and this is the initial volume that every one should procure. E. WHIFFLE.

At the New Haven depot the other day a woman with eight children waited for a train. There is nothing remarkable in this, but it was remarkable that all of the children had blue eyes, and that all should be cross-eyed.

Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Once more the Spiritualists of this city have organized a society, from among those who formerly belonged to the two gatherings known as the "1st Society" and the "Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation." Under the simple title of "The Brooklyn Spiritualists," we have banded together for strength to carry forward our meetings and the principles embodied in our great cause.

The structure and action of our bodies, each part being mutually dependent upon every other part; the general organic structure manifested in all the works and processes of nature; the great organization of the Mother Church, and, finally, of the great solar system itself, all go to prove the necessity of united organic action upon a common basis of belief or knowledge and a feeling of brotherly love one toward another. Such an organization becomes an expression of the Cause itself, and as the individuals composing it are good or bad, so must the character of the whole be looked upon by the outside world. If an individual lacks character who calls himself a Spiritualist before the world, he damages the Cause he advocates; and likewise, if a society fails to practice, among its adherents, the principles of life and conduct taught by the Cause, it also reflects on the Cause and upon a much larger scale.

Twice have we occupied churches that had been set aside by their retiring congregations, in each case taking them with the hope of arousing sufficient interest to enable the society to purchase and own a permanent abiding place for our several meetings.

Nearly 1,900 years ago the Holy Catholic Church was founded upon the phenomenal membership of Christ and his disciples, together with the writings describing the same. To-day we have a second coming of similar phenomena, only more diffused in its manifestation; the printing press in place of parchment; a comparatively liberal church in the outside Christian world, and man eagerly looking and waiting for the truth. Upon this new foundation we, as actual believers in a life hereafter and an open door of communion between, are to build a new and true "Holy Catholic Church," i. e., a pure universal brotherhood, aiming through self-effort and the ministry of angels to live the life as well as preach it.

Doing this, with science added to our faith, we set an example for all the world to follow. We have the good of all religious systems to draw upon to form our ideas of right; for our speakers have presented them to us. The time has come for individual effort and concerted action, individual effort, within the restraining, guiding hand of an organic society, whose officers have grown wise through the experience of the past.

Farther than this we have a week day conference at Everett Hall, 398 Fulton St., where in place of continuous speaking, we have a happy blending of short addresses and mediumship. This, coupled with the soft organ playing of its kindly conductor, Mr. Frank Jones, has given us harmony in place of discord, and in place of —, what I say is? I leave you to finish.

Sunapee Lake.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"In the north-west part of Merima county, and the east part of Sullivan county, in the towns of Sunapee, New London and Newbury, nine miles long and about one and a half mile in width. Its elevation above the sea level is 1,080 feet." So says the "United States Geologist," with reference to the size and location of Sunapee Lake.

It has become a great place for summer resorts. A splendid new steamer has been launched this season, with a carrying capacity for passengers of 1,000, which, with the other ones, will accommodate double that number. Probably no body of water of its size in the country has so large a fleet. Many cottages and boarding houses have been erected on its shores within the past year, and the boats will be built to suit the immediate future. More people have visited this season than ever before, although not one-third of its shores has yet been utilized. The Spiritualist camp meeting, which is its chief attraction has closed its tenth session, which was held at Blodgett's Landing. Among the mediums, speakers, singers, musicians, pioneer Spiritualists and others were present could be seen the following: Geo. Blodgett, Adeline M. Stevens, Mrs. W. H. Miller, J. Adams, Lull, Hagan, Newman, Brooks, Miller, Wright, Brockway, Dexter, Yeaw, Storers, Fair, Emerson and many others equally as prominent as those named. There were as many as 60 public mediums. A complete band of music was in attendance through the entire meeting.

To predict a splendid future for Sunapee Lake. The Spiritualist camp meeting, which was held at Blodgett's Landing, the north-west part of the lake, was bought and laid out for the purpose, where lots may be owned by the builders.

Do spirits have anything to do with navigation on Sunapee Lake? I will first tell my observations during four days there, and then give the opinions of two veteran Spiritualists. The W.—brothers built and have run successfully for ten years past, the boat "Lady Woodsum," but have not been good to the Spiritualists. Two years ago a larger boat was launched, the Edmund Burke, that has been all right. This summer the W. brothers, associated with others, have put on a new boat, the Armenia White, which the secular papers pronounce the best one in the State. It has a steel bottom, and was built in sections at Philadelphia. It has two separate engines of an aggregate horse power of 1,300, and two separate propellers. The first was the "Newbury," built in 1864, and the second, the "Edmund Burke," built in 1874. I was duly informed that the new boat was not out; she had broken one of her engines, so I took passage on the Edmund Burke. When we were off the north end of Big Island, Lady Woodsum signalled distress; had broken her tiller rope, and could not steer, and came near being wrecked on the rocks, for the wind blew from the north. The Armenia White was out, and as she was trying to make a landing at the wharf at Blodgett's, the pilot unconsciously lost control of her and she was blown on shore at its feet. When Sunday came with its extra excursion train, the Armenia was trying to run with one of her engines, having broken the other; she moved by very slowly, like a great rooster with one wing clipped.

Now for the opinions: An old man with grey hair, who owned many cottages, said he lived at Blodgett's Landing, had a piece of land, and he wanted me to take stock in the new boat, but after looking over their plans, I sat down and wrote to them that I wouldn't take any. The other man made a radical statement like this: "They have run the small boat and gotten rich out of it, and now they have put all their money into this one and will lose it."

South Sutton, N. H. Mrs. A. M. Tyler—John Slater.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

By the translation of Mrs. A. M. Tyler, the cause of Spiritualism loses a valued defender. "Innumerable materializations," however, have ceased in Boston, generally speaking. The work she has done for the cause of Spiritualism, and the last fraudulent book manufacturer quail his or her nervous system. "Shadows" may squirm as if he was toasted (as he has been repeatedly) on a hot gridiron, the "Disinfecting Process" will go on.

Mr. John Slater has just closed a series of most successful meetings here. John says he is a "crank," and that he can't be the head of a medium, and all persons who do not want to know all the things they ever did, and some more, better keep out of his way. I have noticed people in his séances whose hair had a tendency to stand up straight.

It is claimed that a wild grapevine growing near the bank of the Sawatch Creek, near Blakely, Ga., is the largest known. It is twelve inches in diameter. There is a grapevine that would give it a close rub on a point in the St. John's River, near Tool, Fla. It grows between the roots and twines among the branches of a live oak, the trunk of which measures eight yards in circumference.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of his temperament.

He that will believe only what he can fully understand must have a very long head or a very short creed.

Envy is a vice which keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working its own diabolical.

A Kansas Editor on Revivalist Tramps.

Cawker City, in Mitchell County, Kansas, has been invaded by professional revivalists. Somehow they do not seem to have pooled with the editor of the religious department of the Cawker City Journal. Indeed it looks as though their miserable efforts had stimulated his wrath rather than won his adhesion. As a specimen of the vigor and dexterity with which a Kansas revivalist can flay orthodox brethren, an editorial published in his paper dated October 12th, is not bad. Here is the way he knifes them:

The hollow people need a little writing up, and if we should attend to their case with the same show of frankness with which they accuse lawyers, doctors, merchants and every other class of people we would have been showing about our ears like burnt Jones burs about a tallow dip.

Much charity is shown them because they manifest signs of religion. And the people are very liberal toward anything which savors of religion no matter how absurd the form. The same amount of hoodlumism, noise and general hell-here-below, had it been conducted under the guise of Susan-B.-Anthonyism, or Bob-Ingersollism, would have resulted in the arrest of the ring leaders. The same amount of obscenity and blasphemy, uttered by a Yarnier, mechanic or a horse trader would have provided him with a night's rest in the calabasses, and a summons to appear before his honor to answer to a well founded charge of disturbing the peace. The meek and lowly Jesus himself, should be answer the repeated invitations to appear and take them along with him to loaf and howl about the great white throne, would be put out of the Tabernacle for his meek and lowly deportment, and at his very first intimation that "none are perfect, no not one" would be called an agent of the adversary.

The beloved disciple, that most beautiful character known as John the Evangelist or St. John the revelator, would uplift his hands in holy horror at the sacrilegious wickedness of these people who claim to be so good that they are a part of God himself.

They invest themselves with the character of the Holy Ghost (so they say), and proceed to rant and rave on in such a blasphemous manner that good Christian people are disgusted with them, and their bogus illustrations of the Holy Ghost.

They are the only people yet found, who would voluntarily cast the first stone, and yet they have arrived in our city with a pocket full of rocks which they are throwing haphazard among a people of whom they know nothing and for whom they care less. As yet they have done but little damage, but few sane people have lost their reason entirely. Some partly demented people like poor George Schwilke, have, it is true, become raving maniacs under their teachings, but the measure of damages is light in these instances, because it was only a question of time with that class at any rate.

For the other side of the balance sheet we are perfectly willing to give them credit for any feeling of terror their burning hell has inspired, to lead bad men to confess that heretofore they have never missed an opportunity to wrong, beat and down any man they have had dealings with," provided, that their after teachings will be of that pure nature which will lead the bad men to make complete restitution by returning the money they have wrongfully obtained from their neighbors. Anything short of this will only add to the general feeling that no good has been done, but the Lord has been maligning, the Holy Ghost misrepresented and the meek and lowly Jesus, again been betrayed and his lips touched by loud-mouthed imitators of the only Iscariot.

Securely Bound.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I take this opportunity to say, that I am sorry to see anything like a criticism of your course in publishing such articles as "Securely Bound." To me it is valuable and suggestive. I do not see why it should not be followed up by a systematic exposure of the tricks and frauds which have deceived so many and have made Spiritualism a reproach in the eyes of the world. Let Spiritualists and investigators thoroughly understand the methods by which phenomena have been and may be counterfeited, and the occupation of tricksters will be gone. Let those methods be published and be made common property, then we all can carry on our investigations with more of the qualifications and confidence of experts.

In the article on Spiritualism, in the latest volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the reproach is brought against Spiritualists that "in the vast majority of cases the witnesses do not seem to have duly appreciated the possibilities of conjuring, nor to have taken sufficient precautions to exclude it." This same reproach is implied in the report of the Select Committee on the subject of the Harvard investigators. Of course there are many Spiritualists of whom this is not true. Why should it be true of any? Why should any lover of the truth wish to cover up the fact that fraud is sometimes perpetrated, and that conjuring will account for many of the phenomena. The phenomena that admit of conjuring as a possible explanation, have no scientific value to an investigator, and are nothing but quicksand for Spiritualists to build upon. He who points out an insecure foundation is a friend and not an enemy of the cause. Who are more interested than Spiritualists to secure a genuine and solid basis for their belief involving, as it does, so much that is sacred? Why should not Spiritualists forestall all committees of investigation, and execute a flank movement upon the Seyerb Commission itself, by making their own exposures? The fallacies and delusions of astronomy are exposed and corrected by astronomers, and outlanders have confidence in the result. If Spiritualists were more careful to make themselves acquainted with the possibilities of deception, both in their facts and inferences, and were less sensitive about having these possibilities exposed,—if, in other words, they had more of the scientific spirit, then Spiritualism would soon walk the earth as the peer of its scornful sister, Science. You have done much to uphold and encourage this scientific spirit. Your publication of "Securely Bound" was a good blow struck in its behalf. In the name and for the sake of truth, fight it out this time." W. C. ESTY.

Amherst, Mass.

Harmonical Society of Sturgis, Mich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The president of the above society, Hon. J. G. Walle, who had held that office ever since its incorporation, some thirty years ago, issued circulars to all the members, summoning them to meet for election of officers and other business, on Sunday, Oct. 16th. The society met accordingly, and when the constitution and by-laws were read, the president tendered his resignation, positively declining to serve any longer, as at his advanced age of 76 years he deemed it proper to retire from the cares and responsibilities of office. Accordingly it was decided to elect a new president, and Thomas Harding and Rufus Spaulding, having been appointed tellers, an election was held which resulted in the choice of an entirely new set of officers.

The officers elected were as follows: President, Squire Daniel E. Parker; Secretary, Mr. Cresler; Treasurer, Mr. Baum Garden; Executive Committee, Mr. John Kelly, Mr. Benjamin Beck, Mrs. M. J. Peck, Mr. Burrows and Mr. Wm. Sturgis. Committee on Collections, Thomas Harding, Rufus Spaulding and Mrs. J. G. Walle. Mr. Harrison Kelly proposed that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sense of the high estimation in which the retiring president is held by the society and their appreciation of his faithful services during nearly thirty years of his incumbency, during which time he had been lavish of both time and money for purposes of the Harmonical Society of Sturgis. The proposition prevailed, and the meeting appointed Thos. Harding and Rufus Spaulding to prepare suitable resolutions and submit them to the newly elected officers for their approval.

Mr. Walle then informed the meeting that there was a small debt on the spiritual church, a balance remaining over since the repairs previous to last June meeting, and he wished to see the society entirely clear of debt, proposing to contribute a sum equal to about one-sixth of the whole amount due. It was voted to pay it off as quickly as the money could be collected, which, it was thought, would be done within a few days.

The meeting was then adjourned until September 2nd, 1888, being the date of election of the officers of the society, according to the articles of incorporation. THOS. HARDING.

Spirits Do Return.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Spirits do return. What consolation in the thought that the spirits of our dear ones are ever watching over us with loving eyes, and are cognizant of all our doings? It is incumbent upon us, then, to so live that we do not grieve their loving hearts, or shrink from meeting them when we pass to the bright and beautiful land where so many are watching and waiting for us. At all hours of the day, in the silence of the night, I feel the presence of dear ones who have passed on before me. I am never alone, and the knowledge of their presence brings comfort to my heart. The wicked and rebellious thoughts that came to me in the first days of bitter sorrow for the loss of my dearest treasure, have gradually given way to peaceful calm. Had it not been for the rod laid so heavily upon me, I should never have learned to look up, never have learned the sweet truths of Spiritualism. I feel that our wise Father doeth all things well. L. H. MACR.

Jersey City Heights.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The barbers are to hold a national convention in Buffalo. There is a complaint in some parts of Oregon of a scarcity of cheap Chinese labor.

General Sheridan, "having spent the summer fishing off a wharf," says a newspaper, has returned to Washington for the winter.

An Indian Spring, Fla., woman has a hen that is covered with hair instead of feathers. It lays and has hatched chickens coated like herself, but they invariably died in infancy.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is an inveterate pipe smoker. It is said that he has invented a new kind of pipe which will make a sensation in the world of smokers.

L. Clark Davis, for nearly nineteen years managing editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, has resigned his position on that journal to become leading editorial writer on Mr. Childs' Ledger.

The Worcester Spy says, with every appearance of believing its own statement, that the body of a full-grown red squirrel was found in a four-and-a-half-pound pickle, recently taken at Oxford.

For hunters on Saturday, near Washington, ran the fox into town; he dashed into the Eighth Precinct Police Station and up-stairs, where some of the policemen were sleeping; there his flight was arrested.

A frequenter of Boston hotels complains that he is sickened by seeing women chewing wooden toothpicks, but that Boston women will chew toothpicks in public. It is very considerate of them to use wood instead of quills.

Reuben B. Thrall is said to be the oldest practicing lawyer in the world. He lives at Rutland, Vt., is ninety-three years old, and has just been attending the session of the Rutland County Court, looking after some old cases on the calendar.

Mme. Vincent is a French woman who has saved twelve people from drowning. Last month she jumped into the waves entirely dressed and rescued the twelfth, a 6-year-old boy. She has seven children of her own, the youngest being still an infant.

Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln keeps a scrap-book in which she preserves all the newspaper and magazine articles which appear concerning her immortal father-in-law. She wants to make a history of her little son and have him write a biography of Abraham Lincoln the Great.

A sleek and beautifully spotted snake, unlike any known species, was discovered by some men working in a deep coal shaft at Pans, Ill. The snake had been blasted up by the last shot that had been fired. It was alive and coiled up in a bunch, and apparently it had no eyes. It was about two feet in length.

Miss Alice Longfellow, the daughter of the poet, has been just chosen a member of the Cambridge school committee. She has lately been devoting herself to the establishment and management of industrial and kindergarten schools, and she is one of the trustees of the Harvard endowment. She was graduated with high honors by a woman's college.

Mrs. Holbrook, of Woodstock, Conn., is a lineal descendant of General Israel Putnam. She has a number of letters written by "old Put," which show that he was a better soldier than scholar. She also owns the canteen he carried through the revolutionary war. It is made of straight wooden staves, tightly looped at each end. The canteen has a capacity of three pints.

G. M. Crouch, a farmer, seventy-six years of age, of Preston, Tex., died a few days since, literally eaten death by a maggot known as the screwworm. The cattle fly lays the eggs in fresh blood. They were deposited in Crouch's nostrils while he was asleep, his nose having bled just previously. His tongue and the palate of the mouth were eaten out, and the throat cut by their incessant working.

The sophomores at Bowdoin College attempted to capture a ten gallon keg of cider from the Freshmen a few days ago, but failed. During the night, after a journey of 91 miles on foot, the Freshmen of the class of '91, climbed to the top of the northern spire of King's Chapel and succeeded in fastening there a white flag bearing his class numerals. The spire is of stone and 120 feet high, and the only means of ascent was a lightning rod.

Horace Allen, of Delaware, Ohio, suffered much with rheumatism, and decided to try what outdoor exercise and a change of air would do for him. So he started out with a wheelbarrow laden with small stones, and he has just arrived at Bennington, Vt., after a journey of 750 miles on foot, during which he supported himself by selling his wares. He is either four years old, or is a nephew of General Ethan Allen.

They tell a good story of Jesse Packard, of Buckfield, Me. The old man was not a teetotaler, and one evening going home from the tavern pretty full, picked a quarrel with a neighbor and was knocked out in the fight that followed. His limp and apparently

ADULTERATION OF SCIENCE.

By the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

For the credit of your philosophical JOURNAL, I cannot let pass unnoticed the singular mixture of science and humbug, truth and error, by your correspondent, E. Whipple, headed "Some Facts Concerning the Zodiac," in your issue of Oct. 15th.

How can it be better named than the "Adulteration of Science," when persons having, in some way, attained to an imperfect smattering go on to assume the possession of real science, and use it as a vehicle for the presentation of their own crude and erroneous notions that have no scientific basis whatever?

Mr. Whipple is not the only person who has attempted this role in the JOURNAL, and has thus become a promulgator of error instead of a teacher of truth, calculated to deceive and mislead your young readers or any other persons not scientifically cultured.

It would be well for your readers generally to note again the remarks of Prof. Buchanan made some months ago on "Science and Scillium."

I do not wish to assert that Mr. Whipple has not stated some interesting scientific facts; but that in using them to bolster up his absurd astrological theories that have no rational foundation, but belong to the days of the "philosopher's stone" and other follies, he has done more harm than good to the cause of truth.

Some of what he calls "facts" are not facts, as I will show, and some of the facts are falsely presented in a way to mislead into the belief of theories utterly untenable.

But to proceed: his greatest and most radical scientific misstatement occurs at the close of the second main paragraph on your eighth page, where he writes thus:

"Why the earth should oscillate, or why the earth's pole should gyrate around the celestial pole is a problem for no satisfactory solution has yet been offered."

This sentence gives us the measure of his confusion and lack of knowledge in positive science. The cause of the gyration of the earth's axis, and hence the cause of the precession of the equinoxes and of the revolution of the pole of the equator around the pole of the ecliptic once to about 25,800 years is as well known, and has been as well and certainly known since the time of Sir Isaac Newton, as you now know the way from California to Chicago; and more than that, the understanding of the cause thereof as completely robs that singular phenomenon of all its esoteric romance, that so feeds his astrological fancy, as the close approach to a far-off mountain disrobes it of the "enchantment" of the distant blue; or as the study of the refraction and reflection of the sunlight through the drops of rain robs the poet of his childhood's dream, that the rainbow was

"A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven."

That your student readers may form an idea of the cause of the earth's "gyration" (which doubtless many of them already know), allow me to state a few facts that are facts.

1. The revolution of the earth on its axis when in a molten condition, and even since it grew less fluid, has produced a flattening at the poles and an enlargement at the equator, causing a difference between the equatorial and polar diameters of about 26 1/2 miles; and hence the earth may be considered as a perfect sphere surrounded by a ring of surplus matter on its equator.

2. The action of outside attractions upon a perfect sphere is proven to be the same as if all its substance were concentrated at its centre, and hence has no effect in turning or twisting the axis of the sphere in any way.

3. But the attractive power of gravity of both the sun and moon acting upon the aforesaid surplus ring, have, by the laws of physics, an unequal action that tends to twist and revolve the ring whenever these outside attractions are not acting in the direction of the plane of the ring, and hence produces the gyration which is communicated to the whole mass of the earth; small indeed, since it only amounts to about 46 seconds of arc in a year, but sufficient to cause the equinoctial points to retrograde once around the equator in the 25,800 years aforesaid; and hence causes the north pole of the heavens, as it is called; but which is only the point where the earth's axis, prolonged, strikes the stellar vault (so to speak) to describe a circle around the pole of the ecliptic once in the same time. This is established and demonstrated science, and thus it appears that all the seemingly vast and incomprehensible power which, according to Ptolemy, and the old astrologers, caused the infinite stellar vault, as they supposed, to revolve around a grand celestial pole (once occupied by "Alpha Draconis" or "Polaris," as he calls it), and that pole to revolve in so long a cycle around the pole of the earth's orbit,—all have to drop from their dizzy height, demanding awe and reverential wonder, to become explained by the simple diurnal revolution of our old mother earth on her axis, which is made to wobble a little by "Mistress" Moon and "Boss" Sun dragging by their force of gravity at the ends of rock, earth and water, with which her equatorial apron is loaded. What an awakening from Fancy's mystic dream to the modest truth, is here!

Thus, also, "Alpha Draconis," which by other mystical minded seekers after sensation besides Mr. Whipple (instance Cora L. V., etc., Richmond) has been harped upon as a mysterious star entitled to special wonder and regard, has descended to become no more than a common distant sun like all the rest; glorious units of energy and centers of life, it is true, but claiming no special esoteric interest, and only becoming pole stars for the earth, when her axis happens, at the proper time, her yet grand circle of gyration, to point at them, just as now the star of second magnitude, Alpha Ursæ Minor, in the tail of the Little Bear has become "Polaris" or pole-star, and will so continue to be for more than a thousand years to come,—still approaching in fact a more near coincidence with the true pole until, about A. D. 2050, when it will begin to be gradually left behind by the gyrating pole, or seemingly to recede from it for an indefinite number of years. There are two stars in the constellation Cepheus that will become pole stars next in order,—the latter one of the two gyrating pole near the Pole about A. D. 7500, and for years before and after that date. As Mr. Whipple correctly relates, the beautiful and gigantic Vega (Alpha Lyra) will be approached by the range of our wabbling earth's axis about A. D. 13,500; but not close to it by five or six degrees, and neither she, the great Vega, nor any of the others named or unnamed, are one whit enhanced or diminished in their glory or their strength by being pointed at from our little unbiary sphere of mother earth; neither does there come (as "star-eyed science" smiles and says) any influence from them to us across the almost infinite void which separates them from us, save the twinkling rays of light that reveal to us their existence; and even these rays

from the nearest of them flying with the speed of thought, require many years to reach us.

All the laborious statement, therefore, contained in the 3rd paragraph of your 8th page, about the descending passage in the great Pyramid being coincident with "the angle of Alpha Draconis," means nothing but this: that the builders of the Pyramid constructed the passage parallel with the axis of the earth; or in other words, pointing to the north pole, just as every maker of a Sun dial needs must make the gnomon of his dial, i. e., due north, with an angular elevation the same as the latitude of the place where the dial is erected, be it Egypt or elsewhere; and that inclined gallery of the Pyramid, if it ever pointed to the pole, remains to point the same to this day and ready to point at any and every star that approaches the pole near enough (or rather which the pole approaches near enough), be it a great or a small star—obscure or famous, I can point out further inaccuracies in "Some Facts" Concerning the Zodiac.

The obliquity of the ecliptic is not accurately 23 1/2 degrees. Its apparent obliquity at present, as stated for the 21st of December next, when the sun will be at the winter solstice, according to our highest authority—the ephemeris published at Washington Naval Observatory, under the supervision of Prof. Simon Newcomb, is twenty-three degrees, twenty-seven minutes and four and five-tenths seconds; but if your correspondent were as near the truth in other things as in this, there need be no complaint. The trouble is with him that he is continually ploughing on old ground—not attaining to the truth as elicited in this most critical and accurate age. As an instance in the last paragraph of your 1st page he says: "The belief is now becoming quite general among astronomers that our solar system is traversing a great orbit around the star Alcyone of the Pleiades," and goes on to swell himself grandly on that idea with "Cycles," "Astrals," "Seas," etc. Why, bless your soul, Brother Whipple, that pretty conceit, in vogue somewhat years ago, has about faded out in the advancing light. Here is what Prof. Newcomb says about it: "Mader attempted to show, from the examinations of the proper motions of the stars, that the whole Stellar Universe was revolving around 'Alcyone of the Pleiades' as a centre—a theory the grandeur of which led to its wide diffusion in popular writings (you got the story wrong, Brother Whipple, when you said 'solar system'). But (continues Newcomb) not the slightest weight has ever been given it by astronomers, who have always seen it to be a baseless speculation."

Newcomb's words, "baseless speculation," will apply admirably to a large portion of the article under review, especially to such notions as that "the constellations in the Zodiac have each a distinct fluid or quality of its own, which it impresses upon terrestrial affairs." How absurd! The Zodiac and its signs are but imaginary inventions of men less informed than we are; a fancied zone of the heavens along the middle line of which the sun travels eastward in its apparent path amongst the stars (it is only "apparent" for the real motion is of the earth in its orbit), and in the breadth of which (about eight or nine degrees on each side of the sun's path) all the larger planets and the moon do their apparent wanderings.

If the Zodiac has no defined place of habitation save in the minds of men and on their maps and globes, as an aid to their investigations, something to rest their minds upon in their efforts to conceive of and record their observations of the heavens—it occupies no solid dimension of space and may be considered as existing in the region of the moon, or anywhere else between that and the outermost bounds of creation, as evanescent and as fleeting as the rainbow arch when you seek to catch its abutment upon the earth with the expectation of finding the fabled "bag of gold."

Wherein your correspondent can select a place to bottle up his "distinct fluid or quality" for each constellation, it is impossible to conceive. I will not occupy further space in the JOURNAL for pointing out other errors and obscurities; but will write down the larger part of the article as aforesaid, "baseless speculation," science grossly "adulterated." If, however, his statement be correct that Dr. Kenely is editing a genuine "Book of Enoch," containing an authentic account of the "Dendera Zodiac," with the vernal equinox in "Capricornus," as he relates, I would be glad to procure a copy, since that would be a most interesting fact proving the great antiquity of astronomical learning.

J. G. JACKSON.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A POWER TO BE FEARED.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

While the Protestant churches are pursuing their even way; trusting with child-like innocence in the safeguard of governmental protection of religious freedom; and the liberal thinkers, agnostics and Spiritualists, confident in their dreams of reform, are expecting with this generation to see all the world of their belief, none count on the inducement which sets back into the abyss of darkness, and with gathering power threatens to swallow them all indiscriminately. That power is the Church of Rome, the most perfectly organized, unscrupulous, treacherous and self-aggrandizing the world ever saw. It never turns back from its purpose: it may serve, remain silent, receive contempt, yet like the fabled tiger it remains with watchful eye, ready at the first opportunity to make the fatal spring.

The cry of warning has been repeatedly raised by those who prophetically foresee the impending catastrophe, but has remained unheeded. With insidious step this despotism has made its way like a serpent in the slime of politics, allying itself with the party which would yield it most gain, until now it feels strong enough to assault the public schools, withdrawing the children of Catholics, and throughout the length and breadth of the land inaugurating parochial schools where its soul-dwelling creed is taught to the exclusion of all other beliefs.

Unwittingly those Protestants who clamor for "God in the Constitution," and the reading of the Protestant Bible in the public schools, have led the way for the Catholics to make their protest. If the Protestant Bible can be forced on Catholic children, why should not the Catholic version be forced on Protestant children? Why should Liberalists be compelled to send their children where, in prayers and Bible reading, doctrines are forced on them, which they regard as untrue and pernicious? If the schools are made Protestant, the teachers Protestant professors, the Catholics have cause for protest, and those who have so ardently exerted themselves to evangelize the government and the schools have been the best allies of Romanism.

Thus far the priests have been silent, pursuing a grasping policy, which held all that it could reach, but now it has become emboldened by its success, and unmasked its purposes.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the Roman Catholic parochial school at Middletown, Conn., last week, the Rev. Kennerney, gave voice to the objects which have hitherto been carefully veiled from the public.

He denounced the public school system as heartless, headless and godless. He said the common schools were schools of immorality, in which vice originates, and managed by corrupt politicians. The bishop and twenty priests sat on the platform.

Connect with this the election of Father McTigue as a school superintendent in Pittsburgh, and the employment of a body of nuns as teachers, and the attempt to obtain State aid for parochial schools in New York, and the command under penalty of excommunication to all Catholic parents to withdraw their children from the public schools, and those not blind can plainly see the design of this despotic power.

A blow at the public schools is a blow at national liberty—at the life of the nation. The common school is the principal means whereby the heterogeneous elements, the diverse nationalities, the conflicting opinions, are brought into homogeneity, and unified. Popular education by popular means is consonant with American ideas of liberty and self-government; are one with the existence of such government.

The Catholic Church by ignoring the public schools, and setting up schools of its own, defeats, so far as its members are concerned, the purposes of such schools. Catholic children are educated in Catholic ways and prevented from learning anything else. They are thus kept isolated and reared as a distinct faction, who have sworn with religious vows allegiance to the church instead of the State; who are Catholics first and last, and hold the word of the priest superior to the most imperative law.

The parochial schools are to have a head. The University to be founded at Washington is to be endowed with regal magnificence; the craft of the Jesuit is apparent in this move, whereby Catholicism shows its imposing front at the Capital. When that grand university is established, who can doubt that the children of high officials will fill its halls? It will become the fashion, and each party will vie with the other in patronage that bids for the Catholic vote!

The Episcopal church, which in England is second only in organization and power to that of Rome in America, is here a feeble copy, without State support, retaining, however, the prestige and pride of the mother. Its leaders have awakened to the fact that they are in the drift of a mighty current, and propose to forestall events by calling their church the Catholic Church of America! There is not enough saving salt in the name; a miserable shield against the solid phalanx of the Holy Church!

Agnostics talk, write, speculate and repine; Liberalists boast of freedom of thought; Spiritualists rejoice in tests, and are happy in descriptions of the Summer-land, the glory of the ever-green shore of immortality; each individual for himself, and no organization stronger than a rope of sand; dreaming of the millennium just to dawn, while beneath the illuminated clouds is an ocean of darkness, ignorance and craft pressing forward with irresistible force.
Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Woman's Conference.
LYDIA R. CHASE, LEADER.
1139 OBER PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Woman's Conference.

Some of the readers of the JOURNAL have expressed the opinion that the column devoted to woman and the evidences of her advancement, saving rather more of the social and political, and less of the ethical and spiritual, than would seem to them most fitting for a paper devoted to the promulgation of spiritual truth,—could be more profitably employed than as a record of the milestones of progress along the highway of life allotted to woman. But it would seem to me that "we women" owe so very much to the spiritual philosophy as the torch that has lighted our way to freedom, thus far, that the space is small, indeed, in which to express what we think, feel, and do, as the result of the dawn of this glorious truth upon the world.

Next to the one supreme good that Spiritualism has brought to humanity, viz, the knowledge of a conscious individual existence after the change called death, and the possibility of communion with the loved and wise ones who have passed that change—comes its bearing upon all the problems that affect the welfare of the race. And who shall say the enfranchisement of woman is not the easiest and best solution of these "vexed questions"? What mortal shall contradict the teachings of our wise and sainted "dead" upon these important themes? Since, then, the spiritual world gives us the lessons, why shall we not recite them to others who may not have been favored with the opportunities for such instruction, and show to them how we are proving their value by their practical effects upon our inner and outer lives?

I wish to weave into this record of the daily lives and works of women some of the thoughts, aspirations and perhaps inspirations that help to make these lives harmonious and happy, as well as successful; and I think an exchange of ideas and experiences would benefit each and all; so if any one knows an heroic woman who has achieved success, or who has done a noble deed in any walk of life, or if any one has a sublime thought, or sage suggestion, I shall be glad to be the mouthpiece through which it shall be given to the dear old JOURNAL, whose white wings shall bear it to thousands of hopeful, aspiring women who seek may take fresh courage.

New Avenues for Women.

The more recently opened, cooking schools are not designed merely to enhance the pleasures of the table by instructing in the preparation of palatable, wholesome and tempting food; but they also teach the most economical methods of widely varying the preparation of standard articles of food, of which one grows very weary when served up

in the same manner day after day and year after year for a life time. Nor is this all. They teach independence; they open new avenues to women for gaining a livelihood. They afford opportunities for energetic women whose tastes do not run to literature or the fine arts. Why spoil a first-class cook and caterer by making of her a second or third rate artist, or teacher, or clerk?

Why encourage an educated woman to spend her life in earning a precarious living by "jobbing around" as it were, making fancy articles for sale and forcing them upon the hands of unwilling friends; taking in a little writing, perhaps, or secretly doing a little sewing or mending for a friend who makes the small service an excuse for large assistance; trying this thing and that and doing nothing well—why encourage her to do this? when with the spur of honest determination to excel, she can—if she have tastes in that direction—in a few months master the principles of good cookery and go forth from the modern school of cookery prepared to answer the demand from all parts of the country for teachers in the "sublime art," as it was formerly called in France and old Rome. And this too for handsome compensation.

The teachers now being sent out from the various schools of cookery, at Boston, Covington, (Ky.), and other places, are young ladies of education and high social position; and wherever they are called to teach they are received by cultured people; for it is invariably the most prominent and most progressive women of each community that interest themselves in such projects. A good common-school education is necessary; self-possession in demonstrating and explaining before a class comes with practice.

To those who feel that they could never overcome the nervousness incident to demonstrating before a class there is still an avenue open after leaving the school. In our homes we have all felt the discomfort of incompetent help when wishing to entertain. Our one pair of hands, while willing, is insufficient for the occasion, nor can we always be present to overlook an ignorant or inexperienced assistant. Against all such perplexities the cooking school provides. The nervous lecturer often makes the steady, reliable caterer, manager, cook and server; and we can enjoy our guests and place everything in her hands assured that it will be of the best and daintiest; and that our bills will be more modest than those of the accustomed caterer with his somewhat loud display, coarse embellishment and unreasonable charges. With a prophetic eye one sees the changes that are to be wrought in the near future by the influence of the projectors of these new art schools. One sees on every side happier homes for rosy, healthy, independent women, unhampered mentally, morally and physically by the restraints of the old custom which has nothing to recommend it but antiquity; one sees the cheap, ill-smelling, roach-flavored restaurant run off on a side track where it finally falls into disuse and decay, and a clean, bright, home-like dining room presided over by pupils at the modern cooking school taking its place—a dining room where pie is pie and not sole-leather, and roast beef is beef and not a pale, flat watery stuff, with stale flavor of past dinners; one sees the clear eye and bright complexion, and observes the active, springy step born of good digestion.

O, hasten, happy day!—Ex.

Miss Julia S. Tutwiler.

In Alabama a new prison code goes into effect next month which, it is believed, will mitigate somewhat the hardships of the convicts. These, it is claimed, are much less now than in former years. It is pleasant to be able to record that so far as this is true it is largely due to the efforts of the Christian women of the State, acting under the leadership of Miss Julia S. Tutwiler, principal of one of the Alabama Normal Schools. Through their exertions the first schools for convicts are now being opened, under a law which requires the State to furnish a teacher to every camp of one hundred convicts. Another reform they have accomplished is the heating of the county jails. A stove or a fire of any kind is said to have been unknown before now, with the inevitable results of sickness and death.

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RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ARTS

LO Draper

CHICAGO, ILL.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't pay "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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The Church and Corporate Oppression.

An Address Delivered at the Universalist Church, at Charlotte, Mich., Oct. 9th, by Rev. J. H. Palmer.

By the term corporation, as used in this discourse, I mean the private corporation aggregate, a creature created by enactment of law, presumably for the benefit of persons directly connected therewith as corporations, and directly for the benefit of the general public which has to do with it through the ordinary course of commerce, at the bank, the factory, the shop, the elevator, or in the market.

It is an intellectual body, composed of individuals united under a common name and capable of succeeding each other, so that the body—like a river—continues always the same notwithstanding the change of the parts which compose it. It is immortal, intangible. The legislature which creates it cannot abrogate it. It cannot be arrested, imprisoned or hung.

Although it may commit an act, which done by a person in being, were treason, and every individual member of the corporation be known to the officer, yet he may not touch the body of any one of them by virtue of a writ running against the corporation. It cannot therefore be considered, no matter what it does, as capable of committing a felonious or capital crime. It is held as a matter of law, with the utmost distinctness, that "it is not a moral agent, subject to moral obligation," that although it is a person legally, "it exists merely in idea and has neither soul or body."

Its powers over an ordinary co-partnership are many and apparent. It has coercive authority; it cannot be dispersed by death; it is notumbered by the necessity of frequent conveyances; it cannot have its funds legally diverted or withdrawn, and is always the same, no matter who may withdraw, or who may become the holder of its franchise.

By a monstrous legal fiction, it is deemed to have an existence for the public good. That constitutes the consideration of its irreversibility. Hence, when a grant or charter is made creating a corporation, the proceeding stands in contemplation of law, as an executed contract which involves private rights and cannot be revoked. It is supposed to always, as it does in many instances, provide for some general good that can be reached in no other way, and the thought has been voiced by one of America's great jurists, that "acts of incorporation ought never to be passed, but in consideration of services to be rendered to the public."

Although the object of a corporation is ostensibly good, the aggregate result of their existence and methods has been the production of an immeasurable amount of evil. In the life of corporations, history has written the lesson of the ruin wrought by dominant or irresponsible power. Line upon line, precept upon precept, and yet the glib public will not heed, until too late to profit thereby, the warning words upon the walls of the centuries. Corporations were known to Rome at the height of her glory, and existed in that concentration of wealth which hastened her downfall. In the age of Augustus—as in the 19th century—they had become nurseries of faction, disorder, and oppression, and he dissolved all of them, but the most ancient, Justinian abolished them entirely, but the ruin which they had wrought and invited could not be averted. They also early manifested themselves in England, and before the middle of the 15th century they abounded.

They continued to increase until, as inevitably the case, the lesser were gradually merged into the larger. Finally the aggressive power and usurpation of such monster organizations as the Hudson Bay company and the East India company, compelled the attention and action of the government. Their powers were gradually restricted and charters more rarely granted, until now, the civil corporation aggregate, as we have it, and groan under it in the United States, cuts no figure in British commercial or economic affairs.

In our land where we bow allegiance to no king but money, the civil corporation is the most powerful engine ever erected and operated by a nominally free people for their own oppression. To-day, the corporations are practically the government, both state and national. They control the highways of traffic, and senators, representatives, and interstate commissioners with their enormous bill of \$30,000 for less than nine months' work, are their unwilling dupes, helpless foes, or subservient tools.

Their contempt for law is as open as it is cynical. Judges are their pawns, the executive power of states their playthings. The acutest intellects in the land are prostituted to their service, and with the voice of electricity they can rally their disciplined forces upon the wings of steam. I never witnessed a more pitiable sight than when, two years ago last winter, the legislature of Michigan proposed by statute to compel the railroads of this state to put upon their freight cars some form of an automatic coupler. Opposed to the railroad committee of the house and senate—eight men whom the people who groan under corporate oppression had hired for \$3.00 per day each—were G. V. N. Lothrop, Ashley Pond, Henry Russell and Jerome of Detroit, and O'Brien of Grand Rapids. It was comparatively a small matter that was at stake, and yet no case in all the history of Michigan where human guilt or innocence was in issue, ever commanded such a retinue of legal talent as was congregated in Lansing that day to defeat the benevolent intention of the state to save the limbs and lives of a few freight brakemen at the expense of those organizations, which the law, with grim exactness, says are not subject to moral obligations and have no souls. True, a statute was finally enacted, but it was the statute of the railroad attorneys, not the one desired by the people, and first reported by the committee, and although it has been operative for over two years, you can test for yourselves its value by the number of trains—or single cars, for that matter—that you have seen equipped with anything else than that engine of destruction, the pin and link. The constitution of the state expressly provides that "No corporation shall hold any real estate hereafter acquired for a longer period than ten years" (Art. 15, sec. 12).

The railroads of the northern peninsula hold thousands of acres of land for purposes of speculation in direct violation of this provision of the organic law, and last winter when an effort was made to enact a statute to give effect to a plain constitutional provision, the railroads were strong enough to trot the life out of the bill before it left the committee room. They were strong enough to secure the defeat of a measure demanded by nineteen-twentieths of the people—the reduction of railroad fares to two cents per mile; while at the same time, under a pretentious clamor against the interstate commerce act, they used it as an axe to lop off many favors previously granted to their patrons, thus increasing the public burden and their own income many thousands of dollars per year.

But the railroad corporations are not sinners above all Israel. The incorporated street car lines, transfer companies, gas and electric light companies, match companies, oil companies, land and cattle companies, coal companies, telephone and telegraph companies and many more whose names as readily suggest themselves, are equally tyrannical and inhuman. The public, for whose good the law supposes them to exist, is common plunder for them all.

The central thought around which they all revolve in one black and accursed circle of equal infamy, is to give as little and get as much as they possibly can. They grin with the triumphant leer of devilishness in the faces of men who criticize their methods, or attempt to bring them within the purview of the law, and ask, "What are you going to do about it?"

They have so benumbed the public heart and so debauched the public conscience, that but little can be done. The chief officers of the strongest of them are senators and representatives in congress; or if not there in person, are represented by men bought by their money, who are more skillful in the ledger than in the law, and they could become themselves. The stockholders in the railroads that make Sunday trains a source of profit—regardless of the souls of conductors, brakemen and engineers—thank God on velvet cushions to the solemn tones of a Christian sabbath and a free gospel, and are urgent that every livery stable or saloon-keeper who violates the law may be made to feel its extremest wrath.

The stockholder in a coal corporation that gladly enters into a combination with other spirits like unto itself, to force the price of fuel to a point that means actual death to little babies and their poverty-stricken mothers, not singly, but by scores, is likely to be a member of our church; and when even through the thrice thickened mail of ill-gotten gold behind which he has hidden his benumbed soul, some little arrow of unrest finds its way, he tries to buy off Almighty God, and is quite likely to buy up the minister, with money red with the blood of his victims, given for a new organ, or to found a chair in a denominational college in which young ministers may be taught to be as oblivious of any sin in the worship of the golden calf as were the Israelites under the manipulation of Aaron.

The extent to which not only the political, but the personal, individual life is at the mercy of corporate power, is but dimly understood. Granting new franchises does not in the least remedy the matter. For the bribe of a penny less per mile on a railway ticket, or a penny less per gallon on the oil it consumes, or a penny less upon the necessary bunch of matches it burns, the short-sighted and unthinking public can be bought over to the assistance of its old foe as against any new friend, and the hampered opposition must enter into the shameful combination or go to the wall. The corporation has by its multitude of combinations, strangled everything in America worthy the name of competition. To-day there is practically but one freight line from the Mississippi to the seaboard. There is substantially but two telegraph companies in the United States. So there is but one telephone company, one match company, one strawboard company, one paper, one oil and one coal company.

Four great cattle and butchering corporations control the meat market product of the nation, and we have to-day the wonderful spectacle of cattle so cheap that they are raised at an actual loss, with beef in the eastern cities as dear as when a greenback was worth only forty cents.

The air does not encircle us more intimately than we are encircled by the unbreakable mesh of corporate power. In its exercise of almost unlimited authority it does without hesitation many things that an individual, or an unchartered company would not dare to do. Man is responsible to God. In the midst of his striving and ambitions he cannot wholly forget it. But the corporation is responsible only to the law, and in the majority of instances where the law touches it, the touch is of a hand of its own direction, if not absolute creation.

Rules are adopted for the government of employees, for the forcing up of prices and the forcing down of wages, schemes developed for the crushing out of competitors, the manipulation of legislatures, courts and newspapers, and for the evasion or defiance of the law, which no person directly responsible to the statute, and to public reprobation, would ever dream of attempting. No matter how rigorous the exactness, how unjust the demand, how oppressive upon the helpless, or dangerous to the community, nobody is personally responsible. Each actor in the enforcement of the conscienceless, relentless order, from the president down to the humblest official is only "a servant of the corporation," whose duty is to see that the behest of this invisible, intangible, unresistible tyrant is obeyed. What matter if rest be denied the weary laborer? He enters into the computation exactly as do so many tons of iron, or thousands of lumber, or cords of stone, or cubic yards of earth, or bales of cotton. When he is worn out, flung him into the poor house, the potter's field, or the pickling vat, and get a new supply. He is used up, is simply so much human junk.

What matters it if women starve and freeze, and helpless babies moan out their lives in misery? Let the law continue to give the poor wretch who fleches an apronful of coal to keep her child alive, 90 days at the works; fuel must not be stolen even at the royal behest of motherhood, from the man who by his interest in a robbing coal combination, takes money, comfort, health and life from the weak and the helpless to add to his millions and increase the stock of his luxuries.

What matters it if the service on the road be in the hands of men overworked or inefficient, so that to travel at the mercy of a corporation that demands impossibilities, is to gamble with the loaded dice of death. Dividends must be declared, huge salaries must be paid the honorary officials, at the risk of a Chastworth culvert on every section, or a Creston switch at every country station.

What matters it if you and I and all of us put on the garments that clothe us, eat the food that sustains us, hold the homes that shelter us, do the work that comes to us, and if demand be made, lie down in the mud and be crushed into nothingness at the command of this grasping, gory juggernaut, so that its garments be of purple and fine linen, its food sumptuous and well flavored, its home rich with uncounted spoil, and the wheels of its imperial car be kept from contact with the too common earth? Nothing. Let the czar do what he will with his own. There is no law for the emperor. Cringe, poor slave, and let your chiefest glory be that the chain lies on your neck.

Terrible as is our civil condition, it is not hopeless. If in no other way, this mighty structure of oppression, growing by its continued criminal accretions, will oversize at last all laws of cohesion and fall to pieces of its own weight. The very buttresses of law with which it shall hope to strengthen itself, shall drag it down to ruin.

Equality is the birth right of humanity, and no heart can be so broken and beguiled by oppression, but it feels at times a mighty yearning for the thing which is not, but which ought to be. It is the same old fight between the oppressor and the oppressed that has been on for thousands of years. One day it is between plebeian and patrician, an-

other day between villain and baron, another between peasant and aristocrat, another between the black slave of the United States and his republican master. Each age thinks that if the oppression under which it groans be destroyed, the millennium is assured. Too often the up-rooting of one form of slavery but makes room for another. Demolished evils sometimes fertilize the soil for evils undreamed of. So far away is absolute justice between man and man, that we can hardly have an interest in the day of its appearing, and it abides in the mind rather as a dim idealized possibility. We are certainly not in, we are hardly on, the road that leads to a new Utopia. Still things are better than they were. It is better to be at the feet of the Standard Oil company, and wear the collar of Jay Gould, than to hold our lives at the whim of a Norman baron or wear the insignia of a Spartan helot. In the measure of freedom attained there is hope of the larger freedom that, by courage, persistence and a right use of opportunities, is certainly attainable. Theoretically, the law, justice and religion, all favor the most complete equality. In practice they are only voices, often hollow and misleading.

Our first effort is to make them actually what outwardly they appear to be. The Hon. Cashman K. Davis, U. S. senator from Minnesota, in addressing the students of Michigan university, commencement day, 1886, in a terrible indictment of the abuses of corporate power, said: "The legislature became its committee, the judge its register, the executive its puppet, the bar its pander, the pulpit its apologist, the laborer its vassal and the state its prey."

Who shall say, that the accusation is not true? As relates to the church, its corner stone is not Christ, but money. In proportion as people are poor they are churchless—among Protestants at least—and the line at the door of the so-called house of God is as plainly drawn between the possessor of great wealth and the common laborer, as it was between the guest bidden to the feast of Dives, and Lazarus who laid at the gate.

To assume that we are the imitators of that Christ who despised property, whose command to one who would follow him was to sell all that he had and give the proceeds to the poor, who would have his followers take no thought of food, clothing or tomorrow, who taught the practical impossibility of having wealth and entering the kingdom of God, is to make such a misuse of words that brass ought to blush when within hearing of such an assertion.

Jesus undoubtedly was mistaken in his extreme position, and the world probably would not be so pleasant a place to live in, nor man so strong, so happy and so much a child of God as he is, were he to attempt a literal compliance with Christ's command; but there can be no mistake about the god likeness and value to humanity of the intent that prompted the teaching. Nor can there be any mistake about the fact that in his own administration of his gospel, the poor had it preached to them in all its plenitude of sympathy, promise and confraternity. There can be no doubt either, as to the sentiment of the rich of his time, toward that gospel of equality—not in words to which man had not attained, but equality there and then. They hated with malignant and murderous hate, the word and the man that proclaimed it, and had no place for him but the prisoner's cords and a felon's tree. What place has the golden rule at a meeting of a board of directors of any great syndicate or corporation?

What a motto for the walls of a coal or grain exchange could be made of the words, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, and them which suffer adversity as being yourselves." And yet, any one of these men, who as a matter of business, daily puts to the rack every law of mutual obligation, and tramples with contempt upon every plea of brotherhood, can sit in our best churches, often hold high official position, and is always to be treated with "distinguished consideration," when money is needed to pay the deficiency in the minister's salary. Aside from an occasional gingerly reference to the possible evil practices of a certain rich man who went to hell 1900 years ago, he seldom hears anything which can in the least disturb his feelings. Bishop Warren, of the M. E. church, aptly says that the preaching to such sinners is to the effect, "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted in a measure, or you will be damned, to some extent."

What conference, convention, synod or association, has ever dared to say that the man who profits by acts of corporate aggression, is equally guilty with his invisible principal, and has no place in the kingdom of heaven? What church has officially dared to declare its sympathy for the slaves of the mine, the farm, the factory and the railway, when they have united themselves together to ask that a feather may be taken from their burden, and one additional ray of light be permitted to penetrate the almost hopeless gloom which enshrouds them? What church is there that would hesitate a moment at taking a gift from a Standard Oil company or from the Armour Packing company, with which to carry on its religious work? And yet if God be God, and righteousness be righteousness, the money they would offer is the price of blood.

To such an extent has modern Christianity sold its birthright for a mess of pottage, that these gamblers in human happiness and life treat its officers with open contempt. I clip the following from the Wall Street News: "A woman who had \$30,000 up as margins on stocks went to her pastor and asked, 'Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray for'

stocks to go up?' 'Certainly I do,' said the minister, who was something of a bear in his relations to the exchange. 'Well, what shall I do?' was the next inquiry. Balancing her interests with his own for a moment he replied, 'I think it would be safe for you to pray that they shouldn't go down, that's the best pastoral counsel I can offer under the circumstances.'

The great moral evil in America to-day is corporate oppression. The great criminal, in whose trail follows all the lesser offenders, anarchists, gamblers, saloon keepers, confidence men and clothes-line thieves, is that monster whose only visible presence is his seal of authority and the willing henchmen who for sums of money, larger or less, according to the measure of their peccability, do his bidding.

The church will not stand four square with the eternal equities, until relinquishing all fear of temporal loss and saying in act as in word "my kingdom is not of this world," it shall stand proudly, the foe of all enfranchised crime, and the friend of all the weak, ignorant and lowly of earth. The church now waxes wroth with a righteous indignation over the common gambler, and has its anathema for the small swindler who barely ekes out a living by his petty practices; they are harmless by the side of the gigantic hazards that are staked, where legislatures are the cards to be shuffled, and commonwealths are the sufferers whichever way the game may go. Privation and personal vices go hand in hand.

There are conditions in life—they exist in the state of Michigan—of want, of woe, of gnawing despondency, brought on by ill paid, over exacting service, where drunkenness brings as blessed anesthesia as ever a surgeon's ether-laden sponge brought to a poor sufferer groaning in bodily pain. It is a matter of much more moment that the church assume an aggressive position against the crimes that provoke intemperance, than that she here may get an inebriate to sign the pledge, and there secure the fine of some third-grade saloon keeper. The man who sells whisky is, to say the least, as honorable as a man who owns stock in a railroad that runs Sunday trains, and that pays its president \$25,000, and its section hand \$300 per year.

Somewhere sandwiched in between that \$55.00 per day and \$1.00 per day, is the potent masterful devil who is the author of a multitude of the lesser offenses to the moral sense of our partial and purblind civilization. I do not see how there can be any middle ground for the church to occupy in this matter. It must be the open foe of all corporations not absolutely controllable by the government, and so have their open enmity, or go into their camp, if not as a silent slave, then as an apologist and defender.

That many people and preachers will prefer to do the latter, there can be no doubt. To its shame it must be admitted that too often in the battle for human rights, the church has followed; not lead. It bolstered up and profited by the aggressions of Charles I., and when he was at last executed for treason, embalmed his name in its ritual as a martyr. It was the stronghold of the satraps of George III. in the oppression of the colony. It was the very buttress of the abominable system of American-slavery all through the South, and the apologist and defender of the system in the north, until it was literally flooded upon higher moral ground by the rising and irresistible tide of public sentiment.

So I have no doubt but in the most of the denominations there will be eloquent ministers, and astute editors, who can demonstrate by the most rigid logic that the party who takes advantage of a helpless community to extort from it for the necessities of life more than a fair profit is not a thief, and the organization that through improper care robs a mother of her son or a family of its mainstay, is a murderer, but the law of God is without aberration. He who takes from the defenceless that for which he renders no equivalent is a robber, and the law with all its charity for the accused, is compelled to hold that an injury committed with indifference, is presumably committed with malice. The church cannot hold much longer a people in whose hearts the sentiments of justice are so strongly entrenched as they are in America, and condone any form of extortion, robbery or murder. Within its holy circle the life and the rights of a pauper must be as sacred as the life and the rights of a president. If it err, it must err in over haste to defend the defenseless. If it incur opprobrium, it must be the opprobrium of those who devour widows' houses, who are rich through legalized rapine, and who would blind the guards at the gates of Paradise with the glitter of their gold.

If it is ever strong to cope with the most gigantic of life's ills, its strength must come from the blessing of him who was ready to perish.

If ever shall come to it the gerdon of glory, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" it will be because in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the prisoner of want and misfortune—even the least and lowliest and most utterly forsaken—it recognized the fact of our common brotherhood and so won the approval of God.

Personally, a great and solemn duty is upon us. We cannot discharge it by praying in our closets, or listening to the words of the most eloquent preachers. We must do our highest work for God and humanity.

Continued on eighth page.

AN OPEN LETTER To Miss Frances E. Willard.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the one hundred and seventy delegates composing the State convention of the Vermont W. C. T. U.

Resolved, That we believe Christ as the Author and Head of Government should be recognized in all political platforms, and by all societies, and we will rejoice to see the day in which a political party distinctly gives such recognition.

Miss Willard is reported as adding: "There is not a W. C. T. U. in the land that will not echo this."

Mr. Weir, Secretary of the National Reformers, writes to the *Christian Statesman*, "I am convinced the thing to do is to appeal for aid in carrying our Lord's cause through in the Prohibition Party to the National W. C. T. U."

Some very serious considerations are involved in the recent action taken by the Vermont W. C. T. U., as reported in the *Union Signal*; and the possible endorsement by the national organization of which you are the head and representative, will be an act, in my estimation, to be deprecated. I therefore beg leave to exercise the Protestant and American privilege of dissent.

It is impossible for me to understand the record of the teaching of Jesus so as to claim him as "the Author and Head of government." He emphatically declared that "His kingdom was not of this world." Jesus of Nazareth neither established ecclesiastical nor civil government. He founded neither Church nor State. The great burden of his teaching was to pronounce the relation of humanity to the Father as one of spirit, and the only worship he enjoined was to worship in spirit and in truth.

How much would this true worship and love of the spirit be promoted by grafting upon political platforms the name of Christ as the "Author and Head of government?" With your fertile imagination I beg you to forecast the effect upon the native honesty and integrity of office seekers and political partisans, of making the condition of a place in office and political power, a religious test, and the subscribing to a claim that Jesus Christ is the "Author and Head" of our national affairs. Have we not already enough of lying and hypocrisy in our land? Have we not enough of centralizing power already oppressing the people in mammon-bred monopoly? Shall we have added a religious test to the motives for sycophancy, and hypocritical pretence?

Dear Miss Willard, are you ready to lead the large constituency over whom you wield so great an influence, in an attempt to overturn the fundamental idea for which our revolutionary ancestors made such fearful sacrifices, and to perpetuate and promote which the U. S. Constitution was framed—the idea of religious as well as civil liberty? Are you ready to pronounce against entire freedom of thought, speech and choice in the individual? If so, you enlist on the side of despotism against liberty, of arrogated authority against the most sacred human rights.

Have you so little faith in the divine power as to think that the name of God or Christ in a Constitution or political platform will be more effective to promote righteousness in civil affairs than the principles of justice and human rights so grandly set forth in our Declaration of Independence and Preamble to the U. S. Constitution?

It cannot be successfully claimed that the profession of Christ and the fact of church membership are such sure guarantees of honest life, or of faithful service to the State, much more of eminent righteousness, that it would be an assurance of fidelity to trust and official responsibility, if a man elected to office had subscribed to a political platform claiming Christ as the "Author and Head of government."

It is quite too easy already for the name of Christ to hide a multitude of sins. The Sunday school superintendent, the Bible-class teacher, the church official, is shielded from suspicion by his position and profession until his crimes of robbery or licentiousness have accumulated to huge proportions.

What we need, Miss Willard, is a practical application in all civil affairs of the righteous principles of justice and fraternity embodied in our Constitution. For this we need first of all, liberty. Without liberty, honesty, patriotism and all the grand achievements of the last century will be buried under the smothering pall of despotism.

No person, no class of persons, no religious body is endowed with rightful power to dominate over the minds and consciences of the people.

It was the Spirit of Truth Jesus promised to his followers. The Spirit of Truth is the almighty, illuminating, saving, uplifting, benedicting, redeeming power by and through which all humanity must be made whole.

Religious test as qualification for civil service would not develop a spirit of truth. Religious tests and a formal recognition of the name of God or Christ would inevitably become the fettering yokes of an assumptive hierarchy. The Protestant idea and principle having abrogated itself by adopting the method of hierarchical authority, would be swept into the abyss where liberty had already been cast, wounded unto death.

No, no, my much-respected sister, I must hope that your more mature consideration will lead you to a different conclusion and determination. I cannot believe you want religious liberty overthrown. I cannot think you would welcome the reign of hypocrisy and cant as an agency of political power. To enforce outward conduct by offering political preferences would not advance either the spirit of truth or of love.

No persons, or class of persons, have a right to make themselves an authority, or to interfere with the individual choice of religious observances, or the choice not to conform to religious observances or tenets.

If the Christian church cannot win the respect and allegiance of individuals by the evidences in its membership of superior goodness, justice, truth loving, and righteous dealing, it fails of proving itself the light of the world, and has no ground rightly to assume a leadership in civil or national affairs, much less to endeavor to destroy the foundation on which our civil institutions are built.

Righteousness, justice, truth, and above all, love, which "vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up," cannot be actualized in peoples or nations through legislative enactment.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the W. C. T. U. will not lend its influence to any proposed political measure to destroy our constitutional liberties, religious or civil, but that they will continue to work diligently on the lines of education, toward a higher physiological, social and moral standard of life on the comprehensive principle of temperance.

May we in this beloved land be spared the terrible waste of methods of force in any form, political or social, to propagate religion.

Above all responsibilities, may every lover of humanity and free institutions cherish and loyally exercise that of preserving freedom of thought, of speech, and of religion,

or non-religious faith and observance. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," does not signify temporal, material power. The Throne of the Highest is in the hearts of created beings.

Jesus said to Zebedee's sons: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you. Whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant."

The real followers of Jesus will serve and minister unto humanity, and not seek to establish political power by means of religious test, even of the name of Christ.

The royalty of materialistic "thrones" and crowns, has no more place in pure Christianity than in genuine Americanism.

If the church under the constitutional freedom secured to it cannot leave the people with a love of justice, and make itself a power against political corruption by its higher life, and the spirit of truth in its membership, it would surely fail of accomplishing it by platform dogmas or constitutional amendments.

In the love of Righteousness, Truth and Liberty,
Your Patriotic Sister,
LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Dansville, N. Y.

Another of Dr. Wolfe's Experiences.

Spiritualists of France are known to be strong believers in reincarnation. That is, when a man's mission has not been fulfilled, and he has had an untimely taking off, his spirit may be born again through a fitting human organism, and thus work out the uncompleted problem of his first nativity.

Many Frenchmen think that Napoleon Bonaparte did not complete his mission on earth, and that he will return to finish in the second edition of his human life what he so auspiciously began in the first. Perhaps "the wish is father to the thought."

When I discovered the extraordinary medical character of Mrs. Mary J. Hollis in 1872, and concluded to make investigations of spirit phenomena through her peculiar endowment, I was surprised to meet upon the threshold of my labors a band of spirits who had won renown in fighting civil and military battles for France, clamorous and persistent for the reincarnation of Napoleon Bonaparte.

I had no faith in this, to me, new doctrine of the transmigration of souls, especially as the spirits teaching it were foreigners, so to speak, with whose language and thoughts I was quite unfamiliar.

From Josephine Bonaparte I learned, and she seemed to be the head and heart of the movement, that their purpose was to restore Napoleon to France through the processes of a new human birth, that he might, as already intimated, finish the work of his destiny, which had been interrupted by his untimely taking off.

In carrying out this project, I ascertained that they sought to find mediums through whose physical and spiritual organisms reincarnation of the Emperor could be effected. They soon found that I was unsuited for their purpose, unless the minor part of agitating the subject by opposing it was the part I was to play in the curious drama. As I understood Josephine, Napoleon was in retreat—dead to the activities of spirit life. Here he became prepared for the contemplated change of existence.

The next important step was to find harmonious persons of opposite sex who could receive the germinal spirit of the Emperor during a conjugal relation. Succeeding in this the germinal Emperor had to pass through all the stages and vicissitudes of utero gestation, parturition, growth and development of physical and mental structure, and the thousand and one pitfalls which beset humanity from the cradle to the grave.

Chimerical as this conception is, it nevertheless found in Josephine a tireless advocate, who never faltered in her devotion to the desperate and impractical thought. It was the ruling idea of her spiritual life, and it was her purpose to interest every body she could in fetching it to a practical result.

A change came over the spirit of her dreams when Mrs. Helen Fairchild, who represents the highest power known as a materializing medium, came to Cincinnati. Mrs. Mary J. Hollis possesses this power, but not to the degree of Mrs. Fairchild.

Josephine of her own accord relinquished the idea of Napoleon's return to France through the process of reincarnation, and in lieu became a believer in the materialization to accomplish the same purpose.

She is judging the ethics of this new process, and through them is sanguine of success. She hopes to gain sufficient power to hold the Emperor distinctly in view sufficiently long to give him a critical inspection in a good light, and to enable him to speak instructive words to the people of France. Through the medial organism of Mrs. Fairchild, Josephine expects to accomplish this work. All conditions are formed by her imperious loving will power. When other spirits speak of the possibility of the work they are in harmony with Josephine's thought.

Pilpington has lately made two speeches on the subject which have been so imperfectly reported as to be critically designated by Richard Smith, of the *Commercial Gazette*, as "rot." What that means, if it has any significance outside of a bar-room, I am unable to say. Careful and thoughtful minds do not share in this rotten estimate of Mr. Pilpington's speeches. Don't forget Richard, that

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

Intimations have for some time been given that there would be a surprise party in the séance-room, and I have accordingly been on the qui vive.

I was requested to darken my parlors on Thursday, August 18th, and hang a curtain from the chimney breast to the jamb of the door. I did this, but when I shut out the sun-light, I turned on the gas sufficient to read. After these preliminaries had been complied with, I sat on a chair under the gas light in the front parlor a distance of twenty-five feet from the corner shut in by the curtains.

An independent voice from behind the curtain bade Mrs. Fairchild to stand near to, and in front of, this curtain for a short time. She did this, and while thus placed, Josephine gazed by her and came quickly to my side.

I had never before seen her in so strong a light. I was reading a newspaper, and had light sufficient to see the color of her dark blue eyes, and dark brown hair. Her skin was white, but not without a rose tinge on her cheeks. She wore a magnificent wrap of lace over the top of her head, which hung loose almost to the floor. Her white gauze dress was gathered in graceful folds, and clasped by a girdle around her waist. She wore no jewels; but gave me the border of her wrap to examine. I took it in my hands and examined its texture as closely as I could, the same thing in Shillito's mammoth store. The comments I made seemed to please her.

She put one arm about my neck and the other hand upon my head, saying, "Have I redeemed my promise?" "You certainly have," I replied. She then walked back to the cabinet, twenty-five feet, and, without entering, received a hand presented through the opening folds of the cloth. With this a slender man came out, short in stature, with long dark hair, wearing a long grey cutaway coat and a three-cornered cap. He, holding him by the hands, advanced to where I sat under the gas light. She gave him encouraging words, for he moved cautiously at first, as if uncertain of his strength, but as he gained confidence walked erect and independent.

I scrutinized the face of the strange man closely. His features seemed familiar, and being in good light, I had no trouble in photographing them in my mind. I did not inspect his personality until Josephine said, "The Emperor!" I was almost dumb with astonishment. He bowed and made a motion with his two hands and arms outward, and then gradually retired. While gazing at this slight form which had it possessed the brawn of flesh and blood of a Scotchman, might have availed a hundred pounds, I was still further astonished to see six soldiers standing in open file, with an officer at their head, serving as an escort to their majesties. The Emperor and Empress went back to the cabinet, and when they passed the soldiers on both sides saluted them deferentially.

They paused in front of the cabinet a few seconds and then walked with a firmer tread than at first back to where I sat. I now rose and extended my hand for a shake which the Emperor took with a feeble grasp and said something in an under and embarrassed tone which I did not understand. His guard of soldiers came half way up the parlor to meet him, where they aligned themselves as before on either side and saluted as he passed between them.

They had barely got behind the curtains when the young officer gave command, and marched his squad the whole length of the parlor, facing and wheeling by turns with the precision of marines, until they had circumscribed the place three times, when all retired behind the curtain except the officer and one soldier. These two marched up the parlor again until they came to me. Facing and saluting, I extended my hand, which each in turn took and said something which I could not understand. I put my hand on the epaulets of the officer and examined the bullion braid holding it in place. After passing two or three minutes in this way they faced about and retired. The soldier looked as if he was about five feet ten inches high, and might weigh one hundred and seventy pounds. The officer looked less in size and weight.

They were short-tall-coats trimmed with red, the pantaloons baggy about the knees. Josephine came to me again and asked if she had not fulfilled her promise in giving me a surprise. I assured her she had, and that it was a pleasant one.

I was twelve feet from the cabinet in a light enabling me to see a pin on the floor, when Pilpington materialized so suddenly that his beard swept my face as he grew upward in front of me. In a second I was shaking hands and stroking his sandy, grizzled beard. He said: "You have seen Napoleon and a detachment of his Old Guard. You were surprised to see him so slender and young-looking. There are no old people here. The spirit develops in physical growth, so to speak, at about the age of twenty-five years, and never gets to look older, save when they dress and feign age for purposes of identification. Napoleon is almost worshiped by the patriots of the Nation and his companions-in-arms, who still keep up the discipline and usage of the court and camp about him. As you have seen him materialized, so will all France, and his voice will be heard and heeded by his countrymen. My prediction, which you have published in reference to the coming of Napoleon, will be literally fulfilled. He will get power from those about him here to maintain his individuality. This medium is an important factor." At this moment he quickly lifted from sight, as the ray of light from the wing of a flying bird.—N. B. WOLFE, in *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

SABBATH AND SUNDAY.

The following "Leaflet" illustrates how the Methodist preachers distort Scripture: The "Leaflet" is from the leading Methodist Episcopal publication house in New York and Cincinnati. To say nothing of the anachronism of speaking of Sunday in the time of Moses, observe how the Sabbath (seventh day) is transformed into Sunday (first day):

BEEHAN LEAFLET.

TITLE, THE MANNA—LESSON, EXOD., XVI. 4-12.

Questions.

1. Where were the children of Israel now? In the wilderness.
2. Who was leading them? The Lord.
3. How did they show their want of faith? By complaining.
4. Of what did they complain? That they had nothing to eat.
5. What did God send them? Bread from heaven.
6. What was the bread called? Manna.
7. What was it like? Cakes made with honey.
8. Where did they find it? On the ground every morning.
9. How often did they gather it? Every day except Sunday.
10. Could they keep it over night? Only Saturday night.
11. Why was this? So they need not break the Sabbath.

In the morning when the people looked out they saw the "bread from heaven" which God had promised. It looked like frost on the ground. It was round and sweet, and was a very good kind of bread. It was called "manna." Every morning except Sunday morning they had to gather it fresh. It would spoil if they tried to keep it any night except Saturday night. Then God kept it from spoiling, for he wanted to teach the Israelites to keep the Sabbath holy. What kind care God took of his people, even when they complained and found fault.

Now here are several downright perversions of Scripture. According to the Mosaic narrative not a particle of manna was ever gathered Saturday, which is the Sabbath day of the Bible, except on one occasion when it immediately spoiled. Every Friday the Jews gathered a double portion, one to be eaten that day and the other on the next day, Saturday, which was the holy Sabbath of the Israelites. Manna was gathered every Sunday, being the first day of the week, and which was never kept as a holy day. The Sabbath of the Bible is Saturday, or the seventh day of the week. No other Sabbath is ever mentioned in either the Old or New Testament. Sunday never was a holy day. It is notoriously the first day of the week—the day on

which Jehovah, according to Jewish account began His work of creation. To the tenth question, "Could they keep it [the manna] over night?" the answer is "Only Saturday night," which is willfully erroneous and misleading. It should read, "Only Friday night." Moses ordered the Jews to collect a double portion Friday, the sixth day—one portion to be consumed the Sabbath day, or next day, being Saturday. Sunday, the first day of the week, the Jews were required to collect more manna for that day's consumption.—"The Leaflet" answer to "Why was this?" "So they need not break the Sabbath"—is correct; but the Sabbath was not Sunday, the first day of the week, but Saturday, the seventh or last day, as every clergyman of all sects and denominations well knows. Why, then, this studied attempt to change the holy Sabbath day of the bible—i. e., Saturday—the day that Jehovah rested from His creation, into Sunday, the first day of the week, when He began His works? Let the truth prevail.

SCRIPTURE.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS.

A Spirit Materializes in the Corridor of a Hotel.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The enclosed extracts from recent letters from Dr. Schermerhorn help to supply a great need of the public. The reasons for this statement are: 1. The Doctor is a very intelligent man. 2. He is known to be an honest, unselfish citizen.

Dr. S. was born near this city, was educated at our State University, and he has the respect and confidence of the public. A few weeks ago he went to San Francisco, and is being most wonderfully developed as a materializing medium.

For the benefit of that class of your readers who did not read an article from Mr. Smith Thornton, the Doctor's father-in-law, which was published a few months ago, I will briefly state how he first became a Spiritualist.

About five years ago, I think, Mr. Thornton's only brother, Job, was killed in that terrible cyclone which passed over Rochester, Minn. Mr. T. at this time was a confirmed skeptic. He had tried hard to get religion and failed. When he visited his brother's grave he was filled with sorrow and despair, feeling that he would never see him. When he returned to his farm near this city, he induced this son-in-law to sit with the rest of his family in a circle. This case was one of desperation, but after a few sittings, they heard the tiny raps; then intelligent sentences were rapped out.

Over thirty years ago Mr. Thornton worked for a nurseryman in Oregon, and an Irishman named John Clancy worked with him. This same Clancy was the first to control this medium, the one who has now guided him to the far west to give him this additional development for the benefit of the world.

The Doctor, before he left Grand Rapids, was a remarkable medium. In July, 1886, my brother Charles was killed by a backing engine, just as he stepped from a passenger car. He had been purchasing and publishing agent for the "American Board of Foreign Missions" for twenty years, and on that account he was widely known. In about ten days after his death he came to me at the Doctor's séance, and called me by name in an audible, independent voice, and gave his name, and said, "All is well." He has talked with me several times since, and once said, "I find it true."

Some two weeks since John Clancy told the Doctor to enjoy smoking that day all he could, for it would be his last smoke. The next day he tried it again, but it tasted so badly that he is thoroughly disgusted with the weed. He had repeatedly tried to break off before, with utter failure.

"What good has Spiritualism done?" He was walking out in the city, San Francisco, lately one evening, when some one locked arms with him, and soon he found it was John Clancy. They walked and talked a square, then John vanished. We hope soon to welcome the Doctor back to our great manufacturing city. WARREN HUTCHINS.

STATEMENT BY DR. SCHERMERHORN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 18th, 1887. I will now endeavor to tell you all about my experience last night. About six o'clock John and Uncle Job came to me and requested me to attend some materializing séance that evening if I could find one, as they wished to try their hand at the business. On referring to a San Francisco paper, I ascertained that a medium by the name of Wild was to hold a materializing circle at 8 o'clock. I went. There were about twenty-five persons present, and the cabinet consisted of a small space in the corner of the parlor separated by a heavy curtain. I being the only stranger present (not having given my name or place of residence, but carried the idea that I was skeptical), I was requested to examine the cabinet and medium if I so desired. I did so and that very thoroughly, too. I found in the cabinet nothing but solid walls and floor, and the medium had nothing concealed about him, I am sure.

About two minutes after the light was lowered, a female form enveloped in white, emerged from the cabinet, gave her name distinctly, and was recognized by her father. She remained clasped in his arms for a space of just four minutes (you see it was light enough to distinguish the time by my watch), and then slowly dematerialized before our gaze. This demonstration was repeated a number of times by different spirits, all but two of them being recognized by persons present. Several small children materialized, and one of them, a little girl of six years of age, came and sat on my lap, telling me to hold her tight. I did so, but she vanished into space, and I could scarcely realize that a living child was within my embrace a moment before; as many as seven spirits were distinctly visible at the same time. Suddenly a voice I recognized said: "Come up here, Doctor." I stepped to the cabinet door and my hand was grasped by John, and I saw his features distinctly, examined his body carefully, and was lifted in his arms, carried around the room and placed in my chair. Just before putting me down he told me to look behind him. I did so and saw Uncle Job walking within reach of me. I requested him to take hold of my hand, which he did, and retained it until John placed me in my seat.

Uncle Job's features were as natural, and he seemed as real to me as he did the day we were fishing on Green Lake, of which he spoke.

My mother also materialized, but would not let me take her in my arms. I saw her features plainly. She gave me a rose which I held a few minutes when it vanished from my hand.

Sept. 19, 1887.—After I had retired to my room last night, the spirits requested me to

turn the gas down and sit in my chair for a few minutes. I did so, and after a short time I saw something white appear on the carpet beside me; it gradually increased in size until John stood by my side in full form. He could not stay but a few seconds, but seemed very much pleased at what he had done. Uncle Job and mother did the same thing, but not so perfect as John.

Sept. 21, 1887.—Last night as I was passing through the upper corridor of the hotel when returning from a séance, two ladies were coming toward me, and just before getting opposite me one of them screamed—both stopped and turned pale. I asked the cause of their alarm. As soon as they could speak, they wanted to know what became of that man who was walking beside me. I expressed surprise and ignorance as to any one being with me, and after trying to convince them that they were mistaken (in which I failed), I asked them to describe the person. They described John as accurately as I could, and as I did not care to cause any excitement in the hotel, I gave them no explanation. They insisted that he dropped down behind the floor: I saw him materialize beside me and was wondering if the ladies would see him too.

Sept. 22, 1887.—About two o'clock this morning I was aroused by John and Uncle Job and requested to give them a dim light and they would see how long they could stay and retain the form. I did so, and had the satisfaction of visiting with them for just 23 minutes. They appeared just as real as any body does, and although they did not talk much they lifted every article of furniture in the room and raised me quite a distance several times.

Henry Slade alias Mr. Wilson.

As previously announced, Henry Slade, the medium, has been holding séances (in England under the name of Wilson, and created considerable interest there. A late number of the *New Castle Daily Chronicle* speaks of the manifestations given through his mediumship as follows:

A couple of slates, which were first of all critically examined by those present, were placed together, one on the top of the other, a piece of chemical pen oil, about a quarter of an inch in length, being placed between them. The slates were entirely new, quite dry, and absolutely free from marks or writing. They were held at arm's length by the medium, in the full light of day, and placed with one end on the shoulder of a gentleman present. Meanwhile the company had entered into a conversation on Spiritualism, in the course of which the doubts of the public, and even the shams that had been perpetrated in the name of Spiritualism, were discussed. The medium stated in the course of the debate that he had often to complain of the suspicions aroused in certain minds regarding manifestations such as that taking place that afternoon, but he hoped to show to those present that there was no trickery in what he was about to do, but that it was the work of powers beyond him. While he was talking, there was, to the astonishment of every one present, the sound of vigorous writing between the slates. It was impossible that the medium could be writing, as both his hands were to be seen, and it was equally certain that the sound of the writing proceeded directly from between the slates. It proceeded rapidly for a time; there was the sound of a stroke—being made, and then again the writing went on as rapidly as before. "There are several doing it," was the remark of the medium, and the finish of what was evidently another stroke was supplemented by a knock indicating that the writing was done. The slates were removed from the shoulder of the gentleman on which they had rested, were laid on the table, and one was removed from the other. When this had been done, the under slate was found to be covered with expressions, divided by almost straight lines. The wording of these expressions was as follows:

Un homme sage est au-dessus de toutes les injures qu'on peut lui dire.—L. de Mond.

The best answer that can be made to such outrages is moderation and patience.—Dr. Davis.

Davis.—Sie haben nicht unrecht.—J. S. Quanto sinit felici di avere un tempo evol bello la preyo de nuel respiti a tutta la di lei cara famiglia.—Z. E.

The writing was of a good kind, and it was clearly in different styles of calligraphy. The first and second sentences had a direct bearing on the conversation that had previously taken place, and referred evidently to the part where the suspicions of the outside world had been referred to. Other slate manifestations followed. At times the hand of the medium shook as if he could scarcely hold the slate, so great, stated he, was the spirit influence upon it, and at another time it was removed from his hand under the table and transferred to the hand of a person sitting opposite. A question, "What profession are two of the inquirers present?" brought the words on the slate, "They are all present." This, however, was not the right answer, and the slate after being under the table again, held nearly fast to the corner by the finger and thumb of the medium, returned with the word "Pressmen," which was correct. The question was written, it should be explained, by one of the sitters, and was handed to the medium, with the writing downward, so that he could not possibly see it, or know what it was. While these manifestations were going on, a heavy iron bed suddenly shifted its position to the extent of about three feet, a chair was thrown from a position near the wall in the direction of the table, and raps were experienced on their legs and knees by the sitters. One of the Spiritualists present, after throwing his hands up in an agitated way, suddenly had his eyes closed, and stated that he could not, despite all his efforts, open them again. He stated, however, that Wesley and other spirits were still in the room, and that he was asked by one to state that these manifestations were given by the spirits to people on earth in order to prove that mind could never die, and was eternal. He was also asked to thank the gentlemen of the Press for their presence, and to state that the spirits had often received great favors at their hands. One of these gentlemen, he said, was both a healing and a seeing medium. When this question, however, was put to the spirits, the answer on the slates was, "He is not a medium," and with respect to another gentleman present the words written were "He can be a medium." The slate was taken from the medium's hands, and transferred to a person in the room, but the latter, it is only fair to state, expressed the belief that he could transfer the slate, if he placed it on his foot, to the medium at the opposite side of the table, and succeeded in doing so at the second and third attempts. The slate had been previously transferred to persons seated in a position that it seemed impossible for the medium either with his legs or his hands to reach. A most remarkable thing in connection

tion with the proceedings was that, when any of the sitters put their hands upon the table, a strong current of air was felt—a current that could not be perceived at any other part of the room. The manifestations, in short, seemed in several instances to be beyond the power of the medium, and it is equally certain—for the visitors were particular in examining everything—that Mr. Wilson had no confederates whatever in the room. Everything was done in open daylight, and the removal of the bed and the chair, together with the writing on the inside of a slate, covered with another, and held openly in view, contributed considerably to baffle the thoughts of the non-Spiritualists present. There was mystery in nearly all they saw and heard, and unless the doctrine of Spiritualism has more in it than the majority of people allow, they were unable to form any conclusion whatever for the things they had witnessed.

An Unheeded Ghostly Warning.

A strange story of ghostly interference in the affairs of men comes from Miss Lena Herman, on whose authority it is offered to the readers of the *Globe-Democrat*. It will form another link in the chain of evidence so fast forming from all sides that there is a Spirit-world, and that spirits do still love their friends who are dwellers upon earth in the flesh, and that they do undoubtedly appear to us when there is sufficient cause for their appearance.

Miss Herman was a farm friend of the murdered Mrs. Lena Reich, who was so foully slain by her husband, Adolph Reich, at 144 Norfolk street, in this city, on the night of April 19th last. Miss Herman had not seen Mrs. Reich for several months prior to the murder, and at the time was living in Boston. She has recently moved to Brooklyn. She says:

When I was visiting Mrs. Reich last January she was in a great deal of trouble about her husband. She had been obliged to have him bound to keep the peace, which, however, he did not do, but abused her shamefully. One day she said to me while we were sitting together darning some of her husband's stockings: "I ought never to have married Adolph; it was my fault, and I did it with my eyes open, for I was warned that he would murder me! It happened this way. Adolph had been courting me for some time, and I knew that I loved him. One night, a terrible dark, storming winter night, he told me that he loved me, and offered himself to me. I acknowledged that I was not indifferent to him, but asked a few days to think over the matter and consult my friends. Adolph did not like this delay, and tried to reason me out of it, but I was firm and carried my point. Well, we sat up very late that night together, no one else but ourselves being in the room. When he finally left it was past midnight, and the weather was very cold, so I fixed up the fire to make me a cup of tea to quiet my nerves and warm me up before going to bed. I was a little sorry I had been so positive to Adolph about the time, as I loved him and I thought I might as well say yes any way, so that he would have gone home so much happier.

"As I poured out my cup of tea I said aloud to myself, 'Yes, I love Adolph.' Just then I heard a noise on the stairs, and, thinking some one was going by my door, I turned off the gas, because I did not want any one to know I was keeping such late hours. As the fire in the stove gave out a ruddy light, and the half darkness of the room seemed so peaceful, and suited my mood of mind so well, I did not light the gas again, but sat and sipped my tea in the darkness, saying little things to myself aloud. Suddenly, however, I heard a slight noise behind me, and at the same time I heard a church clock strike the hour of one. Well, I looked around without a thought of anything strange, and oh! well, what I saw almost froze my blood. I drew back faint, but too much terrified to swoon. It was a ghost! Yes, it was a ghost, and that of a man who had told me his love and whom I had loved. It was my Ernest. (You know she had been engaged to marry a young German, who died before the ceremony was performed, almost at the altar.) He was dressed in the same clothes as when I saw him last, his wedding suit, for we were going to our wedding when he died of heart disease. His face was pale and bloodless, his hair long and unparted, his cheeks looked hollow, and a grave-like awe seemed to surround him. His terrible eyes, dull and without expression, seemed to lower on me.

"I shrieked and tried to fly from the room, but he spoke: 'Do not move, Lena; I will not harm you. It is by your mediumship that I appear, and even if you go from here, I too must go. I come because I love you and because I pity you. Lena, if you marry Adolph Reich you will lead the life of a dog. He will be cruel and jealous, and unreasonable, and worse than all, he will murder you in the end. Yes, he will murder you! Stay! I see the scene now! He grasps your hair; he holds a sharp carving knife in the other hand; you reach out for the knife and seize it, when with a terrible oath he draws the keen blade out of your grasp, and almost severs your fingers in doing so! Oh! he has you down on the bed; he draws the knife; you struggle and scream, but it's no use. He strikes! Oh! it takes effect—the blade he has plunged into your neck—your beautiful neck! He pulls the knife so as to make the cut greater; you struggle more violently and escape. With the blood spurting from your wound, you run from the room and fall in the hall; and the villain escapes, carrying the knife with him! Oh, terrible! terrible! Then there was a silence; Ernest said no more for some minutes, and I was too much horrified to speak; but again he said: 'Lena, I love you as much as I ever did, and it won't be long now before you join me here, and we shall be happy again. Oh, do not marry Reich, as you value your life and soul! Farewell! God keep you' and he was gone! Well, I did not sleep that night, but next day Adolph came and I told him I had made up my mind not to marry now, as we were too poor. This led to a long argument, and somehow, I don't know how it was, I gave in at last—I loved him! Well, we became engaged, and in time were married. I have been miserable ever since, and although I have never seen the ghost again, I often feel as though there were spirits about. I do believe that Adolph will kill me yet! I sometimes dream of the terrible scene that the ghost described, and it makes me sick and haunts me for days afterward."

Poor woman! The warning was only too well fulfilled. Adolph did murder her in the end, and exactly as the ghost said he would. On the morning of April 20th, she was found dead in the hall before her door. Official investigation brought out the complete narrative, and a clear case of deliberate purpose that made the jury find Reich guilty of murder in the first degree, and resulted in his being sentenced to pay the penalty of the law, which he did.

Coroner Herold's autopsy on the body of

Mrs. Reich showed that she died from hemorrhage from a deep incised wound 4 inches long in the neck, made by a keen knife, and three fingers of her right hand had been cut to the bone, an evidence that she had grasped the knife-blade. After the wound was inflicted which resulted in her death, the murdered woman had crawled out of her room and fell in the hall from loss of blood, while looking for help. There she died; meanwhile her husband, the murderer, had escaped. Had Mrs. Reich followed the advice of her lover's ghost and not married Adolph Reich, perhaps she would be alive to-day. At all events, every part of the ghost's strange and terrible prophecy came true.—*New York Correspondence of Globe-Democrat.*

Practical Occultism.

The above is the title of a new work it is proposed to issue as soon as the necessary number of subscribers' names are obtained. The work will contain all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at the late advanced class of spiritual students—the sessions of which have been held at this office, verbatim reports of which have been taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are all deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work will contain six lessons, upon the following topics, with an appendix containing the questions and answers arising from the students.

LESSON NUMBER ONE.

The Trance, as the doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the trance in its magnetic, natural and spiritual forms of induction.

LESSON NUMBER TWO.

Mediumship: its physiological, mental and spiritual results.

LESSON NUMBER THREE.

Mediumship: its foundation, development, dangers and advantages.

LESSON NUMBER FOUR.

Magie, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

LESSON NUMBER FIVE.

The material, spiritual and celestial planes of the Second State.

LESSON NUMBER SIX.

The Soul World—its hell, heavens and evolutions.

APPENDIX.

The work will be handsomely printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. The price is fixed at one dollar per copy, and at that rate it is offered to subscribers before publication. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send in their names at once, which can be done, to our care, or to Mr. B. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple, on Sundays, or to Mr. Morse at 331 Turk street, San Francisco. Subscribers will be supplied in the order in which their names are recorded. Further announcements in due course.—*Carrier Dove, Oct. 22nd.*

The Pro. and Con. of Mind Cure.

While there is much to favor the idea of "mind and faith cure" based upon philosophical principles, it is not yet clear, that this "cure" covers all physical disease bearing upon this. We present here, in brief, the views of Dr. C. A. Bartol, a gentleman of culture and learning, who has been supposed to be a defender of the theory, by the enthusiasts of this order.

It appears that a convention was recently held in Boston by the believers thereof, in which Dr. Bartol was one of the speakers; and his subject as announced, was, "The Pro. and Con. of Mind Cure."

What he said took the convention by surprise. It was in this wise:—He said:

"There is danger of extravagance. The mental healers have not a monopoly. They cannot kill off the old doctors. Can spiritual science set a broken limb? It might take the beam out of the eye, but a cinder is too much for you."

Mrs. Diaz interrupted the speaker, and asked if he had ever tried the mental healing on a cinder.

Dr. Bartol replied that he tried it, but finally went to a doctor and had the cinder removed.

Continuing he said: "Let us be true. Let us be consistent. But you can't put aside all the old theories. As Dr. Bowditch said, 'I have yet to see the mental healing that can destroy the germs of typhoid fever. Do not suppose that you can in a moment become the highest type of mind-cure or any other kind of physician. I do not believe that a man can come from behind a counter or from an express wagon and the next day be a good doctor. There are specific tonics in medicine that have their virtues, and you cannot do away with them. Do not think that I am on the fence. I am on both sides of it.'—*The National View.*

Columbus and Vespucci.

There is also much to be said about the different way in which the letters of Vespucci and Columbus would affect the literary taste of the age. As I have said, the letters of Columbus are infinitely more attractive to the reader of to-day. The devout religious spirit of the writer, his mingling of practical shrewdness with child-like credulity, his artistic sense of the drama and visions which induced him to set out on his discoveries, his enthusiastic belief in being divinely appointed to his work, his arguments to prove that he had landed near the Garden of Eden, expressed in that simplicity of style which is the chief grace of the early voyagers, all together form a charm for us that superior learning and more correct rhetoric cannot rival. But at the time when Columbus wrote we can believe that Vespucci's letters would more readily attract attention. The latter wrote a clear and succinct account of what he saw, of all he could learn of the manners and customs of the natives; he drew pictorial illustrations and diagrams; he used some bits of scholarship effectively; he quoted Aristotle and Pliny, and the immortal Dante. In fact, Vespucci's letters are more like those of a traveling journalist who is sent out by a daily paper of a current magazine, to get the latest and best news, and put the narrative in popular form; Columbus writes like the man of imagination and poetic vision, the true discoverer and seer, who is recognized by the future, rarely by the present.—*From "The Christening of America," by Abby Sage Richardson, in The American Magazine.*

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November Magazines Received Late.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) The November number of this popular magazine opens its eighteenth year. Much interest is attached to Mr. Kennan's paper on the The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals; The Home and the Haunts of Washington, with illustrations, and the short paper on Mount Vernon as it is, completes a full account of one of America's Shrines; the special art feature is the sculpture of Augustus Saint Gaudens, to which is added a critical article on his statue of Lincoln, for Chicago, of which a fine engraving is printed with the article. The fiction is notable, including the beginning of two serials. Prof. Stoddard contributes a second paper on College Composers. Grant's Last Campaign concludes the battle series, and Lincoln's history reaches a most interesting part.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY (Baltimore, Md.) Number one of volume one of this quarterly is issued and makes a fine appearance. The editor says the object of this journal is to record the psychological work of a scientific, as distinct from a speculative character. The aim will be to please teachers in psychology; biologists and physiologists; anthropologists; physicians who are especially interested in mental and nervous diseases, and all others whose attention has been enlisted in the great progress made in more exact methods to the study of the problems of human feelings. Subscription price, \$3 a year.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) The meditation of R. H. Hardestel is continued, also The Story of Jael, and the series of papers upon Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. An illustrated description of Capri is given. The Christmas number of this monthly promises an unusually attractive table of contents, with many fine illustrations.

THE THEOSOPHIST. (Madras, India.) Travestied Teachings, the Eliohistic Kosmogony opens the October Theosophist, and is followed by Himalayan Folk Lore; Rosicrucian Lett-rs; Two Professors; The Crest Jewel of Wisdom; Buddha's Teaching; etc. Also, Reviews of current literature fill several pages.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York.) The usual articles upon religious thought, sermon literature and discussion of practical issues complete a good table of contents.

EARNST WORDS. (New York.) The second number of this monthly is at hand and has articles, notes and items upon literary, scientific and reformatory subjects.

THE FREETHINKERS MAGAZINE. (Buffalo, N. Y.) Articles by well known writers, with notes, reviews and items fill this month's pages.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: India and the Indians; The Old House; The Neglected Daughter; Literary Chat; The Maid of Honor; Etc.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Northfield, Minn.) A varied table of contents is found in the November issue of this excellent monthly devoted to astronomy.

BABYLAND. (Boston.) The little ones will find much to amuse them this month.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 12, 1887.

The Condemned Anarchists—Live Felons or Dead Martyrs, Which?

Before this issue of the JOURNAL reaches all its subscribers, and possibly before it leaves the press room, the fate of the seven condemned anarchists now lying in Cook County Jail will have been decided. When the bomb burst in Haymarket Square, its report echoed around the world, stirring every heart. But all hearts were not agitated by the same emotions; horror at the crime, sorrow for the maimed and dying policemen and their stricken families was great, but the feeling that the bomb was a premonitory symptom of dangerous disease in the body politic, was even more profound and terrifying. Anarchy had been boldly and impudently flaunted before the citizens of Chicago for years, with no attempt on the part of the corrupt authorities to suppress it. Treason to the State seemed apparently, an insignificant and trifling matter to the ward-bummers, guttersnipes, and groggery keepers who, with an unscrupulous politician for a leader, constituted the controlling power in the City government. So long as the public crib was open to the hoodlums and the mayors could ply his schemes for political advancement; so long as ballot boxes could be stuffed with impunity, and pious thieves could rise from the communion table and with the same hand that had carried the emblems of Christ to their lips, pay out thousands of dollars for a chance to plunder the public; so long as these things could go on and the respectable portion of community remained apathetic and careless of its interests, it mattered little to those in authority how much treason was plotted or how much violence was advocated by professional agitators.

At last there came an awful awakening. On that fatal Tuesday night in 1886, the teachings of foreign-born revolutionists were put into practice and the respectable, lethargic portion of community realized that it had been selfishly and criminally indifferent to the social volcano so long rumbling warnings and spitting forth smoke. When too late, it was clear that all was not smoke; the crater had opened and belched forth death and torture. Revenged was the cry, taken up and echoed by the press. Horror at the slaughter and hatred of the slaughterers prevailed. Only blood would satisfy; and blood must be had. Finally seven men were put on trial as accessories to the murder of officer Degau. These seven men now lie in the jail waiting to be hanged on Friday unless Governor Oglesby interferes by commencing the sentence to imprisonment or by stay of execution. That these men are guilty we do not question, but not equally guilty. That the evidence of actual complicity in the crime is much stronger against Lingg, Engel and Fischer than it is against Spies, Parsons, Fielden and Schwab, and that the latter should not receive as great punishment as the former, is conceded by eminent jurists and by large numbers of intelligent citizens who have calmly and carefully studied the history of the trial free from bias and heat.

We are opposed to the execution of the sentence upon these men for two reasons: (1) We oppose capital punishment, on principle, and in years past have given such evidence of devotion to this principle as few men, fortunately, are ever called upon to display. (2) We believe the best interests

of the community will not be conserved by hanging these criminals. Alive and in the penitentiary they are ignominious felons. Dead, they are more alive than ever! and exalted to the pinnacle of martyrdom, their memories will be the watchword which shall stimulate other misguided enthusiasts to deeds of violence.

For these reasons and others ably set forth by W. M. Salter in his lecture before the Ethical Society and reiterated by the able jurist, Judge Tuley, in different language, we have signed a petition of which the following is a copy:

To His Excellency R. J. Oglesby, Governor of the State of Illinois: We, the undersigned, residents of Chicago and vicinity, holding in abhorrence the doctrines and methods of anarchy, yet believing that the great ends of justice and the safety of the State would be better served by a commutation of the sentence against Spies, Schwab, Fielden, Parsons, Engel, Fischer and Lingg, than by carrying it into effect, most earnestly and respectfully ask you to exercise your prerogative of clemency at this time.

Fully coinciding with the views of Judge Tuley, we prefer to give his language as reported by a daily paper, and which is as follows:

"Although I believe that such men as Lingg and others—who belong (as I understand it) to the Bakurin school of Anarchists and who believe it to be a duty to destroy all constituted authority by assassination or any other means—are enemies of society, and as such should be confined so that they can do no harm, yet I would not hang any one of these men for reasons of public policy."

"It is unfortunate that the crime of which these men are convicted was connected with the eight hour labor movement. There was a general strike of laboring men in favor of eight hours as a day's work, and the meeting at which the bomb was thrown was a labor meeting. These men advocated the eight-hour movement and several of them were speakers at that meeting. They seized upon this labor movement to agitate and excite the masses of workmen and to attempt to convert them to their peculiar doctrines. While they are no true friends of labor, yet the laboring classes have the idea that they are to suffer because of their advocacy of the cause of labor, or at least that their efforts in the cause of labor have led them into their present terrible position. However erroneous such an idea may be, I am perfectly satisfied that it exists, and is widespread among the laboring classes. The relations of labor and capital are now much disturbed, and wise policy would seem to demand that they be not further strained.

"Again, these men exhibit all the enthusiasm of martyrs—in fact, appear to be anxious to become such. I believe the best interests of society lie in not permitting them to become martyrs. If the Virginia authorities had not hung John Brown, would we have witnessed that grand anti-slavery uprising that followed upon his execution? More than one Abolitionist had been sent to the penitentiary before that time for crimes against slavery and his name forgotten in less than a twelvemonth. If Jeff Davis had been hung his every treasonable word would have been household words throughout the South, and he would have done to a country infinitely more harm dead than he has alive. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Already it is stated that the portrait of Spies is to be found in every Socialist salon in London, marked "Our Second Savior."

"The public should draw a distinction between a crime resulting from the advocacy of doctrines political in their nature—like this—and that of the common every day crime. This crime is quasi-political in its nature—it has to a large extent grown out of the advocacy of doctrines which these men believed for the best interests of society as a whole, and doctrines which involved a change in our political arrangements and institutions. However erroneous the doctrines may be, history shows you cannot stamp them out by killing the men who advocate them. History also teaches us that magnanimity upon the part of the State in dealing with such crimes is much the best policy. When such transgressors are imprisoned and thus silenced they soon pass out of public notice. It is only the blood of the martyrs that is the seed of the church.

"I firmly believe that if these seven are hanged it will give such an impetus to their pernicious doctrines as the world little dreams of. Annual pilgrimages will be made to their tombs, and their portraits will for many years be held forth as those of the seven martyrs to the cause of the oppressed people, or probably as the seven martyrs to the cause of labor. The law has demonstrated its strength; now let the Governor in the interests of the people at large, of society in general, as a matter of public policy, prevent these men being made martyrs of. The lesson is already taught. Let the State now be magnanimous and avoid committing what, in my opinion, will be a great and fatal blunder. The wise statesman never permits a drop of human blood to be unnecessarily shed."

The Universalist Showing.

The reports from the late general convention of the Universalists of the country, held in New York, show convention funds to the amount of \$250,000; church funds held by State conventions for benevolent work and church missions, \$200,000; assets of publishing house, \$75,000; value of property invested in schools and colleges, \$2,700,000; value of church property, \$7,500,000; Sunday school membership, 54,000; number of parishes, 900; number of ministers, 720; estimated number in regular attendance upon the Universalist ministry in the United States, 337,000. There are three theological schools, with about 80 students in preparation for the ministry. The foundation of a foreign missionary fund has been established, and P. T. Barnum proposes the gift of \$100,000 if \$500,000 shall be raised for this purpose. The interest in foreign missions is steadily growing. One missionary is already on his way to Japan. There never was a period of such real prosperity enjoyed by the Universalist Church as during the year just closed. The advance of liberal sentiments in many of the so-called orthodox churches is hailed with joy, and is considered as one of the bright signs of the future.

Ecclesiastical Eructations.

The publication of that amusing and unique work which on the cover bears the facetious title, "The Seybert Commission on Spiritualism," has given new hope and fresh impetus to the beloved followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. The Christ-like spirit of these dear brethren in their treatment of Spiritualism and Spiritualists is so in harmony with the teachings of the "Master," and so closely in accord with the New Testament, that there must be fresh joy in heaven over their work. Here is the way the Cincinnati Methodist, Western Christian Advocate, J. H. Bayliss, D. D., editor, welcomes the pastime product of the so-called Seybert Commission:

This modern iniquity has received another black eye at the hands of the Seybert Commission, whose report has just been published by Lippincott. Perhaps as interesting a part of the report as any relates to the Slade-Zöllner experiments. Prof. Fullerton, secretary of the commission, interviewed Prof. Zöllner's colleagues in the investigations. It will be remembered that Zöllner was looking for the fourth dimension of space. He held some séances with Dr. Slade, in company with Profs. Fechner and Scheibner, of Leipzig, and Weber of Goettingen. Prof. Wundt, of Leipzig, was also present. The first four were hoodwinked by Slade, and solemnly announced that they were perfectly convinced of the reality of the manifestation, and that they were not the result of imposture or prestidigitation. It now transpires that Zöllner was of unsound mind at the time; that Fechner was partly blind from incipient cataract; that Scheibner is exceedingly near-sighted; that Weber was very old and feeble, and did not see every thing. Wundt, the only competent observer in the company, pronounced the thing a humbug; that the slade writing was very bad German, just such as Slade spoke, and that all of it could have been done by an ordinarily expert juggler. And yet Zöllner's "great name" has been given to support this fraud, and many have been misled by it.

The dear Methodist editor lacks the graceful sweep and light touch of the Reverend Fullerton, but what he misses in artistic handling he makes up in color. Gaze at the vermilion hue which he throws over his work in its finish:

"It will prove a powerful weapon with which to club this absurd and wicked notion that is working such mischief. 'The spirits that peep and mutter' are thoroughly exposed. No one hereafter need be fooled by this abomination. Competent men who began to investigate, hoping to find it true, found nothing but fraud, imposture, and wickedness. Daylight is absolutely fatal to it."

Such pious tergiversation may evoke the righteous wrath of John Wesley whose experiences with returning spirits are matters of history, but it will not harm Spiritualism nor prevent the lambs of the fold from following Samuel Watson and other Methodist leaders in their successful pursuit of knowledge of the continuity of life, and spirit presence. Club away, esteemed one! the harder you strike, the greater the harm to Methodism; and you don't hurt Spiritualism.

The Congregational ministers of Chicago and vicinity at their regular Monday meeting on the 1st inst., gave another of those final "death blows" to Spiritualism. That same handy club, "The Seybert Commission on Spiritualism," was deftly swung by Rev. Clayton Welles of Englewood, assisted by a full company of ministerial helpers. According to the *Inter Ocean* report, "there was a wholesale indorsement of the book and a denunciation of Spiritualism, palmistry, slate writing, clairvoyance, and visions." That is right, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves to your hearts' content! Of course you know very well that the more you denounce these things the more your dear people will want to know how it is themselves, and that you are helping increase the demand for psychical wares, and killing the already decreasing inquiry for pulpit products. Indeed, were you not above suspicion of worldly or venal motives it might be fairly assumed that Bob Ingersoll and the mediums pay you for denouncing them. The trick is an old one, but often works well. It has put money in Ingersoll's purse and helped many mediums. If the purveyors of materialism and mediumship have not divided with you and your brethren elsewhere it is too bad; and their parsimony ought to be held up to the contempt of a generous public.

"A clear case of predestination" is set forth in the "Army Stories" of the Philadelphia Times: "There was one fine fellow, who scorned the burden of even a blanket on the march, and so at night, when he failed to steal one (which was seldom), he sat up by a fire and made night hideous with mock sermons of wonderful theology and doubtful morality. Strange to say, he survived the war and is now enlisted in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg this same preacher was responsible for a ready retort under trying circumstances. He was then a firm Calvinist, and was always ready to do battle in defense of his creed. One day he was sitting, with a group, in an angle of the works, discussing his favorite dogma of predestination. Just then a shell exploded among them and knocked the predestinarian over without hurting him. When he recovered his breath and legs he darted off for the shelter of a traverse just in front of us. His antagonist yelled at and twitted him with his want of faith in his own doctrine. He did not pause in the order of his going, but stuttered: 'Ca-ca-cant stop; it's pre-pre-destined that I must get on the other side of the traverse!' and he fulfilled the decree to the letter and with commendable alacrity."

Mrs. Ursula N. Gostefeld, the popular and successful metaphysical healer and teacher has been called to Kansas City to give a course of lectures.

A Blow at the Twin Relic.

A dispatch from Salt Lake, Utah, states that the Supreme Court, by unanimous decision has decided to appoint a receiver for Mormon church property in excess of the limit fixed by Congress in 1862. Judge Zane wrote the decision. Review is made of the territorial act incorporating the church, which pronounced it extraordinary, and the power of Congress to annul it is affirmed. The court declares no vested right accrued to the church, because the charter was accepted under the express right of amendment by Congress as the conclusion of the law and of the facts as stipulated. The Court concludes from these facts that it sufficiently appeared that the defunct corporation had in its possession real property in value exceeding \$50,000, the limit fixed by the act of Congress of 1862, and that a portion of it is not a building or the grounds appurtenant thereto held for the purpose of the worship of God, or parsonages connected therewith, or burial ground, and that the title to a large portion of the same property was acquired subsequently to the time the act of 1862 took effect. "In deciding this motion," the Court said, "we are not called upon to finally determine the rights of the parties. With respect to the rights, they will be decided as they ultimately appear, and if the receiver appointed shall claim a right to the possession of any property as receiver, to which third parties also claim a right, the issue will then be determined. We are of the opinion that the complainant's motion for the appointment of a receiver should be allowed. An order will be made to that effect in accordance with the prayer of the bill."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. S. F. Hinckley, healer, of 529 W. Madison street, Chicago, is spoken of by those having called on her, as doing some good work.

Mr. J. R. Evans, of Phillipsburg, Montana, would like to correspond with Spiritualists in or near Phillipsburg, for exchange of news on the subject of Spiritualism and free thought.

Mr. A. H. Dwight, of Marcus, Iowa, would like the address of a good healer in or near the western part of Iowa. Any one who can give the desired information can address Mr. Dwight, at above.

The ladies of Unity Club will give an entertainment at the Princess Opera House, 558 West Madison street, on the evening of November 18th, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, dialogues, etc. Admission, gentlemen, fifty cents; ladies, twenty-five cents. The proceeds are devoted wholly to benevolent purposes.

Bishop Keener, of New Orleans, has published an article in one of the southern Methodist papers giving his reasons for believing that the Garden of Eden was in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga. He bases his belief upon the remains of large mammals, of the construction of the ark from gopher or pine and live oak, in which this region abounds, and the abundance of herbage for the animals in the ark.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great preacher has withdrawn from the Baptist union of England. His reasons are: "That some persons are allowed to remain in the union who make light of the atonement, deny the personality of the Holy Ghost, call the fall a fable, speak of justification by faith as immoral, refuse credence to the dogma of the plenary inspiration of the holy scripture, and hold that there is another probation after death, with possibilities of a future restitution of the lost."

The *Dublin Express* (conservative) says that Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, has expressed strong displeasure at the boycotting of the sisters of Magistrate Seagrave, the official who superintended affairs at Mitchellstown on the 9th inst., on the occasion of the fatal conflict between the police and populace. The *Express* alleges that the archbishop has warned the clergy that if the boycotting of the ladies again occurs at this church at Mitchellstown he will close the building.

Saloonkeepers do not seem to be growing in favor. The Knights of Labor organization will not admit them to membership. The Baltimore Council of the Roman Catholic Church made it the duty of priests, bishops, and archbishops to discourage saloon-keeping, and to strenuously urge on their congregations the dangers of such occupations on religious grounds. And now comes the Masonic organization, greater in numbers and influence than even the Catholic Church, which proposes not only to refuse membership to the saloonkeepers but also proposes to expel those of the "trade" who are now members.

Last Sunday, at Boston, Rev. O. A. Gifford, Baptist, preached to the Union church Congregational brethren. After giving out the regular prayer-meeting and acceptable notices, he paused a minute and then went ahead as follows: "And now I wish to announce that I am informed that caucuses of the political parties are to be held the coming week to select candidates for public offices, and it is my wish that every man present should absent himself from the prayer-meeting and be present at those caucuses. Your vote at the caucus is of more value than at the polls; there is the place to smash political rings and secure the nomination of good men; and whoever absents himself from the prayer-meeting for that purpose will perform his first duty as a citizen and a Christian."

Mrs. Janet E. Rantz Rees, is now engaged in writing descriptive pamphlets and circulars for those contemplating advertising, and will be glad to correspond with any and all who are looking for a competent person to do such work. She can be addressed at Brookside, New Jersey.

The Annual Executive Session of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association was held at the Congregational Church, Galva, Illinois, Nov. 9th, 10th and 11th. Rev. M. J. Miller delivered an address on "Ethics of the Question;" Mrs. E. E. Fitch, on the "Achievement of Women;" Judge C. B. Waite of Chicago, on the "Power of the Legislature in Regard to Suffrage."

"Faithless, cowardly creatures that we are," says *The Nashville Advocate*. "We send two or three consecrated women and set them down in one of the largest cities of China, with the avowed expectation that the gospel of Christ will prove itself adequate to the conversion of its benighted millions, and yet the thousands of Christians of all denominations in Nashville allow whole decades to pass by without seeming to realize that they can do anything effective to deatheathenize the fellow-creatures in our midst." This will be regarded as a vast improvement on the usual paragraphs from such sources. It nails a fact.

Professor Smyth of Andover hasn't got through with his handling of his would-be persecutors, the "Board of Visitors," who would visit upon him the odium theologium for daring to favor a better gospel than "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." His appeal from their act of removing him from his place, and asking for a writ of certiorari ordering them to produce all the documents in court, was heard to-day in the Supreme Court at Essex. Charles Theodore Russell and ex-Governor Gaston are counsel for the Professor, while Judges Hoar and Asa French are for the Visitors. It is decided by consent of both sides that the writ shall issue; the date being about the 1st proximo, and the trial probably in Boston.—*Hartford Times*.

A religious weekly finds something not altogether bad in the essential spirit of the German Sunday. "We may frankly conclude," it says, "that the Puritans did not fully comprehend the biblical idea of the Sabbath; that they did not know the meaning of the 'law of liberty'; that they did not apprehend Christ's declaration that the Sabbath was made for man; that we may learn something as to Sabbath liberty from the land of Luther. We may even concede that one sermon is better than two; and that a Sabbath evening devoted to the development of quiet family social life is better than one spent in listening to a second sermon, the first effect of which is to drive out of mind the first one. We may frankly concede, in other words, that the best observance of Sabbath is that which divides it equally between public worship in church, and domestic rest at home."

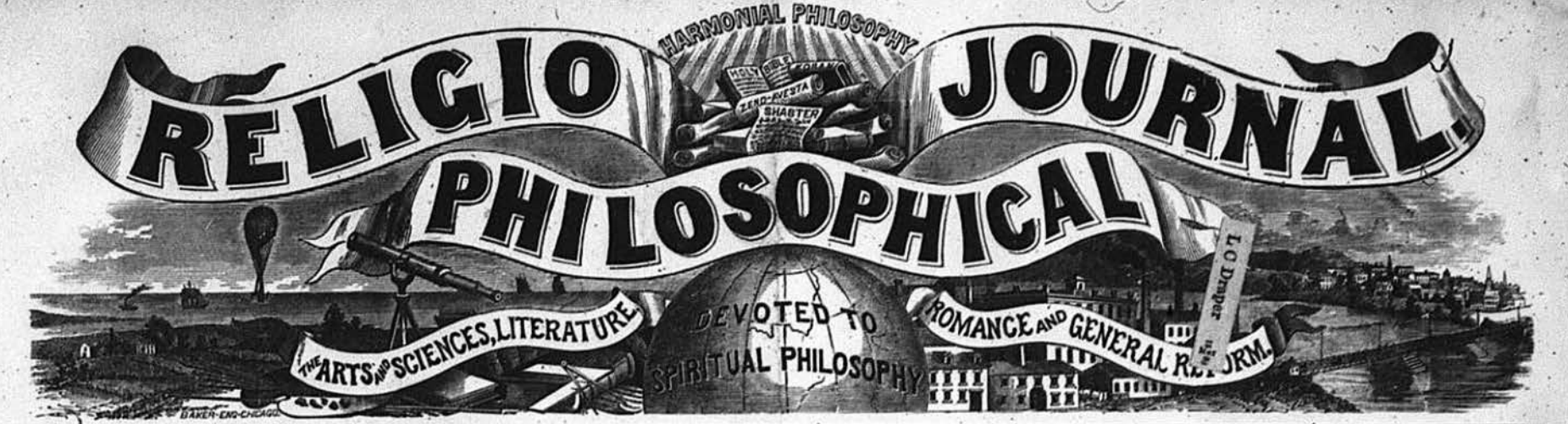
No minister, says the *New York Sun*, has so deeply interested the Plymouth Church people since the death of Mr. Beecher as the Rev. Charles A. Berry of England, who occupied the pulpit two Sundays, and made an address at prayer meeting, and who has mingled much with the leading members of the congregation since his arrival in this country a few weeks ago. So favorable was the impression made by his first two sermons, Sunday, Oct. 16th, that the next Sunday there was a great rush to hear him at each service, and hundreds were obliged to remain standing. For the first time since the great Brooklyn preacher occupied the pulpit Plymouth Church seemed to be itself again. The young English Congregationalist at once became a prime favorite with the leading members of the church and the society, and his name now stands foremost on the list of those discussed in connection with the pastorate.

A prominent city official, the head of an important department, is, or has been, absent for some time, engaged in "Catholic colonization" schemes somewhere in Wisconsin or Dakota. There is a precedent in this action that might be used by other denominations. Why should not some Presbyterian official start out and undertake a Presbyterian colonization scheme somewhere in the territories? What is there to hinder officials who may happen to be Unitarians, Swedenborgians, Hard-Shell Baptists, Universalists, Methodists, Congregationalists, or what not, from taking a vacation and prosecuting colonization or some other scheme for the benefit of their respective churches? In fact, it will be an economical movement; their salaries as officials go right on, and hence their efforts will cost neither them nor their denomination any considerable outlay. If the city of Chicago can give the services of its employees to assist in colonizing Catholics, it can certainly do as much for any other sect. In fact, it can aid in the colonization of any other class, whether sectarians, anarchists, hoodlums, or some other of the more or less worthless elements of the city. Who knows what may follow the precedent established by the city collector? If it should result in schemes which would relieve Chicago of the foreign riffraff, without respect to denominational belongings, it would be a grand benefit. So far as the labors of Mr. Oshagan will relieve us of this class, they will not be condemned.—*Chicago Times*.

A hale old couple of Lexington, Ill., are John Reynolds and his wife. He is 106 years old and she is 94.

The Methodist and two Catholic churches at Kanawha were entered by burglars and robbed of gold and silver vessels and other articles of value.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, MARCH, 1892.



Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication; and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A NORWEGIAN SOOTHSAYER.

BY REV. KRISTOFFER JANSON.

There is nothing new under the sun, the Bible says; and that proves true also concerning all the phenomena with which Spiritualism busies itself. The phenomena are as old as Methuselah, but the explanation of them has been different at different times. Such things as forebodings, visions, second sight, apparitions of our departed beloved ones; are familiar to all countries and all races; but the investigation in such matters was never so vigorous as now.

As the editor of this interesting paper has several times called upon his readers to communicate to him personal experiences of psychic phenomena, which have come to their knowledge, it will be of some interest, I presume, to hear something of the kind from my native land, Norway. What I state here, is the plain truth, corroborated with many witnesses. Things of less importance, where the proofs are not so overwhelming, I omit. The man of whom I am going to tell, was a poor, uneducated peasant in one of the narrow valleys of Norway. His name was Knut, but he was known by the name, Wise Knut. He was one of nine brothers and sisters; as a child he was very sickly; he suffered with epilepsy. He was not able to work hard, neither to read. What he learned, he received by listening to the schoolmaster. The teacher felt pity for the odd, squint-eyed boy, who listened so attentively. Sometimes he tumbled down from the bench in spasms, and lost his consciousness for a long while. His comrades saw something supernatural in him. His health improved as he grew up. He went through the confirmation without being able to read or write, and now he started out to earn his living, as his father had died; but he could not stand the hard work; the epilepsy caught hold of him again, and so he was compelled to go home to his mother and help her at the farm, as much as he could. His pastime consisted of learning reading, writing and arithmetic by himself. The only book he could get hold of was the Bible and some old Lutheran sermon collections, and the visions of the prophets and the revelation, and all the wonderful miracles, he read about, filled his imagination.

He became a superstitiously devoted orthodox Christian, and so he remained. His superstitious surroundings persuaded him to try some remedies against his epilepsy. He should take three drops of blood from three diseased persons and eat them on bread; he should take the heart out of a snake in spring, before the cuckoo had sung, and eat it. At last he got an amulet to wear on his breast. But this amulet took the peace from Knut; he felt as if it burned him. Had not God forbidden sorcery? Who was he, who trusted other powers than God's own? He was seized with a terrible compunction and was tempted to take his life.

At last, when he heard there would be service at the little chapel at Svaton, where he lived, he resolved to walk thither and partake in the holy communion. But three days before, he was thrown on his sick bed with a fearful bodily and mental struggle. As he grew more quiet, he heard playing on the harp and hymn-singing from the air. Later he heard music as from violins and clarinets, and a choir of heavenly voices mingled with the music. He heard some words too, and their contents were, that he should throw off that wretchedness he wore round his neck, and only trust in God's remedies. So he did and got peace. But after that time he repeatedly

heard heavenly music and somebody whispering in his ear. When it came, he was so afraid of losing it, that he clinched his teeth, shut his eyes and listened. He wrote down afterwards some of the hymns he said he heard in that way. They are very poor, indeed, not a bit of poetry in them; some plain moral truths in a rugged language. The language was also the written Danish-Norwegian language. In which the Bible was printed, not the dialect that Knut spoke. People said to him, he ought to have himself caused this tinkling in his ears. He would try, but on the way it sang that he should not do that, and he was compelled by an invisible power to return. It sang to him that prayer was his remedy.

But soon other peculiar phenomena occurred. He could sit and hear what happened in foreign countries, and when the mail arrived, it was found to be exactly as he had said. People and cattle had gone astray in the mountains. Knut told where they were to be found. He also told where to dig for water, when people had trouble in finding it. He also cured certain diseases. When his hand approached the sick spot it grew fast, as it were. He then grasped it with the other hand and rubbed while trembling and grinding his teeth. The froth foamed round his mouth; and then he implored the sick person to pray, "for will God not help, nobody can help."

My readers may imagine, what impression such stories made, as they were borne far and wide on the wings of rumor. People came to him from the neighboring countries, even from far abroad, for help and counsel. God had raised a new prophet among his children.

The rationalism of Germany had at that time seized the Norwegian clergy, and from them it had gone down to the peasantry. There had been a mighty revival through the lay-preacher Hans Nilsen Hauge, but the clergy had succeeded in getting him imprisoned. The old orthodox faith smoldered, however, under the ashes. Now it sounded again like a trumpet from God through Wise Knut's wonders. Repent! Repent! The minister of the valley had just forced out the Lutheran catechism of the confirmation school, and replaced it with some moral phrases of his own. The peasants considered this to be a sin. Now the rumor spread that Knut would meet the minister in the church of Svaton, on the 7th of June, and there obtain a revelation; and there was, of course, quite a pilgrimage to the little chapel that day.

There Knut came with a large procession after him. He was 21 years old, tall, large-limbed, but slack about the joints. He had no cap on his head. On the way it had whispered in his ear that he should take it off, and since that day no cap was allowed upon his head; if he tried to put one on, he got spasms. He had large raven-black hair, which flapped on his shoulders like wings. It was a beautiful summer-day, and all the doors and windows of the church stood open. The minister was in the vestry, waiting for the crowd to be quiet. Knut went straight to the vestry, made his compliment and said: "I am the man who has become the laughing-stock of all the world, because I am compelled to say what is whispered in my ear."—The minister considered the man crazy and let him sit. Knut commenced to sing hymns he said he had heard. We have still some of them preserved. All of them ask for repentance in the spirit of the Old Testament, threatening with pestilence and war, if the people do not obey. The crowd thronged around him, and the minister waited patiently. At last the service could commence. But soon it was whispered among those who stood outside the church, that Knut sat trembling, because they sang in the new rationalistic hymn book. The song suddenly stopped, the crowd commenced to sing hymns of their dear old book.

When the holy supper was communicated, two of Knut's brothers led him to the altar ring, and he swooned when they brought him back to his seat. The minister ordered him carried out, and there he lay on the ground in terrible convulsions. Between every attack he prayed and sang. Women wept, and could not stand to look at him. The minister came out and told the people that Knut had it in the same way as they themselves when they dreamed.

Knut remained in the neighborhood some days. On Tuesday he got the commandment to take his old teacher, the schoolmaster, with him, and walk to the church, but not the common road; no—over fences and heaps of stones and ditches! A woman stood and looked at him. She saw "a stream of light around him and along the road on which he passed." In the church he lay without consciousness for two hours. When he recovered he sang to his companion what he had heard, and it was again advice about repentance.

From that day his life was divided between two things: preaching of the gospel, accompanied by cures of diseased persons or other services to his fellowmen, and persecution by the public officers, especially the priests. It was at that time forbidden by law that laymen should preach the gospel, and the public officers had just caught and imprisoned such a lay-preacher, Hans Nilsen Hauge, as I told before. But Knut received a commandment from his spirit to go and preach, and so he did. He was caught in Fron, a parish in Gudbrandsdalen, by the sheriff, and they tried to transport him home. But Knut got spasms and was stiff in one leg. In spite of that they dragged him along, and the poor victim got one attack after another; at last

he sank down in the road, crying that they might as well cut his heart out of his body. People accompanying him felt pity and asked pardon for him; but the sheriff was immovable. He got hold of a horse and sled, but no sooner had they placed Knut on the sled than he got new convulsions, and by some invisible power was thrown far off in the field. This was repeated several times, and one time he was thrown nearly into the river. Then his tormentors could not stand it any longer and left him alone. His friends carried him to the nearest farm and brought him to bed; but as a large crowd gathered together in order to hear him, Knut rose and preached to them. On that occasion he improvised a hymn, which was remembered word for word up there fifty years later.

It had not been the intention of the sheriff, though, to let him go. He sent for armed police. A captain, two lieutenants and seven men with sharp loaded guns, were sent to the farm. Discovering that Knut was not through with his meeting, they placed a man on guard and amused themselves with dancing and playing at cards till midnight. Then they broke into the house where Knut was, took him and tied him to a sled with firm ropes. But Knut got one of his spasms, and so violently that the knots burst. They tied him still stronger, but he got another attack and was thrown between the legs of the horse. They tried the third time, and handled him like other goods, a big man putting his knees against his chest. Then Knut moaned piteously. This ill-treatment continued until they reached his native place; he was handed from one sheriff to another and mocked.

He had hardly reached home before a big fellow by the name Imost Nerlid, a man who had become so entranced by Knut that he was willing to go through fire and water for him, came to him inducing him to go back to Fron, saying the peasants would defend him better than the first time. Knut objected, but then "it sang in his ear" that he should go, and the next Sunday he was there again. The rumor spread as to how the public officers had tormented Knut, and that caused such an excitement that it had nearly come to tumultuous riots at the church. The public officers found it most advisable to leave him in peace. So he held meetings at the farms around there, usually with great success.

Concerning Knut's mode of preaching, Spiritualists would say that he spoke in trance; but he, knowing nothing of Spiritualism, said that he spoke what came before his ear. Sometimes it happened that nothing came to his ear. The audience sat in expectation, the room was crowded, but Knut stood on his platform gazing out in the open air, and not a word was uttered. He tried several times to commence, but stopped. People laughed and went off, and Knut felt ashamed, like a criminal; but at other times he spoke so eloquently and lovingly, that his audience sat spell-bound and saw visions. They saw something like a halo around Knut, or something like a rainbow from one shoulder to another. Some of the women had seen angels whispering to him, and two white doves sitting on his shoulders. One time he had a meeting at the parsonage at Trettle. Many people slept in the same room with him in the night. Then he suddenly began to talk in his sleep; it was the sermon from the meeting continued. At last he awoke and saw to his surprise, all the inmates of the room sitting in their beds listening; his own pillow was wet with tears.

But his preaching alone would not have exercised such an influence upon the people, if they had not known that this peculiar man was able to cure diseases, could say where lost things were to be found, and could tell what far-off people were doing. He himself believed that this, his peculiar gift, was from God; that God used him as His instrument, and he said that the prophets had had it in the same way. When he was not able to touch gold, silver or copper without getting spasms, it was so ordered by God as an evidence that such things ought to be abandoned. An eye witness, who liked to experiment with this peculiarly, tells: "I put two copper cents on his palm, and suddenly there came a pulling in his arm; he writhed and grined. He said that a sinew of his arm was contracted, and really I found by investigating that the sinew under his arm was very hard; in his palm there was a lump. As soon as the cents were taken off, and Knut had rubbed the sore part, his arm became all right."

Another time Knut came to a farm where the man was just looking for a lost silver coin. "Now you have come in time," said the farmer, "to help me in searching."

"I will," said Knut, "but give me another silver coin."

He got it and put it between two fingers. Suddenly his muscles were contracted, and he was, as it were, drawn towards the wall, and there in a crack lay the other coin.

Another time Knut was taken down to Hedemarken to dig a well. On the way he and his companion rested a while on a farm. It was on a dark night. The man offered Knut a drink, and he took it, but soon moaned and cried for help. The drink had been offered in a silver cup, and now the cup turned around over his mouth and remained fast.

Knut did not like to have people touch him; he suffered from it. Still he could give them his right hand. Neither could he wear a cap on his head. Once before the court the judge put a hat upon him, but immediately he fell down in violent spasms and the judge

got frightened. Very often when Knut was walking, his right foot turned another way, and he was compelled to follow the direction, and came usually to a place where his help was needed. Once he saved in that way a man from committing suicide. When he searched for water, he moved his hand along the ground, and coming to the place where the vein of water was, his fingers shivered.

In curing diseases he moved his hand over the sick person's body, and coming to the seat of the evil, it grew fast, while he trembled and gnashed his teeth and foamed in his mouth. He then took his other hand with which he moved the first, and rubbed and rubbed. Though he always suffered by it, he never refused to try where he hoped to do good, and he never took payment. Sometimes he gave the sick persons medicines, or sent them to the physician telling them that he could do nothing for them.

Anders Solilden says: "Knut and I stood out in the yard and chopped some wood. Then two boys and a woman came along. One of the boys had inflammation in his eyes. Knut placed his hand on his eyes, and the boy was cured there on the spot, but Knut's hand shivered fearfully." Knut himself says: "On the farm, Vedum, a young girl, had got blisters on her eyes. I succeeded in taking off the blisters with my finger. 'Good gracious, I see the clear day,' she said. 'I wept when I saw her joy.'"

One condition Knut demanded; before he tried to cure any body he asked them if they believed that God would help them through him. He immediately felt when they did not do that, and then he retired. There was a little girl at the capital, Klostania, who had become paralyzed in her feet and got articular nodes on one arm. No physician had been able to cure her, and she had tried several. She dragged herself along on two crutches. Then the parents hearing that Knut was not so very far off, they sent the girl to him. She was then 16 years of age. A sister accompanied her. It was in the year 1837. They came to the farm where Knut was, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At the same time an old man came and asked for help, but Knut answered: "I cannot help you, because you have committed fraud, but these two young girls I hope to help, because they are innocent children." Both sisters were led into a room, and Knut asked the sick one to undress herself. So she did. The ring was taken from her finger, the comb out of her hair and the earrings removed. He rubbed her over her whole body, and cried fearfully when he came to the diseased spot. He continued for more than one hour. Then he said she should rise, and she rose and stood on her feet, which she had not been able to do since she was five years old. Knut said that she now was all right, but it was best to use the crutches one year more, then she would entirely have gained her health.

Dorothea, that was the name of the sister, had also a message from her mother, but Knut said: "I can do nothing for her; she has got her evil by giving birth to a child, she will never recover from that, but she suffers from a bad foot."

"No," Dorothea answered.

"Yes," Knut said, "she has a sore toe." Then he gave her three straws, which she should tie round the toe, one every Thursday night for three weeks.

The day after Knut was to return home. Dorothea knew he would not receive any money. She had bought some coffee and sugar, and some stuff for a waist and some neckties, and in the middle of the bundle she hid five dollars. Knut took the bundle, but before he unlocked it, he said: "Take back three dollars, please. I will not have more than two for the travelling expenses." But even this Knut considered too much. After a while there came a box from Knut to the girl at the capital, containing a fine cheese as a present.

The two sisters remained some days at the farm, and then they commenced their trip back. After having walked some miles the cured girl would throw off her crutches. Her sister reminded her what Knut had said, but she threw them off nevertheless. Her mother got quite a shock seeing her daughter running towards her without crutches, but she could scarcely move herself. In their absence her toe had suddenly become sore, and looked very bad. The girls took their straw and told her what Knut had said. The mother followed his advice, and recovered.

A woman sent her servant girl to Knut in order to ask a remedy for some disease. She had sent some nice wool with the girl. The girl thought, however, it was a little too much, and then she hid some of the wool for her own part under a tree. Knut was exceedingly merry when the girl entered. "I cannot help your mistress," he said, "and you must return the gift; but do not forget to pick up the other part you hid under the birch-tree."

In the year 1874 a tenant was lost down at Birli, 40 miles from Knut's home. Sixty men had searched for him in vain. At last they sent a man to Knut. He told Knut that the lost man's wife was the last one who had seen him. "Yes, and they quarreled when they parted," Knut said.

"Is the man still living?" the other asked.

"No, he has killed himself," Knut said.

"Where?"

"He hangs north-west from his home."

"They have searched there."

"Yes, you searched around there where his wife left him; but he went after her, and he hangs nearer to the house in a big spruce. You can see the spruce from the farm."

The man returned, and accompanied with the schoolmaster and sheriff, went to the big spruce visible from the farmhouse, and there they found the unfortunate man hanging, just as Knut had said.

A man from Fron in Gudbrandsdalen, by name Kristen Troen, left for America in the spring, 1859. He intended to visit an aunt there; but as there never came any letter from him, his mother grew anxious, and went to Knut. She came to Knut on the third of July, at three o'clock in the afternoon. She asked if her son had come safely to his destiny. Knut sat quiet a while. "I can not hear anything yet," he said. The mother spent the night there, and in the morning Knut entered very happy. "Now I have good tidings from your boy," he said. "He is with his aunt, and has been well all the time." When the letter came at last it was found that Knut had spoken the truth. The boy had arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening the same day his mother had visited Knut.

Simon Hovde had a son by the name of Michael. One day he ran away. His elder brother, Clemet, went to Knut in order to ask where his brother had gone. Knut had just returned from some trout fishing; "I felt that somebody was waiting for me," he said. "I know your errand, but we will not think upon that to-night." In the morning Knut said: "Now your brother has returned, and I will tell you further where he has been. He first went to Lillehammer. There he fell in with the owner of the Kros farm. He took him into his wagon, and he got work with him; but he did not like the work, and especially because he must lay in the stable; and then he returned. He is a restless fellow. He will not stay long at home." Clemet would not believe him, but said nothing. Knut laughed. "You may well believe me," he said. "When Clemet came home, every word of what Knut had said was proven true. The next year the 'restless fellow' went to America."

In the year 1828 Knut was at the Tallang farm in Gansdal. The son of the house lay in bed with him. He says: "Knut was restless during the whole night. He read the Bible and he prayed. I did not get a wink of sleep either. I was afraid of him, he looked so homely. In the dawn I rose. 'I have been restless this night,' Knut said. 'You have not slept either, I suppose. The trouble is, there has come a man from the Saksum valley to speak with me. Go and tell him to come immediately. He sleeps on the bench in the other building.' Our sleeping room was situated so that it was impossible either to see or hear the man. I went to the other house and found him, as Knut had told. He had hardly entered the threshold before Knut said: 'I know your errand. I cannot help that man; you must go to the physician as fast as you can.'"

In the spring of 1835 Knut dug a well at the Huseby farm. "It will be a restless Kaster," Knut said to the housewife. "To-morrow there will come many from the East." And the next day 14 men from Odalen came to him.

One morning the breakfast table pulled and shook Knut so that he suddenly dropped his wooden spoon and stretched his right arm toward the East. His head turned also in that direction. "I cannot have peace for those people," he muttered, and then a new lot of people appeared later from the direction where Knut had pointed. One day as he sat in his room, he suddenly said: "Now they find that man who was lost on the mountain this winter."

The gift he had to describe in the minutest details places where he never had been, was remarkable. A man was lost at Eau Claire, Wisconsin; they searched for him in vain. Then his comrades sent a letter to Knut in Norway, asking for the man, because he was a Norwegian. Knut then described on the other side of the ocean the surroundings of Eau Claire so distinctly, and pointed out the bay where the dead man lay among the logs so exactly that his body was easily found.

I have spoken with a woman who sought Knut for her sick boy, and he described the place where she lived far off so minutely that he even told her how many stabs there were in the floor of her wash-house. She did not know it herself, but by coming home and counting she found that Knut was right. His ability to describe places he had never seen readers may see from the following conversation between him and a man his biographer sent to him in order to find water on his farm:

"I am sent from a man in Oyer in order to ask for water," the man said.

"Well, well, do they ask for water there, where they have so plenty of it?" Knut replied.

"Yes they have no water near to the house."

"There is plenty of water on the farm where you come from. They have a well there before. Dig deeper, and you will have abundance of water."

"But they like to have a pump in the yard," the man said.

"There is a sinking in the ground higher up than the farm," Knut said. "Do you know where it is? There is a road there."

"No, there is no sinking in the common road."

"It is not the common road; it looks like a cattle path."

"Yes, you are right."

"There stands a birch in the sinking. Beneath the birch is a spot where the grass will

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Spiritism and Black Magic vs. Theosophy and Spiritualism.

BY JESSE SHEPARD.

I have been deeply impressed with an article in the JOURNAL of October 22nd, entitled "Black Magic in Disguise," taken from an English publication. Most heartily do I endorse every word it contains, and I believe the time is at hand for plain speech on the subject from all who profess themselves students of rational Spiritualism as opposed to necromancy, sorcery and black art of Spiritism. But at the outset, let me warn certain individuals that I do not intend to enter into discussion with them concerning any point at issue, nor have I the time to peruse any criticism, favorable or unfavorable, that may be called forth by articles from my pen. Let me define and analyze as briefly as I can, the different factors which work together in our midst, seemingly with diverse aims, but all tending to land upon one common ground of action and belief.

Theosophy, at first repugnant by reason of its false claims and its extravagant antics at Bombay, has outgrown its symptoms of disease and is fast becoming a law unto itself. It is no respecter of persons but has compelled people to respect it; and entering the field before the mind cure or modern metaphysics, it can justly claim precedence in this article. Metaphysics, or as some term it, Christian Science, is but an unconscious adjunct of Theosophy. A prominent metaphysician said to me recently that she regarded Christian Science as but a stepping stone to Indian Philosophy. Leaving the theory of re-incarnation out of the question, there can be no doubt about the influence Theosophy, aided by Christian Science, is bound to have on thousands of Spiritualists who have been wavering between skepticism and the churches for years past.

With what keen wisdom Eliphas Levi says: "A great action always opens the way for a great reaction," and the secret of consummate success lies solely in the ability to foresee reactions. To oppose one's self to a current that is beginning to run its circle, is to court destruction. It appears to me the most extravagant error that can be committed, that on the part of the Spiritualists, or phenomenal enthusiasts, to oppose the intellectual forces which we see manifest so prominently and powerfully in the ranks of Theosophical Spiritualism all over the world to-day. The mediumship as taught and practiced by the Spiritualists of the present, has forced the profound thinker and the refined student to seek new elements of spiritual lore and wisdom. For forty years the husks of the densest materialism imaginable have been dealt out to the philosopher and the ignorant alike. No distinction has been made, no line has been drawn, no limit set for liberty of speech or mode of action in any form. Above all, no moral subjugation, no self-denial, no mental training was deemed necessary, none spoken of or demanded. The whims and caprices of the masses were formulated into a philosophy, which was taken up and preached from the rostrum, practiced in the séance room, and promulgated freely everywhere. During this time, the churches, becoming more liberal and philosophic, turned to account what they saw good in Spiritualism, and profiting by the influx of fresh thought in orthodox circles, set about to strengthen their waning influence. Men like Beecher, Hawes, Thomas, Swing, Newton, Savage and others wise enough to grasp the real situation, augmented their flocks and their forces by judiciously accepting the new face of affairs, advancing with the tide of spiritualized thought, and still maintaining sufficient conservatism to mellow and mould their followers within proper bounds of liberty and worship, directed the reins of religious reverence with a firm hand and a steady hand. These men being gifted with true sight, could see the test hunters, given over to sensation and wonder working, being left to themselves, plunged into utter chaos. Not a circle in the land, not a society that could see far enough ahead to devise means to escape the impending disaster. The squabbles, the chronic inharmonious, the riot of clashing interests and envious strife, could not go on forever, without chasing away the very minds that were doing credit to the cause by their sober, conservative example and counsel. And so it came about that just at the time that Theosophy began to be talked of, the churches also began to set their houses in order, the better to reap the spoils of the contending factions. We have therefore, not only these two elements sapping our ranks, but a third in the form of Christian Science, which comes in at a time when no one is expecting it, like a powerful array of warriors storming our camp at the dead of night. Not more certain am I that man is immortal, than that Theosophy and Metaphysics have come to stay.

There is no power on earth can successfully breast this storm of philosophic thought which has swept down upon us just, in time to save the world from the blight of phenomenal materiality which has already parched the fair fields of Spiritualism. The idea that the immortality of the soul can only be brought home to our consciousness by physical phenomena is one of those gross errors worthy of the Pagan age that invented it. Theosophy rises superior to assertions like this, in that it teaches a higher and more philosophical mode of conveying a consciousness of immortality. It is in no way set itself against true Spiritualism, for the student of the soul, the seeker after the ideal, must be, and is always, in direct harmony with divine illumination, that springs from the basic elements of Spirituality, as developed in the intuitive, the inspirational and the moral faculties of man's highest conceptions of truth and progress. But the Spiritualism which has taken such deep root in the hearts of so many thousands is antagonistic to Theosophy, liberal Christianity and modern metaphysics. It finds and seeks to favor anywhere beyond its narrow limits, and to-day is the cause of more bigotry and ignorance than are to be met with in the advanced churches of our land.

I never in my own mind, think of comparing the liberality of modern Catholicism with that of modern Spiritualism. There are those who loudly profess the practice of a spiritualized charity; who profess to be far removed from all selfish motives; who profess to a superior elevation of thought, judgment and justice; who proclaim their convictions before all men and boast of their great appreciation of mediums and their work; yet who would not feel the slightest sting of conscience in robbing a hard-worked medium of his due, and heaping with abuse all who in the least manner show a spirit of individuality and independence of character.

Perhaps the world has never known in any period of its history, a physical and moral slavery equal to a life of professional mediumship. It is only within the past three or four years that a medium has dared to

claim a right to think as a moral entity. I remember the time when to be a medium was adequate to a confession of ignorance, vulgarity and stupidity; and when the slightest claim to self-knowledge or culture was tantamount to being called proud, egotistical, vain, and what not.

The German Spiritualists who have accepted the maxims of Theosophy, are not without reason when they say that Spiritism leads to positive, selfish materialism. When men are taught to look upon a large class of human beings as mere spirit machines, to deal out glib talk on politics, metaphysics, religion, fortune telling and the like, how are we to expect them to become appreciative fellow mortals in a personal and spiritual sense?

A medium, in the eyes of a large majority of those who believe in spirit communion, is an ignorant, negative, irresponsible, good-for-nothing creature, so far as this world goes. To be anything else would unfit one for the attributes of mediumship, is the cry heard on all sides. In these days, a man who is an enthusiastic believer in one who generally believes himself better than his fellow orthodox friends, and who uses a medium once or twice a week for a kind of fortune-telling séance, where flattery and nonsense play an important part, and where the medium is held in contempt by the sitters, for the reason that the sitters seek only self-gratification and worldly benefits thereby, and cannot in the nature of things regard the medium in any other light. The deep disgust with which a large portion of thinking minds look upon mediumship is attributable to the fact that machine inspiration and tests no longer play an important part in the world. I see it everywhere, hear it spoken by the best people every day, and to deny it, would be like denying the roar of Niagara. I believe in progress, and the right to advance slowly out of old errors, mere beliefs and imaginative theories. I believe that every soul here below has the divine right to outgrow error and superstition, and learn a little more every day.

The mediums who are content to live on in their ways of ignorance and unconscious trance conditions, not only injure themselves, but the moral tone of the whole world. But another and more serious error has been, and is still being taught by our writers and speakers. I allude to the vulgar superstition that every remarkable work or action done by mortal man is the work of spirits. W. J. Colville in San Francisco is publicly teaching this kind of doctrine, and proclaims the mind-reading of Irving Bishop to be mediumship. Mr. Colville knows that he is simply giving a loud verbal expression to the secret sentiments of a majority in his audience who ought to know better. It has come to that pass, that a man can do nothing of his own accord. A writer, a speaker, a painter, no longer possesses the gift of expressing anything original. All men are simply tools in the hands of spirits who fill the air everywhere, seeking whom they may influence, if not devour. The veriest upstart is pronounced a wonderful medium by the gaping Spiritualist. If he but finds a hidden pin, or chances on an invention of some kind, while the man of real talent is spoken lightly of as an "instrument!"

No wonder Spiritism is demoralizing. When people are taught to put no trust in themselves, when little children are taught to pray to some spirit, and whole communities schooled to regard the brightest minds among them as mere spiritual prophets, how is it possible to develop self-respect, moral worth, and true dignity of character? This is indeed a revival of paganism, a dressing up of old mythology to suit the caprices of the nineteenth century.

In ancient Greece they used to seek advice of the Gods on the most whimsical pretext, and the mediums in the temples did nothing else but act as the oracles of the different spirits ruling in the heavens. But the ancient custom possessed an advantage over that of the present day, in that no one tried to rob men and women of their own talents by declaring them mere machines for spirits to play upon. They gave due credit to each individual intellect, without regard to their spiritual belief and claims. Theosophy teaches a better and purer philosophy than any heretofore preached and practiced by Spiritualists. It teaches that man is immortal, and that he contains within himself the germs of the grandest spiritual possibilities. It is possible for us to conceive while yet on the earth: it is infinitely preferable to Spiritism for the reason that it develops the human heart and mind in a manner that raises the individual into the highest conceptions of human justice, appreciation, and spirituality.

Theosophy, pure and simple, means the development in each soul of the "superior condition" so much spoken of by Andrew Jackson Davis. It means Spiritualism, but not Spiritism. And this superior condition is never known where discordant, selfish, materiality prevails. The elements of wonder working and phenomenal sensations cannot develop it, nor does it come to those who seek it not. The mediumship as commonly practiced creates no reverence in the mind of the sitters, nor is it a possible thing to inspire thinking minds with respect and veneration, while communications are given through persons who have nothing but their extreme ignorance to boast of. I am acquainted with many Spiritualists who, on hearing a fine sermon, or reading a powerful article, set their brains to work to solve the riddle of who the spirit was that inspired such fine things, losing sight altogether of the scholarship, wit and eloquence of the preacher, or the wit and wisdom of the writer. The envious ignorant, possessing no talent nor culture, have a peculiar way in which they seek to lower talented men and women to their own level, and that is attempted in the supercilious and malicious assertion that great intellects are mere tools. Assertions like this remind me of a striking passage in the writings of the Abbé Roux. "What is slander?" he asks: "A verdict of guilty pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defence or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge."

The most interested and prejudiced people in the world are the people who proclaim every one a medium who shows individuality of character. I can conceive of no greater evil in society than this. The idea that all the learning, the science, the profound thought, the varied mental and physical experiences of life are to be set down on the basis of negative, unconscious mediumship, is not only disgusting but absolutely wicked. It is an abominable slander on the lives and the works of the great intellects who have by dint of patience and the severest ordeals, risen above the mediocre and commonplace. No man has a right to pronounce another a medium unless he can prove it by actual knowledge. Nor is it considered an honor to be a medium in any sense. Because we believe a thing, does not make that thing a verity. Our beliefs are usually not facts, but illusions caused by desire to have a thing as we wish it, hence a self-willed man

is the most selfish individual in the world, and of such is the kingdom of Spiritism composed. To say that talented people are ashamed to call themselves mediums is not true. Persons of real culture, who have gifts which cannot be put down by sneers and criticism, rarely, if ever, claim to be mediums. Whatever a man can do that is really scholarly and surpassingly perfect proceeds from his inner consciousness and not from mediumship. Only the imperfect, the undeveloped, the obscure seek a channel through mediums, and this is why mediumship is usually so unsatisfactory.

When the intellect is so developed and independent as to attain the plane of profound thought, then the mind is master of itself; it does not require a spirit to do its work. Dr. Hubbe-Schlieden is right; there is nothing to be learned by being the unconscious slave to any spirit or class of spirits, and it is my firm conviction that anything which enslaves the individual mind, cannot elevate the world collectively. I used to take special pride in my ignorance of books, but I do so no longer, nor have I done so for some years past. At present I take especial pride in learning all I can that I feel will benefit me, and my advice to mediums is: Cease to be slaves to the whims and selfishness of a materialistic Spiritism, and take your place in the world among beings who are considered at least human and civilized. Let your inspirations, if you have any, lead your audiences to seek a more cultured and less sensational life; let your spirit friends, if you have any, teach you to cease gossip and scandal, and above all, read good books, converse with your superiors, commune with nature alone, as Emerson has so well recommended, and rise superior to the half-imbecile, half-savage, abnormal condition of the trance which tends to weaken, but never makes strong. Look upon all who advise you to maintain a stolid indifference to culture, as your worst enemies. Beware of all who treat you as puppets, who would "work" you for their own gratification, or in any way take up your time and strength without proper appreciation in some manner, spiritual or pecuniary; in fine, cease to be mental slaves.

Buried Alive for Six Weeks.

The whole medical world has read the narrative given in McGregor's "History of the Sikhs," and Osborne's "Camp and Court of Ranjet Singh," of the burial for six weeks of a Dekhni Sadhu who had thrown himself into the state of samadhi, and his subsequent disinterment and restoration to life and consciousness. The facts are so well authenticated by witnesses of perfect credibility as to make the case one of great importance to the student of Oriental Yoga. On my first visit to Lahore I was fortunate enough to procure the personal testimony of a living witness—a Hindu gentleman who was clerk to the then British Resident at Lahore, Sir Andrew Wade, and an eye-witness. His account substantiated the narratives of McGregor, Wade and Osborne, and was valuable on that account. During my latest visit to the capital of Panjab, I met still another eye-witness, a venerable man now employed as Head Granthi, or teacher of the Sikh Scriptures, in the Government College, Lahore. His story runs as follows:

"I know all the facts concerning the Sadhu who sat for Samadhi for six months underground in the time of M. Ranjet Singh, and am an eye-witness. The account is as follows:

"First, the village of Phalot, six kos from Jessota, Sirdar Sarup Singh and I were there, where I saw the Sadhu and introduced him to the Sirdar. On our asking the reason of his visit, he said he was going to take samadhi on the hills, and we asked him to do so there, and why take the trouble of going there. It was the month of Asw—Sammat—I do not remember the exact year. His food was a little milk, rice and some dal, the whole less than a pas (quarter of a seer). To prepare himself for the samadhi he began to lessen his food. After all he took only some milk, and after some hours he got the milk out of his stomach and tested it on fire, and it was exactly the pure milk. This was a test to him that his internal organs were now all clear and pure.

"After all this was done he got himself into a bag in posture. Padmasana, his Chela, sewed up the bag; the bag was put into a box which was locked up; the key was with me. The box was put into a room and the room was walled up. Only a small hole was kept in the wall for the purpose of burning dhoop, etc., and making Asti by the Chela and ourselves the town people.

"After six months, when spring (Chaitra Valsakh) came, Urd-alta and Jalpal, Lomag and Jawitri and other warm substances, a bread like a cap was baked. The door was broken open. The key was taken from me and the box opened, and the bag too. The Sadhu was seen hard like wood, but no sign of death, the body was not withered nor worn out. His Chela—Lachman Das—put his finger into his mouth, caught the tongue which was turned over into the throat, kept the tongue for some time in his hand, and it got straight, and the prepared cap was put upon his head, and fire was kept upon that. Great noise was kept by guns, rifles, musical instruments, etc., etc., clapping, songs. After some minutes the Sadhu opened his eyes like a child, slowly shutting them again, and so on. After some hours he gave motion to his hands, feet, etc.

"For two days he was weak, and on the third he appeared as well as before, and began to take his ordinary food. When this samadhi was over there was a great fair, people from Jessota, Narot, Kuthua, Pathankat, etc., etc., gathered together and rejoiced on the occasion. There were good offerings, and a good sum was collected, which was all distributed as charity.

"His name was Jamna Das. He had Ek-mukhirdraksha and Narbadeshwar Mahadev.

"All the above is declared by me as an eye-witness to the whole affair, and now the after accounts of the Sadhu I dictate as heard: "After the fame of the Sadhu was spread far and wide, Raja Sanchet Singh—officer of the army—invited him to the Ramnagar (Jammu), and there also he sat for samadhi for six months. After this was over, Maharajah Ranjet Singh invited him with great élat with elephant procession, etc., etc., and got him put up at Amritsar—Kania Wali Dhab. There also he took samadhi for six months. Maharajah also living there from curiosity. After he came out successfully the Maharajah presented him many valuable presents.

"Then Raja Dhyani Singh invited the Sadhu to Lahore, and he took samadhi in the garden of Raja Dhyani Singh, near Badami-bagh, as usual for six months. Raja Sahib also gave him good presents, and the Sadhu returned to his native land, Deccan, with valuables of about two lacs as the people say."

(Bhai Chandra Singh, Chief Granthi, Oriental College, Lahore, A. D. 1887, date June 4.)

To spare the reader the trouble of hunting up Dr. McGregor's book—long out of print and scarce—I shall copy the following extracts:

"A novel scene occurred at one of these garden houses in February, 1837. A fakier who arrived in Lahore engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, without either food or drink! Ranjet disbelieved his assertions, and was determined to put them to the proof; for this purpose the man was shut up in wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the level of the ground—there was a folding door to this box which was secured by lock and key. Surrounding this apartment there was the garden house, the door of which was likewise locked; and outside of this a high wall, having the door built up with bricks and mud. Outside the whole there was placed a line of sentries, so that no one could approach the building. The strictest watch was kept for the space of forty days and forty nights; at the expiration of this period, the Maharajah, attended by his grandson and several of his Sirdars, as well as General Ventum, Captain Wade and myself, proceeded to disinter the fakier.

"The bricks and mud were quickly removed from the doorway of the outer wall, the door of the house was next unlocked, and lastly, that of the box containing the fakier; the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which, the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture. His hands and arms were pressed to his sides, and his legs and thighs crossed. The first part of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this, a hot cake of atta was placed on the crown of his head; a plug was next removed from one of his nostrils; on this being done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, which had been closely applied to the roof of his mouth, brought forward, and both it and the lips anointed with ghee or melted butter; during this part of the process, I could not feel the pulsation of the wrist, though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eye-lids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little ghee was applied to the latter. The eyelids presented a dim, suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation, the pulse was felt, while the unnatural temperature of the body quickly decreased. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low as to make them inaudible. By and by his speech was re-established, and he recognized the bystanders, he addressing himself to the Maharajah, who was seated opposite to him, watching all his movements. When the fakier was able to converse, the completion of the feat was announced by the discharge of guns, and other demonstrations of joy; while a rich chain of gold was placed around his neck by Ranjet himself, and earrings, bangles, shawls, etc., were presented to him.

"However extraordinary this feat may appear to both Europeans and natives, it is impossible to explain it on physiological principles, and equally difficult to account for the means which the man employed in his successful imposition; for he not only denied having tasted food or drink, but even maintained his having stopped the functions of respiration during the period of forty days and forty nights, resembling in this respect the child before birth."

Then comes the author's attempt to explain away the astounding physiological phenomena he had seen. Of course, he puts forward the theory of trickery—the favorite resource of European commentators upon Asiatic psycho-physiological wonders; but he gives no fact of a suspicious character to support his theory. He plainly tells us that the Maharajah disbelieved the Sadhu's ability to perform the feat, and took the precaution of surrounding the house with an armed guard, night and day until the disaster occurred. The "Lion of the Panjab" was not a man to be trifled with, least of all by his body-guard, and there is not one probability in a thousand that any confederates could have helped the Yogi to elude his vigilance. Moreover, our present witness, Sirdar Chandra Singh, tells us of similar samadhis by the same ascetic at Phalot and Jammu, and McGregor mentions the rumor that there had been one by the same man at Jesselmere. The simple truth is that our modern physiologists must wait until they have mastered the science of Yoga before pretending to really know the mysteries of the constitution of man.—H. S. OLCOCK, in the Theosophist.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Christian Science and Spiritualism
 BY THOS. HARDING.

The study of Metaphysics has occupied my attention some twenty-five years, and as I desire to obtain all the information possible on the subject from every source, I have recently placed myself under the instruction of "Christian Science." I have also carefully searched for new ideas through its literature, and performed the laborious task of transcribing all the manuscript lectures delivered to me as a student, in order that I might be the better qualified, and more clearly comprehend the precise theory and application of the new methods of healing mental and physical disease; yet I must say that as far as the ideas themselves are concerned, they do not suggest anything new to me; although the method of their application to disease, differ somewhat from those I have found efficacious in private practice.

I cannot perceive why Christian Science should be considered antagonistic to Spiritualism or Spiritism to it. A spiritualized Spiritualism, and a truly intelligent Christian Science are not incompatible. The doctrine of the unreality or subjectivity of matter is sustained by the physical manifestations of Spiritualism, while the doctrine of spirit-return and assistance are not opposed to the teachings of Christ. Why should Christian Science be opposed to spirit-return if the returning spirits are true and wise, and come for a good purpose?

We read in the history of Christ, as given in the New Testament, how "angels" or good spirits "ministered unto him"—"strengthening him" and "conversing with him"—and surely the Christian Scientist could have no objection to a similar experience; he could not possibly consider himself better than his Lord, whose name he is so proud to bear. But the Christian Scientist and the Spiritualist should be alike interested in the discouragement of unwise, false and unprofitable communications, and if both possess the mind of Christ, they would try to make them better as he did by "preaching to the spirits in prison."

If all "Good" is God, as Christian Scientists say it is, then all those who have been healed through the agency and power of

Spirits, were cured by God just as much as if the work had been done without their agency.

Again, the "divine energy" of the Christian Scientist is fully recognized by the Spiritualist. Under the "divine energy" I have seen the sick and the suffering spring to their feet and through its exercise overcome the disease so effectually that it never returned.

The Christian Scientist practitioner's office is to cause the patient to think true or correct thoughts; but may not a practitioner out of the physical form do this as well as one in it? and in either case is not the practitioner a medium?

The first negation of Christian Science is that "matter is unreal," does not exist, in fact that it is only an appearance; if that be true, what is a Christian Scientist practitioner but a communicating spirit? "God is the sum total of goodness, intelligence and truth; there is nothing real but him," is the doctrine of the Christian Scientist. Then why should he not be willing to share the honor of his work with a fellow spirit? and the fact of his being covered with a body composed of unreal matter, and that the other is not, should make no difference, as a body which "does not exist" is the nearest thing possible to no body at all.

If the world were to live up intelligently and reasonably to the principles of Christian Science, it would be greatly the gainer; and the individual who regards the material world as under his feet, while his head and heart are high up in the atmosphere of truth and virtue, is a superior being. But even Mrs. Eddy herself, solely depending on her science, which teaches that matter and material condition have no existence and are only apparent, would not dare to take her "non-existent" body out into the "unreal" frost when the mercury is thirty below zero, without nothing on but a linen suit; if she did I am disposed to think that the consequences would have the appearance of reality. Or should she place her ungloved hand in a glowing fire, even though she summoned all her faith in the non-existence of fire to her aid, I fear she would be burned. Now I do not undervalue the power of my spirit (Good, Truth or God), I know it can accomplish wonders, so can divine energy or will; and Mrs. Eddy might perform either or both of the above exploits and apply this power, if aided by the spirit, which she ignores, and pass through the ordeal unscathed. Such things have been done by spirit mediums with impunity. Why should Christian Scientists decline such powerful aid as this if it can be obtained—particularly if it can come only from God, or the "All Good."

Perhaps the Christian Scientist will reply that "God, Good or Truth is Omnipotent, and does not need assistance; that the God principle in the patient is all sufficient. But God or Truth does work through agents; nevertheless "Faith is the gift of God," and it was through the agent, "Christ Jesus," that Truth wrought the works recorded in the New Testament, and it was through the agency of Dr. Quinby first, and Mrs. Eddy next, that the Truth in Christian Science was taught, and were it not for the agency of Mrs. Eddy in the matter she never would have been able to obtain \$300 from each of her pupils. Though Truth is Omnipotent, it cannot "have free course and be glorified" until the obstruction shall have been first removed by the practitioner. And in some cases it would seem that the "Love of God" and the love of money work together, which they ought not.

The cure it is admitted is performed actually by the spirit in the patient himself, but the patient must be taught, in one way or another to arise into the light. No man can see that light until an agent removes the "Hood-wink" while he continues to walk in the darkness "like a stumbleth." A very insignificant agent, if used by the Omnipotent, is sufficient to accomplish the end, yet Jesus said, "I can of myself do nothing; it is my father who doeth the works." Truth is Alpha and Omega, beginning and end, but it uses means to accomplish ends, for all that.

When we try to deal justly we shall find much to admire even in the characters of those with whom we differ, and there is scarcely a fraternity or institution which does not accomplish some good. As there is but one "God," that is, one Truth universal, one Supreme Good, one Divine Energy, permeating the boundless whole, operating in and through all things, so when rightly viewed we discover that Divine something which "makes for righteousness" in both Spiritualism and Christian Science. Like the honey bee, let us gather sweetness from every flower. If an exalted spirit (like Jesus, for instance, who promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world) should inspire a Christian Scientist, would he dare to turn away; and shall not the Spiritualist be willing to listen to divine promptings within him, though no spirit or external agent be employed?

I know, from experience, that an appeal to spirits as agents or angels of the Infinite to assist me to do good, has helped me many a time, and that their aid is wonderfully efficacious. I hope none of us will be so unwise as to ignore such powerful assistance. We must put away our idols! Should the practitioner of this new method turn off from the "good" in Spiritualism, he may thereby be enlightening all that Christian Science deems Divine.

Sturgis, Mich.

Cremation.

The crematory of Paris is announced to be opened next month. This building, which is situated in the north of the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, has the form of a parallelogram and is three stories high, surmounted by two chimneys in white stone. The facade is in black and white marble, over which are three domes, and a large vestibule has also been erected. Dr. Brouardel, in a report which he has drawn up on the working of the crematory, estimates that the furnaces will be able to consume 4,500 bodies annually, which is said to be about the average number of corpses leaving the hospitals in Paris during the year. The Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill authorizing cremation, which, however, is only optional, and it only remains for the senate to sanction it, before it can be adopted by the public, but it is doubtful if this mode of disposing of the dead will become popular among the French.

One of the ugliest of the flabby tribe is the toadfish, a slimy creature not even an enthusiast could venture to touch. The enormous mouth extends in a semi-circle from side to side and is the most prominent feature of the soft wedge-shaped body. The colors are ill-defined and impress one with their dirtiness, adding to the disagreeable effect. Repulsive-looking as the toadfish is, it is said to manifest more care for its young than is usual among fishes, redeeming its appearance by its moral character.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 19, 1887.

A Sunday Morning's Experience.

On a bright, frosty November morning he sat in his library, wondering which of the various topics lying before him he should discuss with the *JOURNAL*'s readers. It was a Sunday morning and "copy" must be in the printer's hands early the next day. His eyes wandered from the table, out of the east window upon the beautiful lake whose waves uniting with the sandy beach, sounded an anthem of praise which was caught by cathedral bells and carried westward. He was in no mood to write, it was pleasanter to watch the many sail coming and going and dream away the hours, coaxing the rest and recuperation seemingly so necessary. Mechanically he picked at random from his table a letter which read as follows:

What is to be the final outcome of modern Spiritualism? Will it succumb to the combined attacks of old theology from without and fraud and folly from within, or will it, as it should, finally triumph? A somewhat disheartened Spiritualist would like your opinion.

CINCINNATI.

This seems too big a theme to wrestle with of a Sunday morning when one's inspiration leads him by the side of the water and inclines him away from the struggles of the world, thought the subdued occupant of the library as he lazily leaned back in his easy chair and closed his eyes. Just then some one came noiselessly into the room, but the presence didn't arouse him of the easy chair. Over him stole a delightful sense of rest and peace, and then he slept—maybe. Any way when he again turned his eyes upon the letter of Cincinnati, he found lying beside it some yellow sheets of paper covered with writing. This discovery aroused his curiosity, the handwriting somewhat resembled his own, and yet it all had a strange and unfamiliar look. He wondered if it had any reference to the perplexing letter. He still wonders. Will his readers help him out of the quandary? Here is the story he read from those yellow pages:

The Boy and the Old Woman.

Once upon a time there was a stalwart, untrained, bighearted fellow whose great possibilities were not even dreamed of by himself. He was philosopher and fool, comforter and comforted by turns, and neither long. A fellow of cold, hard sense one hour, and a mandarin drollery the next, but with latent powers that when developed and utilized to master his crudities, vagaries, wild conceits, vulgarities and superstitions, promised to make of him in his mature years one of the world's saviors. There was also an aged female whose reputation was not above suspicion, and who passed for this spirited fellow's mother. Whether or no she actually sustained the maternal relation to this bolsterous bud of promise the records do not clearly show, but that she secretly coddled him at times, hunted him up in back alleys and dark garrets, squeezed his hand and gazed longingly in his mischievous but kindly eyes when she thought nobody was looking, is well proven. That she often maliciously slandered him, drubbed him, tried to murder him by strangulation, poison and other standard methods, is well established. That a mother, even a stepmother, could thus conduct herself may seem strange and incredible to one who has not traced human nature to its primary sources and studied its phenomena under all the multiform influences that affect it. The old lady, chameleon-like, could change her appearance to suit the occasion.

A worldly old thing she was; indeed, without punning it might be truthfully said she was two-worldly; for she aspired to run this world and the next. She was a versatile person withal. She could be courageous, generous, kind, cruel, shrilling, aggressive, suppliant, dictatorial, truthful, deceitful; in a word she was equal to any emergency and unchanging only in her unbounded ambition to manage everything and everybody on earth, in heaven and in hell. She assumed to control the destiny of the unborn, to direct them after birth and through life, and finally to turn most of them over to one of her children to be eternally tortured in the territory she had set off to him.

The brawny youth, hereinbefore mentioned, was cruelly and oft beset by the hirings and serfs of the old woman. These attacks came at irregular intervals and varied in impetuosity and method. Sometimes these assaults of the time-serving tyrant swore the youth was a myth, that he never was a reality, that they had searched for him high and low, under tables, behind curtains, in closets, every where in fact—except the right place—and found him not. At other times they affirmed his existence but declared him to be not the son of his mother, but her grandchild conceived in hell and fathered by Satan; without a mother, a diabolical monstrosity. More often, their right being seriously affected by psychophobia and their nerves unstrung by ecclesiastical-neurasthenia, they mistook some other of the old woman's numerous progeny for the one they so feared and detested. But this didn't trouble them when they found it out. Anybody was good-enough-Morgan for crusading purposes. At other times they argued thus: "Only so we can destroy the boy, it matters little how; we can pose a dummy and label it with his name. The camel-swallowing enemies of the youth will accept the personation for the genuine and be satisfied; our cause will gain a point and the old lady will reward us."

Only that the boy was born to a destiny not to be thwarted, and could not be deflected far from the road he was marching half unconsciously and with apparently no clearly formulated purpose, he had been killed outright, or tortured to death. As it was, however, he generally took it all good naturedly, saying, "It pleases the old woman and her kids, and don't hurt me, let them keep it up." It did raise his dander sometimes to have his persecutors play off the personation trick and make folks believe it was the genuine, truly truly boy, but at such times he would remember that some of his friends did the same trick "for purely business purposes," and thus remembering would good naturedly plod along or loiter by the way to help some struggling psychological circus—"just to see idiots gape and swallow," he would say.

Years rolled on until sixty of them had passed over the boy's head, each leaving him stronger of body, clearer of brain and finer in character than the last. The beauty of his face, the sweet gentleness and dignity of his bearing, his marvelous powers of healing and comforting, together with a mighty reserve force ever equal to the most trying emergency, gave him wide-spread and irresistible influence. Even his former persecutors now openly came to him begging mercy and seeking assistance. This change of heart in his adversaries was partly owing to the old woman's rapidly failing health and waning power. Old Theo, as she was called, had done her best to hold supremacy and retain the allegiance of her former servile vassals, but it was of no avail. She had served the purpose of her creation and must like all else of earth pass away, or be absorbed in something better adapted to the wants and demands of all ever increasing intelligence, and the way of higher ethics. Her former subjects, realizing all this, and being moved, some by a desire to get in out of the cold—to attach themselves to the victor—and others by a real growth of understanding and spirit, flocked to the standard of him whom they had once reviled and persecuted. He with God-like charity received them and chided not. And it came to pass that he reigned in the hearts of all men, and helped them to higher endeavor.

Hart on Wolfe.

On another page the *JOURNAL*'s valued correspondent, Dr. Hart, has something to say of the astounding narrative contributed by Dr. Wolfe, and published in the issue of the 29th ult. Dr. Hart quotes our estimate of Dr. Wolfe, and hopes it was written "with a full appreciation of what it imports." It may be said in reply, that while we never write without a "full appreciation of what it imports" to our own mind, we cannot in the nature of things always forecast exactly how it will be understood by each individual reader. Dr. Wolfe does not claim to be infallible in his investigations, and the characteristics which we ascribed to him are such as would lead him to frankly and fearlessly acknowledge a mistake when once convinced he had made it. Dr. Wolfe is not unfamiliar with the bad reputation of Mrs. Fairchild; and he no doubt realized in advance that his narrative would not carry conviction to those whose experiences had not been of a nature to lead them to accept his as not only possible but highly probable. On Theosophical and Swedenborgian hypotheses all that Dr. Wolfe claims to have witnessed may actually have occurred without fraud on the part of the medium, and yet not have been what they seemed; and thousands of people rated above the average of intelligence will explain the manifestations to their own satisfaction, by one or the other hypothesis.

Dr. Hart thinks that if one accept our statement that "some individuals possess marked qualities for stimulating the powers of the sensitive or medium, and aiding spirits in emphasizing their demonstrations far beyond the ordinary exhibits.... he has little else to do than acquiesce in and accept whatever is told him." No such inference can be justly drawn; it would not have been by Dr. Hart had he been familiar with the practical side of psychical research, or had he given more careful reflection to our language. The possession of these stimulating qualities does not necessarily increase the credibility of the possessor. No one knows better, probably, than Dr. Hart, the varying influences of different people upon himself, and the difference in the sensations produced by the presence or conversation of the same individual at different times. In the presence of some people one's intellect is stimulated, faculties exalted, and a power and facility of expression displayed quite superior to the ordinary exhibit, while the atmosphere of other equally as good and agreeable people seems to dull one's perception, limits comprehension and restricts normal exercise of the faculties. To say that these varying and opposite states are the result of physio-psychological changes induced by the proximity of different individuals, does not clear up the mystery nor bring one to the last analysis. Science is as yet only nibbling at the periphery of that mysterious psychological circle within which stands a vast body of occult phenomena defying closer approach except through tortuous paths, slow, toilsome and perplexing.

It is quite true that statements like those of Dr. Wolfe confound if they do not convince; as Dr. Hart well puts it, "they asphyxiate thought." And because of this we desire above all things to see a well-endowed and completely equipped psychical institution for experiment, study and practical application of what may be learned. Sporadic phenomena and the exhibitions usually given by professional mediums under conditions of their own making, do not furnish the data requisite for trustworthy generalizations. They stimulate love of the marvellous in one class, unfitting many for the practical duties of every day life; and cause another class to turn from the subject in disgust, and contemptuous pity for those who pursue it. Both classes though widely apart as the poles unite in enlarging the difficulties and increasing the burdens of a third class whose members recognize traces of pure metal and seek to reach a level where the output shall be worth refining and utilizing in the struggle along the difficult road leading to knowledge and perfect happiness.

Don't Claim, too Much.

The *Gilroy (Cal.) Advocate* asks:

"How many of these people who clasp hands over the tables to commune with spirits, have made their mark in literature or science?"

The *Golden Gate* quotes the question, and answers as follows:

One must be strangely ignorant of the current facts of the age to ask such a question. In literature, for instance, it is possible that the *Advocate* man has never heard of W. M. Thackeray, Gerald Massey, Archbishop Whately, William and Mary Howitt, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Sergeant Cox, Epes Sargent, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Chambers, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Lytton, Victor Hugo, Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Count A. de Gasparin, Lady Calhoun, Prof. George Bush, Wm. Denton, Bishop Clark, Prof. Alex. Wilder, etc., etc., all of whom are, or were in their mortal life time Spiritualists? In science, has he never heard of Dr. Hare, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, Prof. Crookes, Prof. A. R. Wallace, Prof. Varley, Dr. Wm. Gregory, Prof. Zoller, Mr. Ashburner, Prof. Fischer, Prof. Fichte, Prof. Weber, Prof. Butler, Prof. Mages, Dr. Robert Friese, M. Camille Flammarion, etc., etc.? We wonder if he has ever heard of President Tilden, President Lincoln, or Queen Victoria? We might extend these lists indefinitely, but that we are reminded of an old adage, etc.

Unwittingly, no doubt, the *Golden Gate* conveys the idea that all these illustrious people are, or were while on earth, Spiritualists. Such is by no means the case. Scattered through the list are the names of many who were avowed Spiritualists; of others who never clearly defined their final conclusions, and of one who was not only not a Spiritualist but an able and influential opponent of the spirit hypothesis. Count Agénor de Gasparin, a Frenchman whose family, of Italian origin, came into France from the island of Corsica between one hundred and two hundred years ago, is this brilliant writer and opposer of modern Spiritualism. He was a French Protestant, and is spoken of by Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., as "a scholar in the highest and best sense of the word—his acquisitions being at once various and profound." Dr. Baird further says:

"During the few years he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Count Gasparin delivered several speeches which reflected the highest honor on his courage as a man in fearlessly avowing and defending the true principles of Christianity. In particular his efforts in behalf of Religious Liberty, both in the Senate and the courts of law, were eminently able and effective, though far from acceptable to the government, which was then rapidly succumbing to the influence of the Jesuits. In consequence of this he failed to be re-elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and retired to the walks of private life."

Count Gasparin was a warm advocate of the Union during the civil war in this country, and published two books in support of his views, which were translated and republished in New York. He opposed the Franco-German war and appealed to the French people not to persevere in it. His death was hastened by his care of refugees from Bourbaki's army, whom he received into his house. He passed to spirit life from Geneva, Switzerland, on May 14th, 1871, when not sixty-one years of age.

On his return from extended travels in the Holy Land and adjacent countries, upon which he entered immediately after leaving political life, Gasparin took up his residence at Valeray, Switzerland. "It was there," says Dr. Baird, "in the years of 1853-4, his attention was called to the subject of 'Turning Tables,' which was then exciting much interest in France and Switzerland. Believing that great evils were likely to result from the delusions to which the abuse of this phenomenon seemed to give rise, he applied himself conscientiously to the study of its causes. With the aid of personal friends, in whom he could implicitly confide, he devoted several months to the investigation of the subject. He was stimulated to undertake this task, by seeing the 'academies' or branches of the Institute of France, whose province it is (or is supposed to be) to examine into all subjects which have any connection with science, had refused to do so, contenting themselves with pronouncing dogmatically on the question, rather than collecting carefully the facts appertaining to it and making the deductions which a sound philosophy demanded."

The result of Count Gasparin's experiments and studies was a very able work in two volumes entitled, *Des tables tournantes, ou en général des Esprits—Turning Tables, the Supernatural in General and Spirits*.

This was published in 1851, and translated by E. W. Roberts with an introduction by Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., later on. In the English edition, New York, 1857, Kiggins & Kellogg, publishers, the title bears the prefix of "Science vs. Modern Spiritualism," which with Dr. Baird's introduction, plainly indicates that it was published to meet the pressing wants of those opponents of Modern Spiritualism, who, while antagonizing this latter-day demonstration on theological grounds thought it expedient to do so under cover of science.

A few brief quotations from Gasparin will suffice to show the spirit with which he supposed he approached his self-imposed task, for his preconceptions, based on theological bias and religious convictions, were not apparent to him. Here is a word from his preface:

"When I stood forth as a champion for religious liberty, I was assured that I should ruin every thing, and that the moment had not come. . . . When I declared myself a Christian, I was warned that I was a lost man, that my association with the Methodists would deprive me of all the influence I had hitherto possessed, and that in too frankly expressing my sympathies with the Gospel I should lose the means of serving it."

"My friends will pardon me, I trust. I fear I shall never learn to fight according to rule. I have again disregarded the rules to be observed in serious matters, by not waiting until a subject, very serious in itself, had been declared so in form."

"It is even worse than that—I have adopted an isolated position, by which I run the risk of being disclaimed by everybody."

"Two parties were engaged in a controversy in regard to the Turning Tables; instead of taking sides with one against the other, and thus insuring my allies, I turn my back upon both! I offend the men of science by affirming and demonstrating fluid action. I offend the champions of the spirits, by combating their superstitions. . . . But I do not believe my cause will be lost. . . . The opinion which disputes the supernatural pretensions of the new phenomena, and proclaims their physical reality, already begins to gain ground."

And this, it should be recollected, is said by Count Gasparin in 1854. Possibly the astute gentlemen of the Seybert Commission might learn something of the reality of these phenomena by consulting Gasparin, who was certainly their equal in learning, and their superior in some other respects.

In the first pages of his work Count Gasparin says:

"There are but two methods of investigating a question: that of the ancient schoolmen, who affirmed certain truths *a priori*, to which the facts were bound to conform, (a method still in vogue with some ecclesiastical and specialist in science—Ed.) and that of modern science, dating from the time of Bacon, which first observes the facts, and constructs no theory until after they are stated."

"Unfortunately, nothing can be less complaisant than facts. They are endowed with inflexible obstinacy."

Facts are exactly what some opponents of Spiritualism suffer from at present. The transcendental, abnormally proper antagonists of the facts of Spiritualism denounce them in vernacular something like this: "Unhappily for us superior beings, the thingness of a thing differentiates it from the ideal, and when thus transformed into an undraped actuality it ceases to afford felicitous influence and becomes, as it were, saturated with that unconventional fixedness of the fixed, which, when relating to the spiritual, brings in too utterly awful propinquity and paralyzing objectivity the hitherto of the thither, thereby intensifying the hereness of the now and its relativity to the then, thus intruding upon our tranquility. Really the accumulation of what the common people call 'facts' is rendering the world intolerable, even as a place of temporary resort."

Of Prof. Wm. Crookes, M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, wrote in 1880: "It is by the study of Spiritualism that Mr. Crookes has been led to his magnificent discoveries," referring, no doubt, to his discoveries in physical science. In a paper contributed to the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, October, 1871, and entitled "Some further Experiences on Psychic Force," Prof.

Crookes refers to Count Gasparin's account of his experiments, in the following language:

"His experiments were very numerous and were carried on under the strictest test conditions. The fact of motion of heavy bodies without mechanical contact was demonstrated over and over again. Careful experiments were made to measure the force both of gravitation and of levitation thus communicated to the substances under trial, and an ingenious plan was adopted by which Count de Gasparin was enabled to obtain a rough numerical estimate of the power of the psychic force in each individual. The author finally arrived at the conclusion that all these phenomena are to be accounted for by the action of natural causes, and do not require the supposition of miracles nor the intervention of spirits or diabolical influences."

Dr. Crookes evidently consulted Gasparin in the English translation brought out in New York, and failed to observe the translator's note on the back of the title page, for in referring to the book he gives it the title "Science vs. Modern Spiritualism," which was not the name given the work by its author. The significance of the translator's note is at once apparent:

"The translator has taken the liberty of adding to the original title, the words, 'Science vs. Modern Spiritualism,' as an explanation to the American public of the nature and design of M. de Gasparin's work."

It is needless to say the italics are not the translator's but are added here to emphasize the purpose of the translator, already very frankly shown.

Thus it will be seen that Count Gasparin cannot be counted as a Spiritualist. But in answer to those learned gentlemen who account the existence of the phenomena, he may be summoned as a witness whose testimony cannot be impeached nor laughed away and which is fortified by that of Prof. Crookes who supplements it with still more marvelous and confounding but equally as indisputable evidence, and who, also, cannot be classed as a Spiritualist. Had Count Gasparin extended his researches and acquired more data before making his generalizations and forming his conclusions, it is more than likely, with his courage and receptivity, he would finally have become a rational, scientific Spiritualist.

In the contest between Spiritualists and their newspapers on the one hand, and the opponents of Spiritualism and that portion of the press which sympathizes with them on the other, it behooves Spiritualist editors and representatives to be careful to speak accurately and not to claim more than the facts will warrant. It were better in introducing the names advanced by the *Golden Gate* to have prefaced them with the explanatory note used by the English Spiritualist from whose list they were taken. Here is what he says:

"In compiling for publication a list of persons eminent from their social, literary, or scientific position, who have investigated psychic phenomena, it is evident that many names must be omitted, and that the term Spiritualist is not applicable to the whole of the list. With infinitely divergent theories and opinions, those whom I name have this in common: They have personally investigated some of the phenomena called spiritual, and have found them to have a real existence. Very many have given public testimony to the fact."

Give Them Time, and They Will All Get There.

The *Golden Gate* announces the arrival in San Francisco of a pair of unconscionable swindlers, in the following characteristic language:

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pettibone, the first an excellent slate-writing medium, and his wife a first class clairvoyant and healing medium, have arrived in this city and established themselves. . . . We saw Mr. Pettibone for the first time in New Orleans, in February, 1885, and obtained through him a mediumship most positive and conclusive evidence of independent spirit writing. . . . We know Mr. Pettibone to be a medium of great power, and have no hesitation in commending them both to our readers.

Many readers will recognize this Pettibone as the fellow who visited the *JOURNAL* office and there tried to deceive the editor with a prepared plate, and got badly disappointed. The *JOURNAL* of July 11th, 1885, contains a full account of the affair and subscribers in California will do well to turn to their files and refresh their memories.

The editor of the *Golden Gate* says: Pettibone is "an excellent slate-writing medium." He knows it. He emphasizes the know, too. That makes it more emphatic, but none the more credible in this instance. The editor of the *JOURNAL* knows Pettibone to be a shrewd and expert scoundrel. The editor of the *JOURNAL* is of the opinion that no spirit ever made a scratch or wrote a word on a slate through the agency of Pettibone's alleged mediumship except when the pencil was held by the fingers of the aforesaid Pettibone or a confederate. The editor of the *JOURNAL* is, furthermore, of the opinion that Pettibone is more than a match for all who visit him induced thereto by the editorial endorsement, and advertising cards appearing in the *Golden Gate*.

The editor of the *Golden Gate* knows of the exposure in the *JOURNAL* office and thus knows the fellow to be a swindler; that is the reason he italicizes his know in the foregoing quotation. He is apparently perfectly ready to let everybody go to the fellow with no warning of the trap they are liable to enter.

A little clairvoyance in one of the team, a little slight-of-hand in the other, and two advertising cards in the *Golden Gate* are sufficient, it seems, to secure a certificate as an excellent slate-writing medium in San Francisco. Meanwhile the dear public continues to be led and the fool crop warms fresh and green. California is a good place to winter and the tramps who are peddling

commercial Spiritualism, have a keen appreciation of climate, gold, gates and things. They especially dote an editor who "knows" their wares and is ready to sell them advertising space and emphasize his know, but never his no; who has "no hesitation in commending" swindler to his readers.

A Change.

Desirous of resting from professional work, Fred. L. Allen has sold his entire interest in the *Rural Californian*, published at Los Angeles, Cal., to his partner, Mr. Chas. A. Gardner, who has been its business manager the past year. Those who wish to address Mr. Allen on any topic connected with fruit growing or home building in Southern California, can do so by directing their letters to Riverside. A handsome twenty acre orange grove on Adams street, Arlington, will occupy his spare time during the winter. Under the management of Mr. Allen, the *Rural Californian* has been greatly improved, and made one of the best magazines for the farm and fireside in California.

Back Numbers of the Theosophist at Half Price.

The following copies of *The Theosophist* we have in stock, and are selling them at 25 cents each: November, 1879; July, August and November of 1880; March, 1881; October and November, 1882; March, to September, inclusive, and November and December, 1884; February, April and May, 1885; February, April, May, June, August, September, 1886. Also, supplements to *The Theosophist* at 15 cents each: March, April, May, June, August, September, October, November and December, 1884.

The regular price of *The Theosophist* is 50 cents, and that of the supplement 25 cents. This is a rare chance to complete files and also to secure special numbers of this monthly at a nominal price.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Madison Allen lectures during November at Liberal, Mo., and may be addressed at that place. He will also visit some neighboring towns in Missouri and Kansas.

At Lester's Academy, 615 W. Lake Street, at 2:30, and at 159 22nd St. at 7:45 P. M., John Slater, one of the most remarkable mediums now before the public, will give tests.

Three married sisters. One of them has a Jew for a husband, another a Protestant, and the third a Roman Catholic. They met by appointment at the residence of the latter in Madison avenue on Easter Sunday night. The Jewess, presiding at the piano, sang the touching Methodist hymn, "Shall we know each other there?"

Charles Dawbarn has been engaged to lecture at three camp meetings next year—Lake Pleasant, Cassadaga and Niantic. November 30th and 27th he will lecture at Cleveland, Ohio,—his subjects being, "Our Responsibility to the 19th Century," and "The Power of Spirit."

Mrs. J. Burlingame of Duluth, and highly commended as a lady and medium, is stopping temporarily in the city, at 55 North Ann street. Visitors at the meeting of the Christian Spiritualist Society on the West Side, have called at the JOURNAL office and reported excellent tests received through Mrs. B's mediumship.

Rev. K. Janson will have the thanks of the JOURNAL's readers for his deeply interesting and instructive biographical sketch of "A Norwegian Soothsayer," published on another page. Mr. Janson is well known as an untiring and efficient worker in the missionary field of Minnesota. He affiliates with the Unitarians but is entitled to the sympathy and support of all liberal minded people.

Thos. Harding, of Sturgis, Mich., author of Christian Science and Spiritualism, an article in another column of this issue, writes under date of Nov. 4, as follows: "I shall in future treat patients at a distance and reply promptly to every letter which contains upwards of one dollar. I leave it, as a matter of honor, to the patient to remit according to his or her financial ability, and every thing communicated I shall regard as in strict confidence."

Mrs. R. G. Simpson of Hope, Dakota, is in town to remain a few weeks. No medium ever before the public has had a better record than this lady; she has not been in the work for several years, but it is hoped she may be induced to give the public the benefit of her mediumship during her brief stay. Should she consent, due notice will be given in the JOURNAL. She is stopping at 394 Washington Boulevard, near Elizabeth Street.

Mr. John Slater, so well and favorably known in the East as a platform test medium, reached Chicago in time to attend a Spiritualist meeting on Sunday last and expose the humbuggery so long practiced on the audience by a woman who poses as a medium for independent state-writing. The excitement which ensued can be better imagined than described. The barefaced deception weekly exhibited by this woman and swallowed by the audience, is too disgusting for mention.

At a session of the Territorial Supreme Court, November 9th, at Salt Lake, a demurrer to the complaint in the Mormon Church suits was overruled. The church attorneys then filed their answer, which sets forth that the church holds no property, but holds it in trust. It cites the law incorporating the Church and Perpetual Emigration Society; that the Church owned the Temple Block, the tithing-office and the Garde House, when the act of 1852 was passed. After the passage

of the law of 1857, trustees were appointed by the Probate Court on application of the Church. Before that the personal property had been transferred to different States. Accompanying the document are a number of exhibits setting forth laws bearing on the case and the documents of transfer of the property, as related in the answer.

The meeting of the Association of Christian Spiritualists was well attended last Sunday evening, Nov. 13th. Mrs. De Wolf spoke under inspiration. Subject, "Judge Not." The address was highly appreciated by the audience. Some very good tests were given by Mrs. Burlingame and Mrs. Maynard, also state writing in the light by C. W. Peters. Under the auspices of this Association the Ladies of the Unity Club give a reception Friday, Nov. 18th, at the Princess Opera House. There will be vocal and instrumental music and recitations, after which a dance will be given. Ladies 25 cents, gentlemen 50 cents.

When a medium of much more than average intellectual ability, who has travelled the world over for twenty years and sat for thousands of people gathered from the humblest to the highest walks of life, undertakes to set forth his views they are likely to be worth reading. Upon another page Mr. Jesse Shepard contributes a paper calculated to arrest and hold the attention of every sober minded reader. Especial notice is invited to the distinction he draws between Spiritism and Spiritualism, a distinction often made in the past by the JOURNAL. That Mr. Shepard tells much truth, even though some of it be unpalatable, cannot be successfully denied.

The Southwestern Michigan Association of Spiritualists, which held a meeting at Benton Harbor, November 5th and 6th, was regarded as a great success. Mr. S. S. Burdick acted as president, and Miss Minnie Newbitt as secretary. The resignation of Mrs. R. A. Sheffer of South Haven, as treasurer, being accepted, Mrs. Samuel Sheffer of the same place, was elected to fill the position until the annual meeting. There was a good attendance Saturday evening, and the audience listened attentively to an interesting lecture by Mr. Moulton on the theme, "Searching for the Infinite." The speaker reviewed in a general way the origin of the world, and traced the outgrowth in mankind of the desire for knowledge, particularly of the existence to come. He cited the universal belief in an unseen world and the faith in immortality that has progressed from the very birth of man to the present, until it now finds its highest proof and exemplification in the demonstrations and discoveries of modern Spiritualism. Mr. Moulton also lectured Sunday afternoon and evening. The association adjourned to meet next February at Paw Paw.

THE OCCULT SIDE.

Experiments in Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance and Spiritualism.

Remarkable Results Reached by Mesmerizing an Intelligent Spirit—A Strange Sea Story.

At the International Congress of Physicians in Washington there were present several distinguished men of science who had a most memorable voyage together on the Imman Line steamer "Ohio." They had weathered one of the most terrible midsummer gales that the North Atlantic has been disturbed by in a dozen years. But though this sight of nature in her grandest and awfulest mood was an experience of a life-time, these scientists from various countries of the world witnessed other phenomena out there on the lonely sea that left a deeper imprint on their minds than the sight of the magnificent storm. An exhibition of hypnotism, mesmerism, clairvoyance and Spiritualism gave an inside view of the occult side of nature wonderfully fascinating and profoundly impressive.

Sailors, as we all know, are sufficiently superstitious, and the solemn mysteries of the vast deep are quite enough to wake in any soul a sense of the utter insignificance of man, and to invest all sights and sounds with a preternatural moment. After that mighty storm it required a stout heart and a hard-headed science to face nature before the billows had ceased their roll, and to demand of her to give up her forbidden secrets. Yet a challenge was given by Dr. A. Stockham, the ship's surgeon; Dr. Alf Dahlberg, Dr. C. C. Dodge, Dr. W. King, Dr. W. F. Knoll, Dr. E. W. Lee, Dr. R. J. Mills, Dr. Harriet Noble Watson and Dr. Emilio de Roset, and nature gave them some startling answers.

A SPIRITUALISTIC DUTCHMAN.

We were not many days out from Liverpool, when a queer-looking individual—a chunky little Dutchman from the Transvaal, South Africa—began to attract attention by his evident nervousness. He was social enough, but wholly incapable of talking on any but one subject, and that was Spiritualism. He had made plenty of money in the gold mines in Africa, and he was coming to America for the express purpose of meeting a couple of spiritualistic writers in whose works he had become interested. He was well educated, and was able to discuss, in English, Dutch, French and German, in the most learned fashion, all the peculiar theories of his faith. The physicians on board began to study him, and Dr. Mills particularly sought opportunities to investigate his mind.

This Dr. Mills had been connected with the English service, and had spent some years in Ceylon and India, and had gone deeply into the mysticism of the East. The so-called occult science was an open book to him; he read the Dutchman carefully, and resolved to experiment with him. One night, when the seas were high, there was a mysterious movement of the doctor toward Dr. Stockham's cabin, on the forward deck, and there, in that little cubby-hole, went the profane Dutchman and the prying scientists. What uncanny things happened there behind the red curtain that shut out the night, I never learned, nor am I ever likely to know; but I was afterwards invited to a prearranged meeting of the investigators on the first cabin deck, and I did not miss the opportunity of attending. It was the night after the great storm, and the ship was still lurching heavily

on the giant swells. It was with difficulty that we kept our feet. But we managed to obtain a secluded spot, where the light from the saloon gave us sufficient illumination to see one another's faces, but yet made a shadow in which we could stand without the captain's seeing us. It should chance to leave the bridge. For to-night, as I soon learned, we were not to have a spiritualistic séance with the Dutch medium, but

A CLAIRVOYANT EXHIBITION.

In which Third Officer Hill, of the ship's force, was to act as the sensitive. It seems he had promised a bright young lady passenger, who was interested in theosophy, Blavatskyism, Spiritualism, hypnotism and all the other mysteries denounced by the devil-doggers or sky-pilots—as the sailors designated our gentlemen of the cloth—and the bright young lady had secured the promise of Mr. Hill's presence, despite his protest that he had to relieve the captain at midnight and was worn out by his long watch during the gales of the night before. Mr. Hill made his appearance shortly after 11 o'clock. The lights had been ordered out, but the flickering rays from a lamp in the gangway still shone out on to the deck, as I have already stated. We could see everything easily, as our eyes had become used to the darkness while we had been waiting. When the young officer announced himself ready for the performance, the ship's physician proceeded to place him in a chair, rubbed his eyelids down with several passes of his thumbs, encircled the head with his forefingers and thumbs, pressed hard between the young officer's brows, and saw him fall back in the chair dead asleep.

"Now, Miss South," said Dr. Stockham, "send him where you like, but not too far, as these journeys we make him take weary him exceedingly, and he has too grave responsibilities on his shoulders to-night after 12 o'clock to justifiably permit of our fatiguing him much. Well, where shall he go?"

"Let him go to No. 75 First place, Brooklyn, where I live."

"All right," Mr. Hill gave a great sigh, like one half waking from sleep, and the doctor made a few more passes over his eyelids, and he was again quiet. "Now, go to Brooklyn," said the experimenter. "Are you there?"

"Yes," came from the lips of the third officer, in a sleepy, scarcely audible tone.

"Now, go to First Place."

After a pause and a little movement of his limbs, "I can't find it," the subject answered.

"Call a cab."

"All right—I'm in a cab."

"Are you at First Place?"

Another pause, this time a long one, as if the time was being consumed in transit.

"Yes."

"Now find No. 75."

A somewhat lengthy search up and down the street was presumably made. "I can't find it—it is so dark. I can't see the numbers."

Miss South expressed surprise. She said there was no gas lamp there, and many of the numbers could not be read at all. But Mr. Hill searched on and finally arrived at the place designated.

"Now tell us what sort of a house it is."

"A three-story—no—four-story, brown front."

"Yes," said Miss South, "ring the bell."

He rang, but nobody would come. He rang again, but met with no response. He was asked by the doctor if there was any but the one entrance, and replied that there was a basement way, but it was so dark then that he could not go down. In giving a more particular description of the place he mentioned the fact that there was a vase of flowers growing in front of the house, which Miss South acknowledged to be true. Mr. Hill was next

SENT TO VISIT HIS PARENTS IN MAINE.

He told who came to the door, when through the performance of kissing his mother, and likewise his father, in a shamefaced manner, and stated that his sister had gone off to college. As the doctor was acquainted with the family, he verified Mr. Hill's statements, but was puzzled to account for the assertion that the sister had gone to college, as she was very young.

However, Dr. Stockham said he would ascertain when he reached and how much truth there was in the matter. After a few further experimenting Mr. Hill was awakened from his mesmeric trance by the doctor snapping his fingers under his nose, rubbing his eyes upward and exclaiming, "There now, you're all right." Mr. Hill heaved a great sigh and awakened. He was very anxious to know whether he had been sent on a journey, but we scattered about the ship and dodged his questions.

Dr. Stockham told us he had first discovered his power through his operation on a fierce dog, whom he had once cowed completely by a glance, after all other persons had grown afraid of the brute. He had tried his influence several times on Mr. Hill, and was astonished at its effect. He told the young officer that he wanted him to kill a certain old gentleman whom he described. "All right," said Hill. "You must shoot him with my revolver," said the physician. Half an hour afterwards Hill came walking into the doctor's cabin, went to a drawer, picked up the revolver—which, however, had previously been emptied of its cartridges—and when the intended victim entered, shouted; "That's the man!" and tried to fire. He was in a state of somnambulism. The doctor told me he had once sent Mr. Hill to inquire what decision Judge Stockham had made in reference to the glass of the new house in Philadelphia, which the two brothers had been building. The matter had been left with the Judge while the doctor crossed the Atlantic. They had spoken of ground glass and stained glass, but Mr. Hill informed the doctor, while at sea, that the Judge had employed a Mr. Gibson to put in etched cathedral glass; Stockham declared Hill had given him true information, as he learned when he reached the home in Philadelphia.

THAT THERE WAS NO HUMBUGGERY

about Mr. Hill, not only I, but all the physicians aboard the ship, were thoroughly convinced. The young officer was placed in a state of coma, as to his arm, and we pinched it and stuck it with pins without causing the slightest quiver. Mr. Hill's hands were placed together over his head, and he was told he could not separate them and he was really unable to do so. A lead-pencil was laid in the palm of his hand, and he was informed that it was a hot bar of iron. Under this impression he squirmed and gave every evidence of suffering.

But Dr. Stockham's power to mesmerize extended to another subject, a boy of 16, who was suffering from the effects of scarlet fever and was very nervous. This boy, as we called him, was so sensitive that after being subjected to his mysterious influence once or twice he could not resist it once the charmer got his eyes on him. The doctor caught the

boy's eye at table, fifty feet away, one evening, and Rex dropped his fork and fell back dead asleep and nothing could awake him save a shake from the mesmerizer. Rex was sent on journeys, too, but he did not prove a very successful traveler.

EXPERIMENTS WERE MADE IN HYPNOTISM

by Dr. Mills and Dr. Stockham in the main saloon, under the electric light, and in the presence of forty of the passengers, and the Dutchman and Mrs. Bullard and two others were made to do almost any desired thing, while blindfolded and operated on by the will of the two doctors. Mrs. Bullard left the cabin, was blindfolded, and was led by her brother—to whom I had whispered what I wished him to make her do—until she picked up my hat from the piano, sought me out from all the others, and placed it exactly on my head. The Dutchman took a wine-bottle from a rack, carried it a dozen yards, and filled a glass on an opposite table, without a word being spoken. Rex was made to run his nose hard against a lead-pencil point, and was unable to resist.

Now all these phenomena were very interesting, and were discussed learnedly by the scientists aboard. There was no explanation accepted as a finale, but the celebrated Dr. Carpenter's theory—the London physiologist, I mean—seemed to satisfy some minds. Carpenter says the dominant idea takes possession of certain minds and becomes a reality to them, and the expectancy of such and such a state actually produces it.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Mr. John Slater, is stopping at the Southern Hotel, 22nd street and Wabash avenue, where he will be pleased to see friends and patrons.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life, Oct. 4th, at Bertrand, Iowa, at the age of 76 years and 24 days, Mrs. Ann Eliza Burgess, wife of William A. Burgess, formerly of W. H. Minn. She was stricken while eating breakfast with paralytic. She expired 10:50 hours after the stroke. She leaves a son, William, and a daughter, Clara, to mourn her loss. Mrs. C. J. DANIEL.

"It's only a question of time," and a short time, too, as to when your rheumatism will yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Cataract, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby cataract, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Delightful and Accessible.

The resorts of Minnesota and the Northwest are attracting much attention, both on account of their beauty, healthfulness and accessibility. In the latter regard the new short line of the Burlington Route, C. & Q. R. R., plays an important part. Over it, through trains are run to St. Paul and Minneapolis from either Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis, with the best equipment, including Sleepers and Dining Cars, that the inventive genius of the day has produced.

At St. Paul and Minneapolis direct connection is made with trains for all points in the Northwest, as well as Portland and Puget Sound points.

At all principal ticket offices will be found on sale, at low rates, during the tourist season, round-trip tickets, via this popular route, to Portland, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all principal resorts in the Northwest. When ready to start, call on your nearest ticket agent, or address Paul Morton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

CHICAGO.

The Young People's Progressive Society meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street at 7:45 P. M.

The South Side League of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums meets in spiritist Liberty Hall No. 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission free. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, President.

The United Spiritualists meet at 116 5th Ave. at 2:30 P. M., Sunday. Visitors and mediums welcome. F. R. GOODENOUGH, President.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M., in Apollo Hall, 2730 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance. Admission free. E. J. MORTON, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at 428 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meet has been removed to Columbia Hall, 878 6th Ave. (formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St.) Services every Sunday at 2:45 P. M., and 7:45 evening. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, Mrs. E. B. Barker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carr, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; George H. Parson, Secretary; J. A. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, Third Street and 8th Avenue—5 o'clock every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Admission free to each service.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall corner Bedford Ave. and Fulton Street—services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Commencing Sept. 11th, Mrs. A. M. Gidding will occupy the 100-room until Nov. 1st.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 3d street—beginning Sept. 11th, at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Conference at 7:30 P. M.

Everett Hall, 295 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., meets every Sunday evening and evening in Court of A. P. B. Hall, Town Hall. W. E. MILLS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

Illustrated Matrimonial paper containing 500 personal advertisements 12 cents. Sental World, Box 2269, Boston, Mass.

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Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

LOVE AND PAIN.

I heard a voice once singing
A tender and refrain;
The accents clearly ringing:
"Oh! Love can conquer Pain."

II.
I watched the day dawn breaking,
My tears fell like the rain;
Yet midst the keenest aching,
Heard: "But Love shall conquer Pain."

III.
And as my sorrow deeper grew:
To anguish dumb again;
Deep in my inmost heart, I knew,
Love surely conquers Pain.

IV.
I saw my fondest hope decay,
Yet murmured not aloud;
For as I trod the upward way,
Sure Love did conquer Pain!

V.
And when my footsteps feebly turn,
The Valley dread to gain;
What matter if my spirit yearns?
For love must conquer Pain!

VI.
And as my falling breath grows short,
In tremor and with strain;
Sickness and sorrow are as naught,
For Love still conquers Pain!

VII.
And when I reach the world of bliss,
My faith cannot be vain;
For sure at least am I of this,
That Love conquers Pain!

JANET E. RUTZ-REES.

*Copyrighted.

I heard the trilling carmen of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls:
I felt her presence, by the spell of night,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

—Longfellow.

A Blind Man on Memory.

From some Open Letters of peculiar interest to the Blind by one of their number we quote the following from the November Century: "As partial compensation, in the midst of his many disadvantages, the sightless pupil possesses one vital advantage over his companions. His memory, accustomed to seize and assimilate definitions, and miscellaneous information at a single hearing, acquires both a marvelous alertness and a phenomenal retentive capacity which enable him to master certain branches of study with singular ease and rapidity. Deprived of books and without any ready and reliable method of making notes, he obtains a habit, often envied by the seeing, of propounding instantly anything addressed to his intellect through this hearing. Hence the profoundly good memory of the blind person. His mind is his memorandum-book always at hand and always open.

"To the present writer, who never remembers having a lesson in anything read over to him more than twice, nothing is more strange and more amusing than a room full of school children, with fingers crammed in their ears, buzzing over a lesson of three pages, for the fifteenth time. Equally incomprehensible is to see a man making a note of a single address, or a lady referring to a shopping-list. Such observations force one to the conclusion that the art of writing, invaluable as it is, has been disastrous to the human memory. People have grown so to rely on a piece of white paper covered with black scratches, that if this be lost or misplaced, they are reduced almost to the condition of creatures without intellect.

"So marked is the advantage of the blind in this respect as almost to atone for their extra difficulties in others; that is, the sightless pupil will acquire scientific and philosophical studies with a rapidity which will counterbalance the greater amount of time demanded by his less facile methods of writing out exercises in linguistics and ciphering in mathematical branches, so that in taking the regular course at academy or university, he will require all in, rather more time nor more labor than the average student.

"Of not less value in after life is this extraordinarily trained and developed memory. It enables the blind to derive from lectures, conversation, and beautiful reading ten times its benefit of others, on whose minds a single mention of facts and thoughts, makes little or no impression.

"Thus the law of compensation is seen working in all things, making good on one hand, approximately at least, what is wanting on the other; not by the special mysterious interferences of Providence or other power with natural conditions and processes, for the benefit of the individual, as many claim, but through the inevitable sequence of cause and effect, by which causes and faculties become, through unusual training, abnormally developed and their value radically enhanced."

Spiritualism in Providence, R. I.

The lecture course of the Providence Spiritual Association for the season of 1887 and 1888, opened in Blackstone Hall, Oct. 2nd, under very favorable conditions. Mr. J. W. Fletcher, of Boston, occupying the platform during the five Sundays of the season, the audience has been large both morning and evening, and has steadily increased. In numbers and interest. The society has been fortunate in securing the services of an organist and a quartette of singers, and to none in the city, for the evening services, and beautiful music, artistically rendered, has enhanced the interest in the lectures, and the lectures have been, with one exception, very fine. "How I became a Medium," would, no doubt, be an interesting subject in a social gathering, but for a Sunday audience, which has gathered together for the purpose of instruction in the knowledge of the life that now is, and that which is to come, it seems out of place and unsatisfactory to a large proportion of the listeners.

A very interesting and impressive memorial service was held the third Sunday. All who desired were invited to bring floral offerings in memory of departed friends, and the speaker devoted the evening to giving as many messages from the loved ones as possible. The response to the invitation was liberal, and our platform was a perfect floral bower. It was a valuable service, and the hall was filled with a visible and audible evidence of the speaker said, notwithstanding its size, was a very small minority of these present whom he could see.

On the evening of Nov. 3d, Mr. Fletcher gave an illustrated lecture for the benefit of the society, which was very fine and called out a full house. The prospects for a prosperous season are flattering. Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will occupy the platform the two first Sundays of November, and Mr. A. E. Tidale, the two last. Mrs. Colby-Luther will be with us the three last Sundays of December.

And now, Mr. Editor, in closing, I propose to ask a few questions which any of the readers of the JOURNAL are at liberty to answer. Why are some people invariably tardy in getting into a public lecture, especially on Sunday, and why do they always wear equally showy and why do they march almost the entire length of the hall and crowd by a half-dozen or more people who are already seated, disturbing both speaker and audience? I think if lectures would make a practice of stopping short in their discourse and waiting for these nuisances to get quietly settled, some of them, at least, might be able to comprehend the situation, and either get there on time, or take a back seat when they do come.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 6th.

R. H. DUNHAM.

SEANCE WITH MRS. WELLS.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Belug a western man myself, I have a desire to communicate to the readers of the JOURNAL, giving them an account of some spiritual manifestations I have witnessed in New York City, the past week. Last Thursday evening, at a seance held at the home of Mrs. E. A. Wells, 822 Sixth Avenue, Prof. Henry Kiddle, ex-Judge Nelson Cross, Henry J. Newton, C. P. Sykes, myself and others, were present to the number of twenty. The light was sufficient to distinguish the features of a person across the room. The cabinet used was the one built for the last seances given by Mrs. Wells last spring, a description of which the readers of the JOURNAL have seen. The manifestations at first were quite ordinary. Little Eunice, one of the land, coming and speaking to the circle, saying that conditions were favorable, and they would try and give something good.

Forms came out at first from the side of the cabinet, the medium occupied, and spoke to their friends, and were recognized: the forms appeared from the unoccupied apartment; long arms, of perfect shape, and as white as snow, would reach out from each side, and clasp hands and sweep up and down from the top to the bottom of the cabinet. The form of a female appeared from the left side of the cabinet, draped in a robe of gauze of pure white, through which the outlines of the figure could be plainly seen; and immediately she stepped out of the side occupied by the medium, dressed in a similar robe, and stood before the audience, right and left hands joined, and raised above their heads, the drapery held out from opposite sides. There they stood for some seconds, a beautiful picture to behold. After retiring to the cabinet, Eunice spoke and said if the friends would all join in singing and be as harmonious as possible, they would bring the medium out and try and materialize a form beside her in front of the circle. She came out and stood for a time bending over in front and making passes over the floor, but went back into the cabinet not succeeding. In a few moments one came out again and went through the same maneuvers, and a white spot formed on the carpet in front of her, and from it a full-sized female figure, dressed in a white robe, grew up before our eyes, and stepped beside the medium, and raised her robe with the left hand, and held above the medium's head, and stood there for a few moments and then dematerialized, or apparently went back into the floor from which she came.

The medium then returned to the cabinet, and we all joined in singing, accompanied by the organ. After the music ceased she was again brought out, dressed in a similar costume. Her left hand of the medium's right hand with his left and extended his right out in front. Mr. Newton, sitting near, stepped up and joined hands with him and the medium; and as the three stood there together the spirit dematerialized as before. This one, purported to be the chemist of the cabinet, and some of those present that had attended a number of Mrs. Wells' seances recognized him as that same person.

This last spirit disappeared very suddenly, and as the medium stepped back into the cabinet, we heard a noise as though she had fallen. We spoke of it, and Eunice said she felt, but they would take care of her. She said the chemist thought he was pretty smart but he went out too quick that time. Word was given that there were three ancient spirits in the cabinet, and one of them would try and materialize. Presently the curtain opened and a figure appeared dressed in Oriental costume, and spoke to Judge Cross, who held converse with him. He gave his name, which I cannot now recall, and said he was of the seventh century. He was certainly a strange looking personage. In a few moments the chemist appeared again from the unoccupied apartment, and stepped to the front and spoke in an audible voice for a few moments, and returned to the cabinet.

Eunice was asked during the evening to come out, that we might see her. She replied that she had so much to do that she did not like to waste the force in that way, but perhaps would do so in the course of the evening. Before the seance was over she came out of the left side, and walked in front of the audience into the circle with the medium. She is small in stature, being not more than three and a half feet tall.

During the evening, my wife who left the form eighteen years ago, came out and called me by name. Twice I went forward and spoke to her. She called my attention to a business matter, advising me what course to pursue; also spoke of the boys, I having no sons. I recognized her as my former wife. I have been stopping in Mrs. Wells' home for a week and have had access to every nook and corner; have examined the cabinet thoroughly, and I positively know that if it were possible to produce a part or any of these manifestations with confederates, it would be an utter impossibility for them to operate without my having some knowledge of it. In fact, all that attend her seances have the privilege of looking through her house, or have at least, since I have been here.

Parties here have already made arrangements for a series of test seances to be held twice a week for four months; the same persons only to sit at each seance. Some of these people sat in her former test seances; they are expecting something extraordinary, in fact, have been promised more than has been given. If I had a doubt in regard to these manifestations, it has been removed after witnessing what I have in a light sufficient to distinctly recognize faces and features.

NEW YORK. WM. E. WHELOCK.

Proceedings Against Miss Gaul, the Arrested Medium in Baltimore, Dismissed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The arrest of Miss Gaul, of which I sent you an account, caused considerable comment among our citizens, and many and loud were the denunciations expressed by the liberal inclined at what they termed the outrageous conduct of the Marshal of Police and the detectives who figured in the case, and as they would not say in an effort to depict a certain class of citizens of the right to worship God according to their own convictions.

The officers engaged in this outrage have discovered that they reckoned without their host. Before making the arrest the detective supposed he was after an old hag, and was male aware of the error he had committed in that respect when he was brought to face with a lady, whom he discovered to be his superior in every element. It was a disgraceful and a noble, true and womanly character. Judging from the cat-like manner in which he sneaked around the station house when the hour arrived for the case to be heard, it was evident that he was ashamed to confront the respectable citizens and friends of Miss Gaul, who had met there to hear the trial.

The States Attorney, an Episcopalian, promptly dismissed the case, and thus ended the matter. He is a gentleman of too broad a sense of justice, and of too much regard for the rights of others, to engage in such a persecution as had been undertaken in this instance.

Most of the prominent Spiritualists preferred to have the case go to trial, in order to have an opportunity to demonstrate before the law what is necessary to constitute a medium; and what Spiritualism is. With her on trial the opportunity would have been a grand one; with her ability as a test medium, not a juror or officer of the law would have escaped without a test, that would have convinced them, at least, that there is something in Spiritualism.

The Baltimore P. S. Association deemed it due to Miss Gaul and the cause that it should endorse her, and gave notice that she would be tested at the meeting on Sunday night and give tests after Mrs. Wolcott had concluded her lecture. The hall was crowded, even the stairway. Hundreds were turned away without being able to obtain even standing room.

Yesterday the mortal remains of Martha Stevens, wife of David Stevens, were consigned to the grave. The funeral services were performed by Mrs. Walcott in her usual felicitous manner. Sister Stevens possessed a warm and generous heart, and was beloved by all who knew her. Her spirit was recognized by several clairvoyants at the grave, and she controlled Mrs. Danekin, desiring her to throw the first earth upon the coffin, and pronounce the words, "dust to dust," etc., but the crowd around the grave was so great that Mrs. D. could not force her way through it.

Baltimore, Nov. 5.

CARROLL.

Spiritualist Meeting at Anderson, Ind.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Spiritualists of Indiana, by call of J. W. Westfield, met in convention at this place Thursday, Nov. 3d, Dr. C. W. H. Beck, of Delphi, was chosen temporary chairman, and Dr. W. W. Westfield, elected secretary. Meetings were held at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., of Wednesday. At the evening meeting Mrs. Kates lectured under spirit control to an audience which filled the hall. Thursday the meeting came to order at 10 A. M. Dr. Westfield resigned as secretary, and G. W. Hunter was elected secretary pro tem. At this meeting the president applied a committee on Organization, which retired with instructions to report a constitution on Saturday at 10 A. M., under which the convention might organize a State Society. Three meetings were held on Friday, at which the attendance increased, representative Spiritualists coming in from all over Northern Indiana.

At the evening meeting, J. W. Kates lectured to an immense "jam." Saturday, at 10 A. M., the committee reported a constitution, which was adopted. The convention then elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Dr. K. W. H. Beck, Delphi, president; A. B. Goody-kontz, Jonesboro, and Mrs. Caroline Hillgrove, La. Pelle, Vice-presidents; Dr. J. W. Westfield, Anderson, treasurer; Geo. W. Hunter, Indianapolis, secretary; trustees—G. W. Hillgrove, La. Pelle; W. H. Hibbs, Muncie; Dr. J. K. Bond, La. Pelle; R. W. Bowman, Pennville; and J. M. Best, Winchester.

The Executive Committee was instructed to have the association incorporated under the State law, and it was decided by the convention that we meet in Anderson on Thursday before the Third Sunday of September, 1888. The Spiritualists will please take notice.

One feature of this convention that the reporter must not pass unnoticed, was the work of the little nine year old Hattie Sisters, of Decatur, Mich. These little angels "in form" sung, declaimed and invoked in a manner beyond the intelligence of the human. They are twins, and as much like each other as it is possible for two little peaches to be. They were admired, cheered and patted as they richly deserved. Sunday meetings were held at 10 A. M., afternoon, and evening. In the evening Mrs. Kates lectured under trance. In the evening Mrs. G. W. Kates discussed, in an able manner, the subject of a "Material and Spiritual Body." The hall would not accommodate all who came. After the lecture Mrs. Kates gave her usual tests. Just before adjournment on Sunday night resolutions were offered thanking brother Kates and wife for their valuable work; also thanking the Hattie Sisters and Dr. J. W. Westfield for their work.

The meetings were harmonious from beginning to end, and the best of good feeling characterized all the deliberations. Mr. Kates and wife are excellent workers, with ability, and as their gifts are various they cannot help but be useful, and should be kept constantly at work. They go to Delphi from Anderson.

GRA. W. HUNTER, Sec.

Message Purporting to be from Spirit George Peabody.

(Reported by B. Franklin Clarke, of Belvidere, N. Y.)

I am ready, dear friend, to respond to your call. I am arranging my thoughts to present you with some ideas, not entirely new, perhaps, but of great importance to the world at large. I have reference to the subject of connection between two worlds, which is a new and unestablished fact, and a knowledge of which is as important as a knowledge of the law of gravitation, the change of the seasons, and the rotation of the earth upon its axis, etc. I now entertain the idea that an acquaintance with this subject should be impressed upon the mind of the young at an early age. They realize that the mother can hear from the father when absent from the earthly home according to business, or visiting friends.

The mother informs the dear children that a letter from father has been received. The anxious children gather around to hear what father has said, and if he sends love to the little ones at home. If the loving father passes to his spirit home, the mother is full of grief; she does not expect to hear from the kind parent and good husband; he is forever lost from view. The children are grieved, the mother inconsolable. She looks through her house, and goes to the window to place flowers upon his grave. She little thinks his spirit is near, and he can send her messages from the new home, and that she for wife and children has increased since he has learned his nearness to those he has seemingly left alone without a father's care. The mother has no idea of his presence, and so all intents he has left them permanently while at the same time there is a spiritual nearness that he feels and knows; but the family is not aware of his presence, hence all are silent in regard to hearing from papa. In fact if he should appear, all would be frightened to see him again in their midst. Do you not perceive, then, the importance of teaching children the laws which pertain to spirit return? To commence with the mother, who is given comfort to all, but the knowledge to be acquired must be given to the children, even when the mother's knee. I am hopeful that will come when the natural laws of spirit life will be as faithfully studied as the elementary branches in the public and private schools. The spirit is the selfhood of the father; the children should be so instructed. I will not detain you longer, but bid you good night in your work of spiritual culture. Adieu. Please write me the address of many bounties while upon earth, in name.

GEORGE PEABODY.

Saw His Dying Brother's Ghost.

"I don't believe in ghosts," remarked a prominent citizen of this place the other day, but I saw something one night while going through a dark woods on the Reynoldsville road that I have never been able to account for. I was riding along on horseback, when, just a few feet in front of me, I saw a man in the road. I turned my horse to one side in order to let him pass, and at that moment he disappeared. I felt in the middle of the road. I thought at once of a man I had seen in a drunken state, and as the night was intensely cold, being in the winter time—I was afraid he would be there and freeze to death, so I concluded to help him up and see that he reached a place of safety. With this purpose in view, I said: "Hello, stranger, what are you doing here?"

But there was no response. I spoke louder and louder, but still he would not answer. This convinced me that he had fallen into a drunken sleep and would inevitably perish if not taken care of. I therefore dismounted, lighted a match and bent over the figure to see if I could recognize his features, when, to my utter astonishment, the object dissolved from view, and there was not the least indication that there had been any thing in the snow on Reynoldsville road. I tried to convince myself that it was an illusion, but was in vain. I am a complete possessor of my faculties and my thoughts had been running in such a widely different channel that I could not believe I had been deceived. And what tended more firmly to convince me that I was not dreaming was the fact that my horse shied and pawed and snuffed the air, and seemed to be in each terror of the object that I could scarcely hold it.

"I went home, but in spite of the most vigorous mental efforts, was haunted all night by strange forebodings of evil, and the next day I received a dispatch to the effect that my brother, who was living in Dakota, had been caught in a blizzard the previous night, and was frozen to death. Subsequent inquiry developed the fact that his death occurred at the same moment, allowing for differences of time, that the apparition appeared to me. Since that time I have been slightly tinged with superstition."

—PUNNETT (Penn.) Spirit.

Aunt Jennie Worley, of St. Joseph, Mo., is one hundred and eighty years old. She was born a slave in Kentucky, and says that the first members of her family were brought to the country by General Washington. She is the mother of five children, the first of whom was born in 1772, and the last in 1830. Only one is now alive, and he is sixty years old. She has seen her great-grandchildren.

Letter from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It is a duty we owe to justice when cases of extraordinary devotion to usefulness occurs by individuals, to make mention of them in order that they may be encouraged, and the world made a better for it. Mediumship as accepted to-day may not add to the embellishment of character, and no doubt it does expose the possessors to great reproach in the minds of some. If used entirely for worldly gain, perhaps it should, but when braving the reproach that the fastidious of to-day are trying to load it with, and when there is any single to the advancement of a great truth, it should be sustained.

We have had Mrs. Carrie E. S. Fwing, with us for two weeks and we feel that she deserves more than a passing notice. Her powers for usefulness are extraordinary, and she is willing to cultivate and use them. She is highly gifted, and gives such evidence of honesty and sincerity, that in leaving us for the present she takes with her the hearts of her hearers. As a test medium and logical speaker, she has few equals. We have many in the field whose merits entitle them to respect, and the cause they advocate is that of humanity.

Our society is gaining strength and sowing seeds that are long will yield a glorious fruitage. Mrs. Fwing, and many others are casting forth pearls. Mrs. Fwing will return to us in a few weeks. The broad cast upon the waters will return also. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Mr. Baker, Mrs. Spence and others—their voices are sounding like well strung instruments attuned by angel fingers, and which reach from sphere to sphere. How little is the work appreciated by the dull ears of the multitude, as well as by those who assume to be saved by the miracle process. The rescue of God's children from the grasp of His supposed competitor, is not for us, for the power of the infinite is all-sufficient. Growth of the soul will show us how many myths have held places, and what realities have been rejected. Every day increases the necessity of learning to labor and to wait.

P. THOMPSON.

Headless and Horrible.

The biting north wind whistled through the street yesterday in a blood-chilling fashion. The Celestials who thronged the thoroughfare drew their legs further up under their togas and shuddered visibly. Those who had not made enough "monies" out of the week's "wash" to indulge in the luxury of "grilled" rations were so miserable as to baffle description. Their lips were blue and their teeth chattered. An idle observer might have deemed this wholly due to the cold. But it was not. It was terror. A headless ghost appeared at 15 Mott street, on Friday night, and there has been untold wretchedness to Chinatown ever since.

Ma Wing, a laundryman, was found standing to the right of a telegraph pole yesterday afternoon surprised in his "ghost" house—with anything but satisfaction. Ma Wing, a Chinaman, and has taken a dislike to it. He will do anything to escape seeing it again. Ma Wing never learned a dress shirt in his life, and says he has a good conscience. He does not drink hot water, and always adulterates his opium. Consequently his statements are entitled to considerable credit. As Ma Wing settled his back comfortably against the pole and prepared to recount his story, he was speedily surrounded by a score or more of his cheering companions who indured everything he said. This was his tale:

"Qui La (the ghost) thin and taller like Melian man, all dressed in white shirts. He come found by 12 o'clock, when all same dark as lat tiap. Me look my door and go to bed. He no open door, no white, no head, I scream, and he come, he gullump at me, and I run like all same damn fool. Qui La go through wall. All same horrible!"

Ma Wing was not the only one who saw the ghost. His description is corroborated by others who board in the house, and all agree that no more unique and never ghost ever visited these shores. No. 18 Mott street is regarded as a haunted house, and its inmates would rather take to the keen north wind than spend the night in the warm company of the spectre.—New York Times.

Said Sam Jones in Atlanta.

Some preachers are mighty game on some lines. A little Methodist racking off behind a pulpit preaching infant baptism hard as he can jam it, and the children sound asleep and grown people going to bed. And the episcopalian ringing the changes of apostolic succession—where they come from; I wish he would tell me where they are going to. And the presbyterian going it as hard as he can on the final perseverance of the saints. And the baptist crying: "Water! Water!" and half their crowd going where they can't get a drop!

I have been there. This evening I kissed my wife good-bye, and so without looking at her pale face, through rain and snow traffic of Cartersville, I walked in its shame and sin for three years after I was married—I took the color from her face and joy out of her heart, and while God blesses my home with peace and joy to-night I say I have never seen my wife's face look red with color since the day I drew that blood from her face by the consciousness that she was a drunkard's wife. God pity a man who doesn't fight whisky.

I heard a fellow say once that he heard of a buck that had horns six feet across run through a thicket of mill's minute where the trees were only eighteen inches across, which makes me believe that I have seen an old preacher get up with ideas as thick as straw in a harvest-field, with a mouth eighteen or twenty inches across, and run through God's moral universe a mile a minute for an hour and a half and never hit a single idea. That is what makes me believe that deer story.

I have said frequently there are too many animals in this world for the amount of human beings we have. You see an animal that looks like a man. He marries a wife and has children to call him father. He presents himself to the world as a man, and you take an anger and bore into him and you wouldn't go more than an inch before you would strike as pure a dog as ever was found on this earth.

Some men are so in the habit of telling lies that they couldn't tell the truth at three fair trials. Truth is always upmost ready to come out. A lie has to be manufactured. It is easier to tell the truth than to tell a lie. You can tell on lie and and it may take a thousand to cover it up. Some people would cover it up if it took a million. If a man tells the truth that's the last of it.

If solemn preaching would have saved the world we would have had our wings and been off to glory long ago. There have been enough solemn sermons in Atlanta to have made this city a suburb of the New Jerusalem. Good old solemn brother! I'd just as soon hear a bumble-bee tumble around for an hour.

How many preachers ride "with the world, and when a preacher says something wise, "I'm sorry he said it." When the devil gets a little preacher like that down in hell he will saddle and bridle him, and ride him around and say: "This is my little 'sorry he said it.'"

It is said that every honest man has a patch of hair growing in the palm of his hand. Look at you palm. Every man present who had that patch of hair stand up. [Nobody arose.] If I had some in my hand I'd feel lonesome in this crowd.

God has made something out of nothing since the evening of the sixth day. What a man has in him will determine largely how long it will take him to "git there." Some people have more in them just after dinner than at any other time.

Some have been looking in the Louisiana lottery for bargains. I don't mind seeing a fiscal lose his money, but I hate to see a fool lose his. That hurts my feelings. Every gentleman present who has never bought a lottery ticket stand up.

What would prohibition have been if it hadn't been for Recorder Anderson? He has been the bulwark that has stood up against the onslaught of earth and hell. If we both got to heaven I want to settle on a corner lot right opposite him.

In the course of some improvements which are being carried out in the market place, the remains of some masonry belonging to the old Roman temple were laid bare, and in it a very well-preserved legionary monumental stone, bearing the inscription: "LEG XIII G E M." The stone was nearly twenty-two inches long by twelve inches broad. Quite out of its place as a Roman relic. The chimney, also well preserved, was found exactly in one and the same place.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A young mulatto girl who barks furiously and constantly, like a dog, is a curiosity of Starke, Fla.

Eight employees of the melters' department of the Philadelphia mint were discharged the other day because charcoal marks were found in bars of silver which they had made.

Gov. Luce gave it as his opinion, based on investigation, that a majority of the girls at the Adrian Industrial school went to the bad by frequenting skating rinks and the salvation army.

The oldest tombstone in Germany was hitherto supposed to be one at Worms, dated 990 A. D. But at Zantbach, a village near Mainz, a tombstone has just been discovered with a Hebrew epigraph and dated 805 A. D.

Glassblowers' cheeks become thin and lose their elasticity by the continued blowing. They hang down like inverted pockets and grow useless. It is a matter of record, it is said, that both here and in Europe glassworkers have blown holes in their cheeks.

The new camel recently discovered by the astrologers is said to be now visible to the naked eye and may be found in the evening in the northwest sky. The camel is now moving eastward, is large and bright, and promises to become more brilliant in a few weeks.

In November, 1751, the grand jury of Fairfax, Va., indicted Daniel French of that county for "enticing of servants." The act referred to was the raising of a second crop of tobacco in one year, which was then used as currency, and only a prescribed quantity could be raised.

Edward Lord, aged eighty-seven years, of Lord's Valley, Pike County, Pa., recently walked from Harrisburg to Etton, a distance of twenty-five miles, simply because he did not want to wait three hours for a train. The day before he walked thirty-five miles for the fun of it.

A kitten of Portland, Ore., was seen to charm a rattlesnake. The snake was coiled, and with its head followed every motion of the kitten. The kitten seemed to realize the importance of the situation, and never allowed her attention to wander from the snake. The snake was killed.

The brother of Sheriff O'Rourke of Ontonagon county, Michigan, while chopping a hollow tree was surprised to find blood on his ax and to hear growls coming from the log. A moment later he saw the head of a large bear coming out of the opening. He quickly killed the animal with his ax.

An American who attended fifty ball fights in Spain was asked the other day why he went to so many. "In the hope that I might see one of the bull fighters killed," he answered. "The sport is so brutal and cruel that I wanted to see the men who are the cause of this brutality receive a just compensation for their work."

W. H. Daniel is one of Georgia's most solid citizens. He is sixty-four years old, has nineteen sons and four daughters; he was never ill in his life; he never took a dose of medicine; does not drink tea, coffee or whisky; gets up at 4 o'clock every morning, works ten hours every day, and confidently expects to live to be 100 years old.

A small boy of Smithville, Ga., who had often expressed a desire to catch a buzzard, was misadvised, and after he had been away all day, was found in a field lying on the ground and "playing dead." He said that he was trying to make the buzzards think that he was really dead, so that they would come near enough for him to catch them.

A very singular incident was noted in connection with a recent mill fire in Carlton, Mich. The building was burning fiercely, but the big engine which drove the machinery continued to run all through the blaze, and by that means was saved from destruction, though there was not a wall standing on either side of it when the fire had subsided.

Among the war relics on exhibition at the Exposition Building in Milwaukee is the stuffed body of "Old Abe," the famous war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin. He doesn't look as large as he did in life when he rode on a standard at the head of the regiment. A tablet attached to his perch bears this inscription: "Hatched February, 1861; died March 23, 1861."

The leading newspaper man in Japan is Mr. Murayama. Nine years ago he started, *Asahi Shimbun* (which, being interpreted, is *Red Sun News*) at Osaka. It now has a circulation of 35,000, and an agent of the editor and proprietor is in this country to buy improved presses for the *Asahi Shimbun*. It is partly illustrated, and sells for four-fifths of a cent.

Indians are allowed to ride free on the railroads out West. A few days ago a party of them were riding between the mail and express cars of a train on the Utah & Northern, when a squaw called the attention of the trainmen to a brother Indian. They investigated and found not a red man of the forest, but a white tramp, who had disguised himself as a savage in order to get a free ride.

Herman Ehrich, of Kankakee, Ill., thought that it would be a great joke on his friend, Policeman Olsen, if he passed himself off as a burglar. He tried it. As Olsen was passing

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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A NEWSPAPER MAN'S STATEMENT.

A Lady Kisses her "Materialized Sister," and Realizes the Presence of Heed.

A Gentleman Hits a Fraudulent Materialization on the Nose.

MRS. FAIRCHILD'S "MATERIALIZATIONS" ALLEGED TO BE FRAUDULENT.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

Having read in the JOURNAL the accounts of Mrs. Fairchild's so-called materializing séances, pro and con, I would like to inform the public through your valuable columns of what I or any sensible person would term the most damnable fraud ever perpetrated upon the public. Mrs. Fairchild came to Cincinnati, and held her séances at Dr. N. B. Wolfe's, whom she seems to have psychologized, or at least to have completely outwitted.

Hearing a great deal of this "wonderful" medium, and after reading Dr. Wolfe's articles, I attended one of her circles, with the intention of making her prove herself to be genuine, or an infamous impostor. Which of the two she proved to be is seen further on.

Being rather early on a Wednesday afternoon, I called on a lady friend, who had seen Mrs. F. We struck up a conversation in regard to her, and the lady related her experience. She said:

"I went to Mrs. Fairchild's and gained admittance to a circle. After the appearance of several supposed spirits which several ladies and gentlemen imagined they knew, a spirit purporting to be my deceased sister materialized. I approached it, and it receded. Finally by persuasion and coaxing I induced it to come forward. I kissed it and the beard on its chin stuck in my lips. The peculiar part is that I never had a sister or a brother. I said nothing, but left disgusted."

After hearing this I then went to Mrs. Fairchild's on West Seventh Street where for some months she has been garrulous on her nefarious work and high handed robbery. There were thirteen in the circle who paid their dollar each and saw the circus. Absolutely nothing appeared to me; several times I attempted to get in reach of the forms, but without avail, as they were only enough to keep out of my reach, evidently being suspicious of my purpose. The circle over I paid my dollar without a whimper and left.

Being connected with a Cincinnati evening daily I started out to find some of the notorious medium's victims. I was very successful, and congratulated myself on my luck. After three days' interviews I wrote my article, which I acknowledge was rather severe, and submitted it to our managing editor, an able newspaper man and a perfect gentleman, who in addition is not a Spiritualist, but is a bitter enemy of frauds and robbers. After perusing it he decided not to use it for reasons well known to those connected with the paper. The first party I called upon was a prominent Cincinnati, and after considerable difficulty I got him to relate his experience. He attended three circles given by Mrs. F. before he managed to detect anything whatever. His third visit proved a victory for him, but a defeat for the medium. A purported spirit made its appearance, as it had done on the two other occasions, representing to be his son. Having coaxed it close to him, with a sudden spring he grabbed it by the arm. The spirit, anxious to get away, attempted to bite him in the arm, and he retaliated by striking it on the nose causing the claret to flow freely. Mrs. Fairchild

seeing her son tampered with, struck the gentleman on the head with a club. He having too much manhood about him did not resent the blow and the circle broke up.

A prominent physician of Cumminsville, a suburban town, also caught one of her sons, who was dressed as his wife. After detecting the boy beyond all possibility of mistake, Mrs. Fairchild threatened to knife him if he exposed her, and furthermore warned him that she carried a revolver on her person all the time while in a circle. Two prominent citizens of Newport, Ky., which is across the Ohio River, directly opposite this city, one a physician, and the other a wealthy manufacturer, attended one of her séances and seeing nothing to satisfy them, accosted Mrs. Fairchild after the circle. Said one of the gentlemen, "Mrs. F., could you give a circle at my house or at any house I may designate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then if you will, I expect to seal the doors and windows, and allow no one to enter the cabinet with you. I will construct the cabinet at my own expense, send for you in a carriage and send you home in a similar manner."

"Such a séance would cost you \$50," replied the medium.

"I will give \$100; yes, \$500 if you will submit to it," answered the gentleman.

"No, my time is entirely taken up with sitting for my friends," said Mrs. Fairchild. "Very well," replied the gentleman, and they left, pronouncing her a most infamous fraud.

Not knowing of Mrs. Fairchild's unsavory reputation, several respectable mediums of this city attended her séances, and there saw their departed friends. A gentleman who writes on Spiritualism for the local press under the non de plume of "Apparitor," accompanied a medium Mrs. L., to one of Fairchild's séances, and there saw the "control" of Mrs. L., but was afterward convinced by good evidence that the spirit was able to materialize solely through the power of Mrs. L. Mrs. M. Engle, Cincinnati's famous trumpet medium, also saw her control and her son in the same way. To satisfy myself, I asked Bittner, Mrs. Engle's control, while in a circle several days after, if such was the case, he answering in the affirmative. This convinced the medium. "Apparitor" is satisfied that she is a humbug, and so is every sensible person.

The names of the persons referred to in the article are withheld at their request, but can be furnished to any person desiring to converse with them by addressing them through the general delivery.

By giving the article space in your columns, you will greatly enlighten the public and people who are being robbed by this woman. I could add more, but time prevents it. It might be added that Mrs. F.'s sons take the part of the spirits.

ROBERT A. DAVIS.

Cincinnati, O.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

SPIRITUALISM IN CINCINNATI.

"I Shall Try to Paint as Correct a Picture of Spiritualism in Cincinnati as Possible," says the Prominent Medium and Lecturer J. Clegg Wright, and does it. The Picture Reviewed with "Considerable Directness and Vigor" by the Author of "Startling Facts."

"There is one spiritualistic society having meetings every Sunday morning and evening," says Mr. Wright.

And that is more than is needed for the good of the cause.

"They are attended by a class of people drawn together by widely different motives. They are to be instructed by anything you may say on spiritual phenomena."

"Some of these attendants are young; others are old; the extremes are united by the middle aged."

Why not call it a mixed audience of black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray?

"The Rostrum is occupied by myself as lecturer; and by Mrs. Porter as test medium, who follows after."

A fine business arrangement as we shall shortly see. Besides the woman does not lead in this business. Score one for the man!

"I cannot say that the result of this combination works well, because it divides the audience into two parts."

Goodness gracious, how unfortunate! In two parts, Democrats and Republicans, eh?

"One part does not want the lecture but the tests!"

My prophetic soul! I knew it! I'm not a politician, but I'll use his argument, and bet that it's the largest part of the audience, say 99 per cent, and the most discriminating, that are willing to let the lecture drop out of sight.

"Another part wants the lecture, but not the tests!"

I'll bet again that that is not so. I have never met a sensible man or woman who did not prefer a genuine spirit test to a stupid lecture. Mr. Wright, nobody will believe your statement, and you may as well take it back, if you want to establish a good reputation for telling the truth. Take it back for your own sake! Any body that can listen to you on the platform for two hours will want a good test, to believe any thing set forth as a fact in Spiritualism afterwards. I should say that.

"Truth passed through you, no longer is the same As food digested, takes another name."

Mr. Wright again says:

"As far as the society is concerned it seems to pay the best to work the combination." Seems, sirrah! Nay, it does not! Let the management drop the lecture, and then you will see for a fact that the phenomena alone will pay better than the combination. Give the world tests, and the platform may go to—

"As far as the educational work of Spiritualism is concerned, it necessitates lectures upon the elemental phase of spirit phenomena, and makes it imperative to leave out the discussion of those great (?) questions involved in theology, ethics and philosophy."

There is smoke in this paragraph! I am free to confess I do not know what "these great questions in theology, ethics and philosophy" are! Do you? Are you not indulging in a redominate, rather than fair statements?

Such rules will pass unquestioned on the platform, but not in print. The great questions in ethics—what the dickens are ethics any way? I mean spiritual ethics, eleon and i pure, they won't spoil for want of ventilation, half so quick as the ventilator. Let them rest in peace. The phenomena will educate men and women to think out the knotty problems in Spiritualism without the aid of a middle man. Should the entire platform of the country cease to exist, do you think the cause of Spiritualism would sustain a fatal shock? Not a bit of it!—spirits would come, and spirits would go the same as they do now, and will forever.

Castrate Spiritualism of its phenomena, and what amount of virility is left for the platform? The more you lecture upon the elemental phase of spirit phenomena, the more you will enlighten the world in the ethics of pure Spiritualism. The woman's tests are more convincing than your profound system of ethics, and more appreciated! Without the aid of her mediumship, you would lecture to many vacant chairs in your meeting rooms. Don't forget that!

Mediums find that it pays better to accept the theological teachings of the church, than to reject them because the bulk of enquirers are Christian people.

"So, so! That's your aim, is it? Well, let us know to what church you are leading the bulk of enquirers. The Church par excellence, if stupid assumption goes for anything, is the one whose head is in Rome. Is it to that diabolical organization, that disturber of the peace of the world, your mercenary soul would be leading the bulk of enquirers? "It pays better," you say. I'll bet you are mistaken. How well has this duplicity paid you? Jesse Shepard is the only one who has found a profit in it, and he has sold his manhood—small as it was—for a play house and for paltry pictures to hang upon its walls. In exchange for these gewgaws, it will accept nothing but his atrophied soul. Perish the rostrum, and with it all the sordid miscreants who crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning."

Advanced Spiritualists are on the alert. They will not bow their heads to the yoke which draws the ponderous car of sect. Spiritualists are not Christians, Buddhists Mohammedans, Mormons, or Israelites! But grander than all these,—they are Free men!—free to investigate and search after truth; free to live outside of the shadow of a church; free to reject the vicarious atonement and the spider-web creeds which fetter, alas, too many of the human family in their tolls.

"Spiritualism thus loses all distinctive character as a philosophy."

And so it would if its votaries would but consent to be led into the church by these spiritual Jesuits.

"Advanced minds cease to come to meetings; they leave their seats to be occupied by those who want proof of an after life."

Advanced minds have no business in such meetings. They do their own thinking. There are no considerable number of philosophical thinkers in any church to-day. They cannot live in such an atmosphere any more than a Greenland whale could in a mill-pond. They are too large and strong to be held by creeds. They are rich in philosophy—your implication to the contrary notwithstanding, and with its "top-knot" reaching to the soul of the universe, organizes facts, and places them in the right relation to each other; a philosophy that harmonizes rape, independent state writing, clairvoyance, clairaudience, materialization of bodies, to whose actual presence and personal relationship all our senses attest; this philosophy is ample as our wants, full as our satisfaction.

Advanced minds, therefore, do not come to hear you preach! They are tired of gabble; and the mouthful of empty jargon called ethical and philosophical theology, is to them meaningless. There is no philosophy in theology that will stand the test of truth.

"It seems to me more and more clear that the mere lecturer will be less and less wanted upon the spiritual platform!"

If you had not been afflicted with hypertrophy of the head, you would have discovered that fact long ago. Emma Hardinge Britten, Thomas Galois Forster, L. Judd Pardee, Achela Sprague, T. L. Harris, R. F. Ambler, and Lizzie Doten, all knew the platform was not wanted, and quit. It was the advanced minds and spiritual phenomena that told them to go; that is the slang for go!—and they went. Men are not wanted as professional preachers of the spiritual philosophy. If they are opulent with gab, let

them turn lawyers, but keep off of spiritual platforms. The present occupants will soon go out of sight, and the world will be the better for it! When the barnacles are scraped off the outside of the old ship, she will make better headway, and land her precious freight of human lives and sympathy in the heart-harbor of mankind.

"When one looks at what has taken place in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn, he cannot help but feel that the same fate awaits Cincinnati!"

Certainly, and don't deplore their fate. There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. The Spiritualists of those cities long to have a pastor settled over them, as a hen covereth her chickens. They wanted their babes christened, and a lying epitaph to be inscribed on their tombstones; and that was about all the use they had for settled spiritual pastors. Why, nobody groaned when the doors were shut upon these platforms. Such Spiritualists had better take refuge in some of the evangelical churches and fellowship with the "aunts." There they will not be known as weak-heads, for their infirmities will compare favorably with those about them. This is an ethic, you see with a new application.

"As the test medium will bring in most money to the exchequer of the society, the lecturer upon philosophy and the great ideas of human progress will have to retire!"

That's it! I told you so, and as you admit it now, why stand upon the ceremony of going? Why not retire at once? Retire is an easy way! When people sometimes refuse to retire, they are prematurely lifted. You know what I mean; retire, do, please. Sensible people will let you drop with a gentle ta!

"After a time the societies will cease to exist, because they cannot live on sentimentalism!"

Stop, sir; it is the absence of sentimentalism in the society that will effect its overthrow. If you were less pious and more sensational, your society might flourish with an occasional prayer meeting revival to help it along. You borrow a test medium, but borrowed clothes never fit well. There's an old fable about an ass that borrowed the skin of a lion, but he came to grief the same. He was not a lion. He was an ass!

"Our meetings are well attended, but the people know nothing about the great study of the phenomena of Spiritualism present."

That's bad. I don't know how you keep up your courage, when you look at the faces of so many phenomenal know-nothings. Give them a milder diet—to babies, milk! But to be serious, don't believe you. How do you know they know nothing of phenomenal Spiritualism? Have you examined their heads? Have you looked into their brains? Do they live on a fish diet? My dear sir, don't you think it possible you might be mistaken? I can not accept you as an authority; you don't come up to the standard of an axiom or an ethic, when you charge, by implication, your audience with being idiots. I beg pardon, with knowing nothing about the great study of the phenomena of Spiritualism present. They ought to know all about the great study, so that if a greater study should ever arise they would be in a measure prepared to compare the great with the greater. My impression is that the quickest way to get light into the brain of these know-nothings, would be to let loose ten or fifteen Fool Killers in one of these model meetings, and tell them to go to work, commencing with the one who made the most noise, as possessing the least sense.

"They are not interested in systems of ideas which men and spirits have reasoned out to account for and explain the great unfoldment of material and spiritual nature!"

Well, that settles it. If they are not interested, why not? Don't they believe that the spirits have anything to do with formulating the great system of ideas, etc., as you represent it? If not, let the Fool Killer go at 'em.

It is of the first importance that those who attend meetings, in the absence of the knowing ones, should be interested in the systems of ideas, etc., in fact, they ought to get them by heart, and repeat them night and morning instead of the Lord's prayer or the decalogue of Holy Moses! as Mr. Ingersoll designates the author of Genesis. But don't let that concern you, so long as they don't forget Peter. Pence is a great comfort to one whose feelings are incensed by indifference to a system of ideas, which man and spirits have reasoned out. It ought to be, "thus saith the Lord," and then if they don't mend their manners, damn 'em!

"The endless questions are, I want to converse with my mother," etc.

At best the sample question is not a question, yet it is a wish coming from a great desire of the heart. Millions now living on the earth, have mothers, brothers, sisters and children in the spirit spheres, and when these approach "a prominent medium and lecturer," they very naturally express a desire to see or hear their loved ones! A word from one who has passed through the sorrowful portal of death to life everlasting beyond the grave, fills the heart with more joy and the soul with more comfort than all the systems of ideas which men and spirits have reasoned out to account for and explain the great unfoldments (such as they are) of material and spiritual nature.

"The endless questions are, How will the market stand to-morrow? Does my husband love me? Can you find those articles stolen from my room the other day? When shall I marry? This is what Spiritualism amounts

to in the minds of three-fifths of the people who attend our meetings?"

How do you know? I don't believe you! I think you gratuitously insult the intelligence of the people who listen to you. The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, are not opulent in mental resources, but three-fifths of them are not such beggars as you represent them to be. Take that statement back—eat crow for your own sake, even though you have an open disregard for truth. You are false in this. What dependence can we place in any statement you have made?

"Those are not actually the people who join a society, but those who determine the policy of its management; to them the management caters, because it is from them that the pennies come. Every Sunday brings new faces, they get their little test and come no more!"

You have made a statement which many will be loth to believe. If what you say is true, the Spiritualists of Cincinnati are simply running a "Sunday Dime Museum" under their chartered rights. They owe it to themselves to cancel your engagement as a slanderer, or plead guilty to your charges.

I wish I had time and space, Mr. Wright, to review your criticism of my article in the RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of the 29th ult. You charge me straight with over credulity in my investigation of spirit phenomena. You don't know what you are talking about! That is not the weak point in my character. A great many people know that. Neither do I write impulsively. You are wrong again. If you think I am eager to believe what is not, you had better at once correct your mistake. By following rules of my own for conducting spiritual séances with my ever living friends, I get them closer to me than I would, were I to follow your rowdy suggestions. You are not competent to judge of what can be done in materialization when a spirit co-operates with a gentleman to manifest his power and presence.

I am sorry I have to address you personally in this matter. I am not interested in you, and if you have spoken truly of yourself, you are not blameless.

I will say briefly, that Mrs. Fairchild has shown herself to possess more than common media powers. In her presence spirits hold materialization longer than in the presence of any other medium I have known. The statement I made public of my experiences with this remarkable medium, was penned deliberately and with no view of making it sensational. I simply wanted to put on record extraordinary phenomena, that would indicate the time when these new materializations began. I predict that in less than a score of years, my statement will appear tame in comparing the phenomena with what then shall exist.

Sixteen years ago I recorded "Startling Facts," which at that time were as new as those I now record. Time has made them common. As the Spirit-world gets to understand the laws governing materialization, new and startling manifestations of their power will then appear. Plimpton can now hold power for twenty minutes, in a room light enough to read the large print of a newspaper. During this time he walks and talks with me. He sups wine by my request; we play cards, by my request, and he reads to me aloud, by my request. He said to me: "We are rehearsing now, so that we will hold materialization firm and long enough to speak an hour, and be heard in every part of Music Hall." He may and may not be able to do all he thinks can be done.

The best laid schemes
Of men and spirits,
Gang affrighted.

Plimpton told the story of walking along the street of Cincinnati, himself. I can see no reason why he could not do it. He says he did, and I believe him. There are some spirits, both in and out of the form, whom I would not believe on oath, for the truth is not in them. Plimpton was a truthful gentleman and such men do not degenerate when they pass to the higher life.

Of Mrs. Fairchild's personal history, I know nothing. I have read reports which, if true, were bad enough; but "the devil is never as black as he is painted." She practiced no "black-art" on me. She is not an attractive woman, but a good medium. Her independent state writing, reported in the article in the Commercial-Gazette, has no parallel in the history of mediumship.

N. B. WOLFE.

Rheumatism in Church.

"Has it ever occurred to you, reader, how widespread rheumatism is in the church? Why, over three-fourths of our people are so afflicted that they cannot kneel to pray, even in church. It is all they can do to lean their heads on the bench in front of them. Then they get so tired that they cannot stand to sing. Old and young are alike afflicted, and the disease is spreading. Hot Springs has no effect to relieve this kind of rheumatism. It neither swells nor stiffens the joints, but takes away all power to kneel or stand in the house of God, and has no bad effect on locomotion on our streets, or at other business. It gets better in time of revivals, but rapidly returns soon afterwards.—Ez.

A church in a northern city in which there gathers a congregation possessing far more than average wealth was described by a visitor the other day as the "Church of Retired Christians."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

EXPERIENCES OF SUPERNORMAL PERCEPTION.

The following is by Elise Lieungh-Reis, in the *Sphinx* of Russia, and translated for *Light*, London:

[The narrative commences with an account of several supernormal events which were witnessed by the narrator's paternal grandfather, by her grandmother on the mother's side, and by her mother. I pass these by to come at once to the account of her own personal experience, as this is likely to be more correct and authentic than that of what she only knew by hearsay.—T.]

[Henrietta Waage (her mother) was married to Captain P. F. Lieungh and lived in his native town Skien, in the South of Norway; he was the commander of a small brig, the *Marie Elisabeth*.]

The first signs of clairvoyance showed themselves, in my case, at a very early age. Sometimes I saw a bridal cortege on its way to church, and could tell what couple were sitting in the bridal carriage. I saw likewise, provisionally, funeral processions and confagurations, but I never dared to speak about these things to anyone except my mother, as she strongly forbade me ever to mention them to strangers. The first remarkable instance, which is imprinted on my mind in ineffaceable characters, happened in my ninth year. It was a prophetic dream which I had on the night before the death of my grandmother Lieungh. We lived close to one another, the ground on which our two houses stood being only separated by a fence, in which was made a little gate to pass through, to obviate the necessity of going out into the road during the daily visits which passed between the two houses. The gate was kept closed to us children, to prevent our troubling the old lady too often.

I was allowed to visit my grandmother for an hour every afternoon, for she was fond of me, as I was a quiet and thoughtful child. During these visits I sat on a stool at her feet and listened attentively while she related events out of her life or told me of our beautiful Norwegian sagas, or fairy tales. Before I left I always had "a cup of milk and some cakes, baked by my aunt. The cup from which I drank was one she had herself painted in sepi; the cup had a bouquet of flowers on it and the saucer a wreath of roses.

One day mother told me I must not go to see my grandmother as she had a bad headache. In the evening, when we children had gone to bed, she and my father came, as they always did, and sat down on the edge of the bed while we repeated our evening prayers. Then they kissed us and told us to go to sleep at once. I did not observe that they were sad or more serious than usual. I heard them go down the outer steps, heard the garden gate open, and thought they were going to see how grandmother was—and then I went to sleep.

Immediately I seemed to be in my grandmother's bedroom. She was lying in her great four-post bedstead with the old-fashioned, large patterned curtains which my little brother and I admired so much. She looked as neat and attractive as ever. Two little silver curls peeped out from beneath the lace of her nightcap, and her white hands folded together almost disappeared under the embroidery of her night-dress. The face was pale, and looked sunken; her eyes were closed, and only her lips trembled at times.

At the foot of the bed sat her three married daughters, who lived in town and its neighborhood. Her unmarried daughter, who lived always with her mother, leaned her head against the bed-post and sighed bitterly. At the head of the bed sat my mother, and I remarked that my aunt was much handsomer than she; though up to that time I had thought my mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. She had, however, a fine figure, and was more elegant looking than my aunt, and this consoled me. I rejoiced to see how well the red shawl she wore became her, and how neat and pretty her white collar looked above it.

In one of the window frames leaned my father, and I saw how his whole form trembled; his brother, my uncle Elias, supported him and spoke to him in a low voice. His three brothers-in-law sat in the other window. Turning again to the bed, I saw that my grandmother's lips were moving. My mother leaned over her and said, "Do you wish for anything, dear mother?" She had to hold her ear close to the sick woman's mouth to hear the answer, but I could hear the words distinctly: "I should so like a few of your delicious raspberries, my child!" "You shall have them, mother; my little Elsie found yesterday that there were several still left; Anne (the servant) shall go and fetch them." Almost immediately afterwards I saw a hand, though I could not see to whom it belonged, reach my mother the saucer with the garland of roses upon it; upon it lay three red and three white raspberries.

Then I awoke and my first thought was: "There are you lying in the bed and your grandmother longing for the raspberries. Anne will, perhaps, have a long time to look before she can find them."

I sprang out of bed and ran out of the door with naked feet, and nothing on but my night-dress. An old sailor's jacket of my father's was hanging on a peg in the passage. I reached up on tiptoe and managed to lift it off the peg. Then I put it on and ran as quickly as I could down the steps into the court. The stones were very cold and the grass in the long garden wet with dew, but I only felt both as in a dream. Quite out of breath, I reached the raspberry bushes, which grew in a sheltered corner, and searching them over, I collected the berries in my left hand, three red and two white. At that moment the key opened the little gate and Anne entered the garden, carrying the saucer with the garland of roses upon it in her hand.

The old servant started back terrified at seeing me standing there. "Good heavens! child, how do you come here with bare feet and scarcely anything on?"

"I heard that grandmother was longing for some raspberries, so I ran down and picked them; here they are!"

"How could you hear what your grandmother said?" asked she, shaking her head. "But now get back into bed as quick as you can!"

I followed her advice, lay down in bed again, and wondered why Anne should be so astonished; dreams of this kind were a matter of so common occurrence with me that I thought they must be with everyone. I was awakened the next morning by the noise of the servant carrying the coffee tray into our sitting-room. When she came out she was wiping her eyes with her apron, and I felt that my grandmother was dead! Very

soon I was in the next room, and saw my parents sitting upon the sofa; my mother was tranquil, but pale as a corpse, while my father cried and sobbed like a child; his head was resting upon my mother's shoulder, and her dress was quite wet with his tears. I had never seen my father cry before, and his tears seemed to fall on my heart like burning drops; I felt as though it must break.

Sitting down beside him, I threw my arms around him and cried out passionately: "Father! is it my fault that grandmother is dead?"

A sad smile overspread his face: "No, indeed, my pet," said he tenderly, "it is you who procured her the last thing she wished for."

Then I had to relate my dream, and my parents nodded at each other as every detail coincided with what had actually taken place. I was sent to bed again, and the doctor fetched, but after he had examined me and found there was nothing the matter, my parents were easy in their minds about me and sent me for a few weeks into the country with my aunt.

In the spring of the following year, I was returning home from school one day in good spirits, when about twenty paces distant from the house, I saw that both leaves of the house door were standing open and four men in black were carrying a child's coffin down the steps. Beneath the funeral was arranged. Our two maid servants, clad in black garments and followed by little girls of the neighborhood, went before, straggling flowers; behind the coffin walked my father, supported by his brother Elias, and then followed friends and relations. Though the coffin was closed I knew that in it lay my little brother Ludwig. This appearance came and disappeared so instantaneously that it seemed as though for a moment a curtain had been drawn aside.

When I reached home the house door was closed as usual, and I went through a little side entrance into the courtyard, where I found Ludwig playing with my two other brothers, Paul and Alexis. "It is impossible that he can be going to die!" was my thought, and yet an innermost feeling contradicted this.

I did not even tell my mother of this vision. It would have shocked her so much. I had to bear the thought of it alone. In July a contagious fever broke out, and prostrated everyone in the house with the exception of Ludwig and myself. There was no help to be obtained, for in every house in the town there was some one ill. No one came near us except the doctor and our uncle Elias, who at that time was with his ship in the harbor. He brought us children such things as we had need of, and drew for us every day a couple of buckets of water from a deep well.

At last the fever took a favorable turn. The first to recover were two servant maids, and then my parents, while Paul and Alexis still continued ill, though on the road to recovery. It was the end of August; my father was still unable to leave the house, so he sent Ludwig with a letter to a friend on business. When the boy returned he was in high spirits, for his pockets had been filled with early ripe apples. He laid them all on the table, and taking the two finest, one in each hand, turned to our father, who was sitting on the sofa, and said, "May I give one apple to Paul and Alexis?" At this moment a shadow seemed to pass over his face, and he looked to me like a corpse. I looked at my father and thought he must notice this too, but he answered quite composedly, "Not to-day, my boy, to-morrow we will ask the doctor's permission."

I could bear it no longer but sprang up and ran into another room, where I threw myself on my knees upon a chair and buried my face in the cushion so that my sobs should not be heard in the next room. After a short time Ludwig came to look for me, and putting his arm round my neck said, "Why do you cry? don't you think I am going to give you any apples?" "No," replied I, "it is only because Paul and Alexis may not have any."

The following day he was taken ill and on the ninth day he died. Again the overwhelming feeling came to me that his death was owing to me. This feeling came over me every time that I saw in a vision a living person dead, and I could scarcely look them in the face. It was almost too much for a child to bear, and gave a serious turn to my character. Persons who did not know me well called me "a strange child."

After my brother's death a year passed away without any special incident.

In the summer time my father always went four times to England, but in the winter he remained at home; and now he was expected home from his autumn voyage.

On a cold but bright day in the middle of October my mother gave me a plate of chopped potatoes for the chickens. I took it out into the balcony, strewn the contents into the courtyard below, and was pleased to see how the chickens came running for it, and how they seemed to enjoy their meal. Suddenly I saw them no longer. The wide courtyard was turned into a raging sea; waves high as the house, green blue, and black; arose on every side, with foaming crests, impelled, as it were, by a hurricane, though I heard not the slightest sound. In their midst staggered the *Marie Elisabeth*. Her masts, hung broken over the side, and I could see the axes of the carpenter and of some other sailors glancing in the sun, raised to sever it. I saw my father standing by the rudder, holding the speaking trumpet in his right hand; he had his southwestward on his head, and wore the thick jacket he always put on in bad weather. Then came a monstrous wave, washed over the deck, and carried away with it my father into the deep. I saw no more; all was dark before my eyes. I was found senseless in the balcony, and was carried to bed. The fainting fit lasted a long time, and my mother sent for the doctor. When he arrived in the evening I was fast asleep, but woke up when he laid his hand upon my forehead.

I looked round on opening my eyes to see if my mother were in the room; he must have noticed my doing so, for he said, "Your mother has just been called out; what has happened to you, my child?" "Oh, doctor, I have no longer a father," cried I despairingly. "I have seen him drowned."

The doctor laid his hand on my mouth and said, "Be quiet, my child, for heaven's sake; think of your mother." Just then she came to the door, so he could say nothing more to me and left, after ordering simply that I should be kept quiet. The next morning I got up at the usual time and went into the breakfast room, where I found my brother Paul, who was at that time twelve years old. His bread and butter were untouched and his hand trembled so that he could not lift his cup to his mouth. "What is the matter, Paul?" I cried out. He broke into loud sobbing but soon composing himself he said in a subdued voice, "I fear we shall see our father no more. Last night, in a dream, I

saw the name and the figure-head of the *Marie Elisabeth* lying on a desert shore! This was the first time that my brother had had a prophetic dream which coincided with a vision on my side. The sad news came at mid-day that the *Marie Elisabeth* had gone down. The steersman and two of the sailors who had been picked up by another vessel clinging to part of the wreck, narrated the event exactly as I had seen it happen.

Two years after the death of my father we went to live at Itzehoe, in Holstein, where a married sister of my mother resided. This was about the end of April, 1842. My brother Paul had been confirmed in the mean time, and apprenticed to a tradesman of that place. One evening my mother and I went to take tea with my aunt, several other ladies being present, and after supper we all went for a walk by the Stör, towards the Münsterdorfer Dyke, from where, in clear weather, the towers of Hamburg are visible. Looking in this direction I saw a great fiery bow extending over Hamburg, so that I could see the tower of St. Michael quite illuminated. Involuntarily I cried out: "Surely there must be a great fire in Hamburg." Those present looked in the same direction but could see nothing, and laughed at me.

When we reached home my aunt said to her husband, who, a native of Hamburg, had an almost fanatical love for his birth-place, "Henry, Elise thinks there must be a great fire in Hamburg, for she has seen a fiery bow hanging over the town!" My uncle laughed scornfully and said confidently, "There can never be a great fire in Hamburg, because the fire brigade arrangements are so excellent." On the 4th of May I wished to go to meet my brother Paul, who had some business to transact for his master at Münsterdorf, and would have to return across the dyke. We had not seen one another for a week, and Paul had written to me, asking me to meet him.

As I passed by my uncle Henry's house, he was standing in the door-way, and offered to accompany me; perhaps he was secretly somewhat uneasy and wished to find if he himself could see the fiery bow. This was visible to me over Hamburg, only more glowing even than the first time.

"Do you still see the fiery bow?" said he. "Over Hamburg? the horizon is quite dark."

"But I see it plainly," replied I, quietly. About half-way we were met by Paul, who, without even saying good evening, called out to my uncle, "There must be a large fire in Hamburg, for the reflection of the flames is plainly visible." And so indeed it was later on.

"You are both of you mad about your great fire," cried out my uncle angrily.

Towards morning of the same night the fire broke out. About five o'clock in the afternoon I went to my aunt's to help her with some difficult embroidery. She received me, looking pale and troubled, while my uncle sat by the corner of the stove crying unrestrainedly. I never saw a man weep so bitterly! A small steamer which plied between Hamburg and Itzehoe had brought the news, as well as many fugitives. It was said that the Church of St. Nicholas was ready destroyed, and that it was not known where the fire would end, as there were insufficient fire-engines.

My uncle Henry's anguish grieved me. I went to him and said that perhaps the fugitives in their terror had exaggerated the facts; but he pushed me away from him like an angry child, and cried "Go away, I can't bear the sight of you!" "But, Henry," said my aunt, "how can you blame Elise? It is sad enough that she and Paul should be forced to see trouble beforehand, without having the power to prevent it." I saw how rightly my mother had spoken when she warned us to keep our provisions to ourselves.

In the year 1870 I was living in Hamburg, near the so-called English stables; the officers' horses were kept there, and were exercised in the road, which was quite lively with the coming and going of the officers.

We rented a parterre or ground floor, and I let two rooms from it. I was obliged to work without intermission, often up to two or three o'clock in the morning, for we were very badly off, though from no fault of ours. The institution in which my husband had been employed was done away with on account of bad times, and he only received a very small pension. All his endeavors to obtain another situation were in vain, and he was sadly out of spirits; besides which we were in great anxiety about our son, our only child, who lay seriously ill.

About the middle of June a married couple took possession of our rooms, Herr and Frau Fich, from Stockholm. The husband was inspector of an international telegraphic bureau at Stockholm—if I remember rightly, Reuters' Telegraph. They were very good, friendly people, and showed me much kindness and sympathy, they often begged me not to sit up working so late, but I had no choice. From the beginning of July I could no longer enjoy even the few hours I allowed myself for repose. Directly I lay down I went off to sleep, but every night after sleeping for about an hour I was awakened by the noise of military. I could hear the Prussian March played by fife and drums, the marching of great numbers of soldiers, the word of command given by the officers, the tramping of their horses, and the rolling of heavy train wagons and of cannon. This would last for about an hour, and then I could go to sleep again till six o'clock.

I knew, therefore, that war was at hand. I had, of course, no time to read the newspapers, and took, besides, no interest whatever at that time in politics, so I was ignorant whether war was impending between any of the Powers.

Up to this time I had spoken to no one about this nightly disturbance for fear of being laughed at, but on the sixth night I heard movements going on in calvary stables as well. Officers called for their grooms, and I could actually distinguish the different voices as I was in the habit of hearing them every day. I thought, perhaps, there might be a parade, and got up, drew on my slippers and put on a waterproof mantle; then I opened the house door, and went out down the steps. The street was quite quiet, and the watchman was walking up and down before the stable; then there came a man in civilian's dress along the street, in whom I recognized Herr Fich, who was returning from a party, and I waited till he came in before I shut the door.

The next day Herr Fich asked me what I was looking for out of doors so early (it was four o'clock a.m.). "The soldiers," answered I, "who are going to war; I can get no sleep night after night for the noise they make." This escaped me for I knew not what answer to make.

* Between the 15th and 18th of May, 1842, the most considerable part of Hamburg was completely destroyed by fire. The arrogant self-confidence of the fire brigade was one of the principal causes of the calamity attending such great proportions.—Ed. *Sphinx*.

"Who are going to the war," said Herr Fich, repeating my words. "With what Power should we go to war?"

"With France," answered I, and it seemed to me as though these words were uttered by another being, for up to this time I had never even thought with whom the fight was to be.

"If that were so, I must know it," said Herr Fich, and tried to talk me out of it, but in vain, I remained firm, and only said "Time will show!"

Here I will conclude. If I were to describe all the events of this nature which have occurred to me in my life they would fill a volume. When I see a person who is yet living appear as dead, he is always turning round either as on entering or leaving a room. But my second sight extends, not only to persons and important events, but to places, houses, and even animals. I have never been able to call it forth voluntarily, as is the case with my brother. I lost later on the horrible feeling of its being my own fault, which made me so miserable as a child, and it gave place to a tranquil sensation of confidence "that a higher power watches over our destinies."

HELL.

I.

It is a curious fact that the ingenuity of the human race from the earliest periods has been more lavishly expended in the devising of places of punishment for the wicked after death than of heavens for the reward of the good. There have been peoples who gave little or no attention to the latter, but who have spared no pains in the construction of the former.

Almost any sort of a locality would seem to answer the needs of the virtuous; for the virtuous souls only the most elaborate preparations would suffice. Even in the teachings of the Christians the attempts to define the future home of the blessed have always been vague, indefinite, illusory, and unsatisfactory. Whether a locality, a condition, a state, has been suggested without anything in the nature of a conclusion. On the other hand, there has been little hesitancy in treating of the destiny of the damned. The geographical locality is designated, dimensions and measurements are given, and each detail is presented with distinctness.

Why is it that humanity has so largely developed its hell and so little its paradise? Why is it that the imagination, in its efforts to penetrate the darkness of the future life, sees only fitting, shifting, uncertain phantasms in the direction of heaven, while in the other region everything is distinct, well-defined, and horribly real?

There are faint glints of shining battlements, and golden streets in the one; in the other a palpable flame that twists and writhes in snaky contortions, a roar that bears in its flight the shrieks and wails of the eternally tormented. The one is as faint and uncertain as the painting of an impressionist; the other has all the aggressive realism of the schools of the French. Out of the dim twilight of the home of the happy there are heard the faint twanging of harps and half distinguishable notes of hymns; from the noonday brilliancy of the home of the other is heard the clamor of the tempests of torment as they toss the flaming billows of the sulphurous lake.

It is strange that humanity has created for itself a future in which pain dominates; in whose coloring the lurid, the crimson of flames, are in the ascendant; and in which acres are assigned for enjoyment, and continents devoted to endless misery.

II.

So far as we know, it was not quite thus at the beginning of things. When the primeval man first began to turn his attention to the character of the unknown powers that thundered and lightened and shook the earth, he had no thought save to placate them. In time, as he advanced, and wars became common, and hatred prevailed, and a dim consciousness of a future life dawned on him, he was not satisfied to slay his enemy. He followed the spirit of the dead beyond the grave, and invented for it further punishments. In proportion as he hated, he increased the pains inflicted on his foe. He spared no effort to make it unpleasant for his enemy. He elaborated systems of ingenious torture; he made the confinement perpetual; he fitted up the home of his dead antagonist with fires that burned without consuming, with demons that tore, with odors that stifled, and he insisted that neither during the night nor the day, neither for centuries nor for ages, should there be the slightest intermission in the torment.

It is evident that there was far more hatred than love among the early men, for the reason that they made hell so capacious and heaven so limited.

III.

Early Christianity is not entitled to the invention or discovery of the future place of endless punishment. It simply adopted the most repellent of the beliefs in vogue for ages before it made its appearance. In one form or another, hell had blazed over hundreds of generations anterior to the advent of the year of our Lord. The new religion—all charity, single-mindedness, and brotherly love—could not shake off what all the preceding centuries had indorsed. It made some changes; it took the ingredients furnished by Latin, Greeks, Hebrews, and Asiatics, and with them compounded a mixture which had all the severities of the originals.

What they compounded may be known from a perusal of the *ex cathedra* utterances of Jonathan Edwards, of the *divine* and metaphysical, and one of the most distinguished theologians of modern ages.

"The world," he said, "will probably be converted into a great lake of fire—a lake of fire—a vast ocean of fire—in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, and which will be always in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day nor night, vast billows of fire rolling continually over their heads, of which they shall forever be full of a quick sense within and without; their heads, their eyes, their tongues, their feet, their loins, their vitals shall forever be full of a glowing, melting fire fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements, and they shall eternally be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torment; not for one minute, not for one day, not for one age, not for two ages, nor for a hundred ages, nor for ten thousand million ages, one after another, but forever and ever, without any end at all, and never to be delivered."

Such is the statement of an authority. No where does the eminent thinker, in his writings or discourses, picture the home of the redeemed in such detail and with such fervor. His characterization of the condition of the sinner rolls from his mouth as if it were a benison.

IV.

It is somewhat singular that the Chinese

do not have any place of punishment for the disembodied soul. They are substantially the only people without a hell in their religion.

It may be that this fact will account for their treatment by so-called civilized and Christian nations. The Christianity of England and this country, offended by the failure of the Mongolians to provide a hell in the future, may have determined to afford them one in the present. Hence the use of English cannon to open the ports of China to the opium traffic; and hence the massacres, arson, robberies, and other atrocities of the Wyoming and California communities.

It would seem that where a nation lacks a place of punishment of its own creation the other peoples are supposed to supply it.

The ingenuity displayed by various classes of religionists in the invention and construction of means for the punishment of the wicked is phenomenal. Nothing that pains has been spared in the labor. Nothing that burns, that freezes, that bites, gnaws, suffocates, tears, boils, stretches, dislocates, gripes, bleeds, racks, smart, agonizes, convulses, has been omitted. To punish, mountains and rocks are made to crush, darkness to affright, demons to torment, lightnings to sear, thunders to appal, vermin to afflict, stenches to nauseate, sulphur to burn, nameless and innumerable horrors to menace, and so on without limit. If a tithe of the time, labor, and ingenuity expended in devising and constructing these places and means of torment had been given to missionary work, the wickedness of the nations would have been obliterated.

V.

Few of the other schemes excel in horror that presented by Jonathan Edwards, and yet it must be confessed that the pagans have in many instances exhibited creditable progress in their efforts. The followers of Zoroaster are not far behind Edwards in the contrivances for the punishment of the damned. They have a huge oven which blazes and smokes with perpetual fire. In this the unfortunate wretches, scorched by the pitiless flames and enveloped in a fetid atmosphere created by their own breathings.

As if this punishment were not sufficient, they have devised one of an opposite character; there are icy rivers in whose frozen arms the damned are clutched, and are borne on, tossed about forever; there are dungeons lightless and mephitic, in which unfortunate souls writhe in masses of loathsome and venomous reptiles; and there are other dungeons, eternally black, in which the wicked are suspended by the feet, where they twist convulsively and call in vain for relief, while all the time keen fanged devils rend them with their claws and teeth. Such is the horrid fate of the Parsee sinner—one almost, if not quite, as dreadful as that provided by the enlightened Edwards.

The Mohammedan hell is bad enough to affright any evil doer, and yet it has some advantages over the shell of the Guebres and the Christian. One under sentence to one of these places of punishment would, if allowed the opportunity, select that managed by the followers of the prophet. It has seven entrances—one less than those admitting into paradise. Nineteen demons stand guard at each entrance, and after chaining the newly-arrived spirits elbow to elbow distribute them in the general receptacle.

They are then plunged and replunged into the torrid depths of burning sulphur as a woman soothes her washing in and out the tub of water. Meanwhile, as their chains jangle and their shrieks rend the crimson atmosphere, they are chewed by monstrous frogs, bitten by poisonous serpents, and torn by voracious vultures. At the end of seven hundred thousand or a thousand thousand years of this sort of cleansing treatment they are unchained and permitted to enter paradise.

The Japanese have fitted up their shell without grates or fuel. The wicked Japanese spirit is doomed to wander forever just outside of paradise where he can overlook all that goes on within the happy area. He sees the blessed engaged, in ceaselessly gorging themselves on the finest of viands and potables, and yet he can never join them. With envy and an empty stomach, he forever marches on his weary rounds.

VI.

Among the indolent Laos of further India the punishment of the damned is one which has some points of similarity to events now occurring on earth. Bad women are compelled to espouse devils or old, ugly, hideous men, while the male sinners are eternally separated from contact with the opposite sex. Probably the union of women to old and decrepit husbands is looked on by the Laos as a supreme punishment, and in this belief they are probably correct. It is probable that they may have obtained a hint of this form of punishment from the customs of civilized communities.

Among the Siamese the demands of religious business make no less than nine bells a necessity. However, the sinner is given a show. After thousands of years' torture he is allowed the privilege of going back to earth and beginning life again. He must, however, commence as the inmate of an animal, trying it first in a dog, probably, and then onto something higher.

Among the East Indians, the sinner, after death, has no easy situation. He is thrown into the arms of a metal female, which is heated to redness, and who embraces him, toys with him and subjects him to a dalliance of intolerable torture. It is not impossible that this phase of punishment may have been founded on a hint afforded by some phases of earthly marriages. The Asidian gourmand is compelled, when undergoing punishment in the other world, to swallow red-hot balls, bristling all over with iron pins.

The Brahmin who has neglected in life to meditate for a moment on the incomprehensible and mystic word "Om" before engaging in prayers, after death is dropped into hell and landed on a white-hot iron floor, where he is first backed with axes, then stirred in a caldron of molten metal "till covered all over with the sweated foam of torture like green rice in an oven"; then is fastened head downward to a chariot of fire and urged to speed with a red-hot god.

Such are a specimen few of the contrivances invented by man for the punishment, in future life, of evil doers. There is little choice among them. Whether frozen in eternal ice, fried in undying fire, enveloped by crawling reptiles, or suffocated in a gaseous foulness, the sufferer is equally punished.

VII.

There is a hell which is not the invention of religion nor the outcome of a hatred, which provides in the future revenge for the real or alleged wrongs of the present. The bells of the various nations and faiths are the natural result of sin. The weak, everywhere oppressed and powerless to resist, the poor, always suffering and unable to cope with wealth, finding no means of attaining their right in this existence, very naturally hope for revenge in another life. Hell is largely

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 26, 1887.

A Great Publishing Centre.

"In fifteen years from now Chicago will be the greatest publishing centre in America." This prophecy was made ten years ago by a gentleman connected with one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in New York city, during a conversation in the JOURNAL office. With unlimited confidence as to Chicago's future glory in many ways, the editor of the JOURNAL was astonished to have an enthusiastic New Yorker make a prediction such as no Chicago man would have had the assurance to utter or the faith to believe. On being pressed for his reasons the man of Gotham entered into an extended exposition showing a comprehensive knowledge of the whole country, the tendency of trade, probable increase of population, growth in importance of the West, advantages of Chicago over all other American cities as a centre of manufacture, and its never-to-be-equalled facilities for distribution. All this of necessity meaning cheapness of production, rapidity of distribution and control of the market.

The ten years that have past since this prediction was made, have witnessed such rapid strides in the growth of Chicago's publishing interest as to insure the correctness of the New York publisher's judgment. Already this city surpasses competitors in some branches of the business. A Chicago daily after making careful inquiries, publishes data calculated to surprise even those engaged in publishing. "In some respects," says this report, "this city is the greatest publishing point of the world, and in all others it ranks only second in this country to New York." The amount of wages annually paid in Chicago publishing establishments, independent of the job printing business, today, as compared with 1880, is as ten to one. There are more atlases manufactured here than in all the rest of the world combined. Nearly 7,000,000 bound books are turned out yearly. Chicago issues more subscription books than Boston, New York, and Philadelphia combined, and publishes more standard works of history, fiction and biography than any other American city except New York. Twenty years ago a good job of bound book work could not be done in Chicago; now, of the 500 standard works necessary in forming a library every one is published here with as fine printing, binding, and artistic work as are done anywhere, and nearly one-third of the books manufactured here are sold in the Eastern markets. It is asserted by those in the trade, that books can be made here on a large scale, freight paid to New York and then sold for less than the cost to manufacture there.

Chicago has what is believed to be the largest bindery in the world; its capacity is 15,000 books per day. A few years ago its proprietors would have been seriously troubled to complete 500 copies per day, and these not in the best manner. One publishing house dealing mostly in popular works of fiction, travel, biography and reprints of foreign books of general circulation, now issues over 10,000 copies per day for 310 days in the year. That Chicago is a superior point for the production of high class books is evidenced by the success of S. C. Griggs & Co. who publish no other and whose sales rival those of any house of the kind in America. In the school book trade Chicago leads the world. Of the new-papers of Chicago, both daily and weekly, the whole world knows

they are unsurpassed in enterprise, independence and ability.

In 1865 the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was founded by Mr. S. S. Jones, whose devotion to Spiritualism has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. To the promulgation of a knowledge of Spiritualism he gave his entire time and great talents. Though profoundly interested in the phenomena, and not always a discriminating observer, he valued them as primary and elemental steps toward a higher intellectual and spiritual development, and not as the end and all of Spiritualism. He held Spiritualism to be in its broad and comprehensive scope, "the philosophy of life"; and ever kept this prominently in view in his writings. He aimed to build up a great publishing establishment that would be for Spiritualism what the Methodist Book Concern is to Methodism, and even more. To this end he labored, his whole soul absorbed in the task; and had those connected with him in the enterprise been equally devoted and true to the work, it had been accomplished. Absorbed in his undertaking to such a degree as to be oblivious to the petty ambitions and treasonable plottings of politicians and cranks he awoke one day in the fall of 1866 to a realization of the situation, only to find that treachery had wrested the splendid undertaking from his control, and vested it in the hands of those whose venal purposes and silly ambition rendered them blind to the main purpose of the corporation.

This was a severe blow to Mr. Jones, but with a perfect trust in the predictions of spirit friends that the JOURNAL would again emerge from the cloud and with him at its head continue work, he waited. And the wait was not long, for in nine months' time the greedy and incompetent traitors had swamped the concern and put it hopelessly in debt. After the collapse, one of the chief, but not the most guilty, wreckers came to Mr. Jones and the present editor pleading for aid to save the remnants. The charter was gone, there was nothing left of all the fine plant that was not blanketed with a mortgage. Taking the subscription list on which there was a large amount due to subscribers and nothing to speak of due the paper, Mr. Jones with the help of the present editor began anew the work of building up the JOURNAL. With little ready money, but good credit—Mr. Jones soon had the paper going again. But for several years the burden was very heavy. Should the present writer ever give to the public a history of those years, he feels quite sure the verdict would be: "Only by preterhuman aid could the enterprise have been kept afloat, and the courage of those at the helm maintained."

The scheme of a great publishing house, in Chicago, for the publication of books, pamphlets and tracts relating to psychical science, spiritual philosophy and a system of ethics based on science, together with an experimental department for the study and development of spirit manifestations and intercourse, had to be given up for the time and all energies conserved for the benefit of the JOURNAL. But the original plan has never been abandoned, though twenty-two years have passed since it was first contemplated, and Mr. Jones has gone to spirit life. The need of such a powerful publishing house with its array of completely equipped auxiliaries was never so great as now. Neither has its possibility ever been so clear as at present.

Always independent, critical and progressive the JOURNAL has never failed to make its dent, or to keep pace with the requirements which increasing knowledge and public sentiment have demanded. In fact, it has ever been a maker of public opinion rather than a mere reflector of the current thought of the majority.

The JOURNAL has reached an age surpassed by but one other Spiritualist publication; it has made a record for good work, great achievements, widespread and healthful influence unequalled in the Spiritualist field. It has successfully withstood the witchery of wonder seekers and wonder vendors, the tremendous onslaughts of vindictive opponents, the machinations of malicious malcontents whose sole incentive in doing the cloak of Spiritualism has been selfish and sensuous. It stands to-day with greater moral strength and a more wide spread influence than ever before—in the nature of things it should. It has the moral support of the best thinkers and brightest souls in Spiritualism; it has the respectful attention and good will of a vast body of intelligent, thoughtful people outside of Spiritualist ranks,—as an independent, unsectarian, fearlessly honest paper deserves to have.

The time is now propitious for the enlargement of its usefulness, by establishing such a splendid and powerful concern as was originally intended; and by strengthening it financially so as to give it an increased staff of trained writers and editors, and a more complete equipment in every way.

The present editor and publisher has demonstrated by eleven years of successful work that a Spiritualist paper may be critical, rational and independent, free from all cliques, and above all sordid schemes, and yet live; that it can withstand persistent and combined assaults of fraud, folly and ignorance, and grow stronger in the trial. And furthermore, he has shown that this can be done without loss of courage, decline of hope, growth of the cynical sentiment or lessening of faith in the final outcome. And now he asks: among all the vast body of sincere, rational people who have come into a knowledge of the truth of the central claim of modern Spiritualism, learned its value to the world and caught glimpses of its tremendous potency for good, among all these, very

many of whom are blessed with wealth and a goodly number of whom are millionaires, are there not some who would like to co-operate with him? Are there not those who feel they owe a debt to Spiritualism which can be canceled in no other way so satisfactorily as in aiding to strengthen the power of the JOURNAL and in building up a publishing house in this great publishing centre? Among those who with pride point their non-Spiritualist friends to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as an exponent of Spiritualism such as they are willing to stand by, and who must have some realization of the effort it costs both in vital force and money to maintain so high a standard in a paper, among this no inconsiderable body, are there not some who are ready to re-enforce their opinion with money? Those who have sufficient interest to answer these several queries, or who may desire further information with a view to co-operating as above suggested may manifest their inclination to the editor.

Mr. John Slater in Chicago.

A notable company of representative people gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bundy on Thursday evening the 17th inst., to meet Mr. John Slater and witness such demonstrations of psychical power as might be evolved by the occasion. Of the sixty ladies and gentlemen present, nearly all were people who have made their mark in the world, and the names of a number of them are familiar to the country at large. The pulpit, the press, the bar, the bench, the medical profession, and the banking interests of Chicago were represented; and members of several literary societies and clubs gave additional brilliancy and diversity to the assemblage. A preacher whose liberal theology, sweetness of spirit and devotion to humanity have made his name a household word in America and given him a congregation surpassed by no other in the city, sat next to a veteran journalist whose sharp pen has punctured many a political pretender and whose keen sarcasm and deep probings have long been feared by respectable shams. A banker whose word disposes of an hundred million dollars or more every year, sat in pleasurable expectation near a lawyer who is feared by opposing counsel as are few in the profession. A prominent judge listened beside a lady whose brilliant studies of Goethe, Dante and Spencer have given her an enviable reputation in literary circles. Another lady whose versatility, poetic genius, and pliancy as a writer gives her entrance to leading papers and periodicals, sat facing a surgeon whose trained hand and great skill have carried him successfully through many a capital operation. On his right was a lady who has demonstrated that woman can gain fame and fortune as a medical practitioner and still remain sweet, lovable, and true to home interests. Episcopals, Methodists, Liberal Religionists, Materialists, members of the Ethical Society, Positivists, Unitarians and Theosophists were equally interested with Spiritualists in Mr. Slater's experiments.

To those who have given even the slightest attention to the study of psychical matters it will be at once plain that Mr. Slater had an environment not calculated to give him conditions favorable for the display of his powers. Mr. Slater is the most perfect sensitive—not the best, trained—the writer knows of. He reflects the mental states of those about him, whether in or out of the flesh, as sharply and promptly as a French mirror gives back a shadow. He is a psychometer, a telepathic percipient, a clairvoyant, and medium for spirit intelligences, all in one. In the vast, ever-changing psychical world this young man is constantly acted upon as is a barometer or a seismograph during an earthquake in the physical world. He is a human, self-recording magnetometer and registers changes too delicate for the physical senses, too subtle for the intellect to grasp. These psycho-magnetic waves saturated with human feeling—hope, fear, doubt, criticism, skepticism, wonder, and every shade of emotion, and loaded with forgotten experiences from long closed cells in memory's storehouse, these waves come rolling in from every quarter toward this hypersensitive human register and make their record. This record Mr. Slater, as does any other sensitive, strives to formulate in language with varying success. When the word picture is completed he is not always quite sure to whom it belongs, he cannot clearly see the connection; for the psychical waves continue to break over him, and he feels the never ceasing, ever-varying touch of the register mingling new tracings with the old, leading confusion on confusion, and complicating the task of his intellect. In this swirling torrent of influences his mind must work with more than lightning-like rapidity or be lost in the surging chaos, unless happily—as is often the case—his spirit friends spring to his assistance and complete the effort.

Piece such a human organism as Slater's in such a company as he met last week, composed of persons of marked individuality, strong will and great intellectual force, and his task becomes a thousand-fold more difficult than in a promiscuous popular audience such as is usually attracted to a public hall. Hence if the experiments on the evening in question resulted in any clear, well marked tests the effort must be regarded as a great success. And such was the case. Mr. Slater was totally ignorant of who was to be present and had never seen one of the company before. He gave several excellent delineations of character, selecting his subjects, by accident or otherwise as one may choose to think, only from among the most distin-

guished of the company. He described with much particularity several spirits, giving either the initials or first name. Some of these were fully recognized. In some instances what seemed to be mistakes have since been found correct; and in other cases where the person addressed failed to recall at the moment either incidents or individuals described, it all came back to their recollection after returning home. One example of this is all that space permits. Mr. Slater took a lady by the hand, then seized the hand of a gentleman, who was the lady's husband, and at once began to speak of an invention they were interested in. Looking toward the gentleman Slater indicated by the motion of his feet and body that he sensed the nature of the invention; he then referred to the business part of the matter, mentioning Washington, and the desire of the inventor to secure a specified sum of money. All this was admitted to be correct by the gentleman and lady.

In the course of the evening he returned to this lady, and with more than usual feeling, described a spirit who had come to her for recognition. He said her name was Mrs. H., giving the initial only, then described a difficulty with one of her knees which made her lame, and said she had "passed from earth in giving birth to a little one." The lady looked blank but made no response, whereupon, as the medium was about leaving her, Mr. Bundy asked if she recognized any one in the description; she replied "No, I can recall no such person." "I do not recognize anything in it." The medium seemingly very confident he had made no mistake, and chagrined that it appeared as though he had, redoubled his effort to aid the lady in recalling the person, but without success. It seemed like a complete failure, the more marked because of the persistence of the medium, and the great desire of the lady to help him out of the trouble if she could, by a recognition. This considerably disheartened Mr. Slater, and no very marked example of clairvoyance or spirit influence occurred thereafter. The next day the editor of the JOURNAL received through the post office a letter from this lady, who by the way is not a Spiritualist, which is here given, demonstrating with reasonable conclusiveness, that the medium was correct.

"Why didn't some one mention Mrs. Hatheway's name when Mr. Slater spoke to me of H.? She was my intimate friend, as also the friend of many present. She died in childbirth and was lame exactly in the knee as Mr. Slater illustrated. I am very sorry that I did not think of her. You must remember her; and that was exactly the audience she would delight in."

Mrs. Hatheway was a talented woman and a lovely character; many of the company knew her, and in years gone by had listened to her brilliant essays delivered before the Philosophical Society and various literary clubs.

After several days' reflection, and analysis of the evening's exhibit, and after voluntary confirmations since received from persons present, the writer is satisfied that taken as a whole and under all the circumstances Mr. Slater did remarkably well; and gave excellent proof of psychometry, clairvoyance, clairvoyance, telepathy and direct spirit control or impression.

Practical Gain.

Forty years ago, or more, the New York Evangelist, a leading New School Presbyterian journal then and now, in an article on the anti-slavery contest, in which it deplored the inaction of the churches on that question, said that "Infidels are doing for humanity's sake what the churches ought to be doing for Christ's sake." In those days it was often said by reform lecturers that "the church never pioneered any unpopular reform," and these assertions were never disproved.

Creed above deed was the theory and practice of popular theologians; heresy hunting was more zealously pursued than the exposure of mean acts, or of treason to man hidden under a pious pretense of love to God. The old spirit and method are not gone, but they are on the wane. A change has come for the better, but we may well bear in mind that this change has been wrought by the rebukes and warnings of fearless reformers outside the church, far more than by any spirit of progress and freedom within the ecclesiastical organizations. We may honor the faithful souls, within or without, who have helped this change, and gladly recognize a new emphasis given to practical reform.

The Christian Union commends an article by Professor Wilcox on "Industrial Teaching at Mission Stations," and says:

The truth is, as Paul long ago indicated, the development of man must be a development of body, soul and spirit, and any education movement which attempts one of these and ignores the other, falls of the largest usefulness.

At a late meeting of The Evangelical Alliance in Boston, associated efforts to correct great evils in society were encouraged, and the importance of moral, spiritual and physical culture, as bearing on social purity, were not pushed aside to give place to creed making, but began to be held as "the weightier matters of the law."

Efforts like that made near Boston years ago, by Emma Hardinge-Britton, to establish a reform school for fallen women, and given up on account of a cruel neighborhood prejudice, are now taken up by those who would not then have touched them.

The White Cross Society finds special favor among Episcopals, and Canon Farrar has a strong word for total abstinence, in the face of the wine bibbing custom so common among the English gentry. Universalists and Unitarians are moving for temperance,

and a goodly company of clergy and laity orthodox and heterodox, hear woman preach, try to find a new interpretation of Paul's poor words on her fit place, and even favor woman suffrage.

The Young Men's Christian Associations open reading rooms and make temperance a part of their godliness, and the W. C. T. U. enlists a host of pious women for the protection of the home, which can only come with the destruction of the saloon.

Giving these two last associations credit for the good they do, and accepting such work as a proof of a step towards practical righteousness among theological believers calls to mind their limitations and belittling errors. The first is Pharisee in spirit and method accepting none as equal members and helpers in any good work unless they can repeat the Shibboleth of some orthodox creed, and casting slight on such as are not Christian after its narrow idea; the second allows itself to be a feeder to the Evangelical church, and must have a woman's creed orthodox before her temperance creed can be welcomed in a sisterly way. The good work of these, and of all the rest, we should hail with fit honor and strive to emulate or excel them, but in practical reforms sectarianism has no fit place. Whatever good thing any man or woman sees should be done and steps up to help in the doing, let us step to their side, join hands and move on together, be they Pagan or Christian, "asking no questions for conscience's sake" as to their creed or no creed.

The genius of modern Spiritualism is like that of primitive Christianity, which was indeed Judean Spiritualism under another name. In its story of the man who fell among thieves, was neglected by the passing priest and Levite, and helped by the good Samaritan, Jesus breaks down the dividing lines of creed and nation, and teaches the lesson of human fraternity and world-wide charity.

The Ethical Movement.

On Friday and Saturday of last week there was held in this city a conference of the leaders of the several ethical societies of New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Chicago. Dr. Felix Adler, Dr. Colt of Philadelphia and W. M. Salter of Chicago, lecturers, were in consultation with leading members from the different cities. The sessions were marked by great interest, and much good will resulted from the gathering. On Sunday morning short addresses took the place of the regular lecture, and all of the leading representatives had an opportunity to express their views. The large audience was deeply interested, especially in the closing speech by Dr. Adler which, though brief, was a succinct, perspicuous and forcible presentation of the platform of the Ethical Movement. Dr. Adler said the question was often put, "Is the Ethical Society a religious or a non-religious body?" His answer was, Religion in its historic meaning involves a theory of the universe and man's relation to it; in this sense the Ethical Society is not a religious body. It has no system of theology. It teaches men to act right because it is right so to act; that life is worth living because of duty to be done. In a word the creed of the Society is practical righteousness. He depicted with burning eloquence the inconsistency of Bishop Potter in soliciting millions wherewith to erect a magnificent Episcopal cathedral in New York when there were 500,000 people in that city deprived of many of the necessities of life.

Mr. Salter in his remarks said that right conduct was their standard, that they did not wish to influence the particular beliefs of individual members on religious matters.

There is nothing in the aims and purposes of the Ethical Movement to which any Spiritualist can reasonably object. On the contrary there is everything to commend. The only criticism that can be offered is that the Ethical people do not give sufficient attention to the evidences offered of the continuity of life. But their reply to this would be, "If we do all we can here for our fellow men and lead good lives, we may rest content as to the future in the certainty that we have prepared ourselves in the best manner for a life in another and higher sphere."

"Spiritualist" writes under date of Nov. 14: "Dr. Clarke is filling his November engagement in Philadelphia to the complete satisfaction of his large and intelligent audiences. Last Sunday he held his hearers in eager attention while he gave two of the ablest lectures ever given upon our rostrum. He is a forcible speaker, a logical reasoner, clear and explicit in statement, and uses a scholarly diction which clothes profound thoughts and scientific principles in a manner that makes them easily understood even by neophytes in spiritual knowledge. He has received most hearty appreciation and cordial congratulations from many of our oldest Spiritualists, who are exacting in their demands. We understand he is not yet engaged for the winter months, and would earnestly commend his services to liberalists everywhere. His address is here for November, afterward in care of Banner of Light, Boston."

Samuel D. Greene of New York, writes: "For two Sundays at Conservatory Hall, we have been highly favored by the cheering, vitalizing presence of Charles Dawburn. His discourses were logical and philosophical and intensely interesting, tending to broader and truer ranges of thought. Large audiences have attended by their presence and earnest attention their kindest and hearty congratulations. We wish him a successful good speed in his noble work everywhere."

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Voices from the People.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Life's Journey.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
The track seems to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shifts over chasms
Or sinks into tunnels of night.
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining and fears
As they pass the City of Sorrows
Or pass thro' the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
The hand of the Master has made;
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Paths leading from light into darkness,
Paths plunging from gloom to despair,
Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair.

Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day
Above, fair cliffs are laughing
And dippling white feet in some bay.
And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
All roads converge here when they end;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend.
All tickets, all mile books, all passes
If stolen or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division
Will bring you at last to the spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward
And rush down the track of the years.
Whatever the place you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
Where the flowers have opened you send,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
You shall find at the City of Rest.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

An Open Letter to a Friend.

MARION ROSS, Esq.—Dear Friend: I wrote you a hasty letter awhile ago, but as I have more leisure now I feel the spirit move to write again. I consider it appropriate to study to understand our origin, nature and destiny, as far as we have opportunity, after providing for the necessities and comforts of our bodies, and to receive the message you send and am much obliged to you for them, but to tell the truth I do not consider them of any value. I think I understand the drift of the writings. It is a vain attempt by the sectarians to break the force of evolution, in the delusive idea that that doctrine upsets their theology. Evolution is a great and everlasting truth and upsets nothing that is worth saving. The trouble with the sectarians is that they will not groundless assumption that the Bible is the plenitude inspired word of God. Then formulate their favorite creed, hunt up texts to support it and make unfair efforts to explain away such texts as oppose their doctrine.

If they would take the Bible for what it is, the writings of different men, and interpret with common sense, they would begin to dawn upon them. No man will make any progress in unraveling the mystery of existence until he studies and understands somewhat the law of evolution which runs through every phase of human existence and our environment. The great English scientists, Tyndall, Spencer, Huxley, and the rest have worked this out in detail in the last 40 years. They have demonstrated this law as to the material or physical side of things, but have neglected the spiritual or invisible, and greater, more potent side of things; this will come along later.

More abstract speculations from assumed premises, which may be true and may not, only serve to befog, bewilder the mind, and seldom lead to a comprehension of truth. What we want is to get a wider range of facts in the spiritual or invisible realm of existence. To every well developed mind logical inference will come naturally and inevitably. No doubt the prime object of human existence in the body on this planet is, to develop the spirit normally, naturally and harmoniously, preparatory to a higher stage of existence. This can be done under Buddhism, Parseeism, Mohammedanism, Christianity or Spiritualism. And all this learned twaddle as to whether the soul can be saved or whether there is any salvation except in the belief of, or in a God-man, is truly pitiful.

Progress is being made in the investigation of the manifestations of spirits who have shuffled off the mortal body, and it seems to me to be worthy of study. In the last number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a wonderful article by N. B. Wolfe, a man of wealth and intellect, relating his experience with the spirits, which seems incredible, but he has no doubt in his mind relating what he has seen. And the theory of illusion or a put-up theatrical representation on the part of the medium, soon breaks down. I will send you the paper. You take out materializations from the Bible, and it is emasculated. No doubt the accounts are exaggerated, but making due allowance for this, and there is probably a large residuum of truth. I hope to be able to devote some time to the further investigation of spiritual existence soon. It will not be long before I shall be a disembodied spirit, and what shall I then do? I am satisfied that the connection of the two worlds is closer than we are apt to suppose. If this is so, this relation will become more and more apparent, and I trust more beneficial to mankind. Yours truly,
ST. ELENA, CAL. JOHN ALLY.

"Give Her a Point."

As Stone, the only survivor, out of fifty, of the ill-fated ship Vernon, lately wrecked on Lake Michigan. He and six others endeavored to save themselves on a raft, but Stone was the only one who had vision enough to carry him safely through. This spirit was instrumental in saving him. I have no doubt, judging from the report made at the time.

Capt. James N. Comstock, master of the S. B. Pomery, lives in Chicago, and sails a Chicago vessel. He left Chicago, Sunday, Oct. 30th, in the afternoon, and during the night the wind freshened to a gale. The first mate, who stood the first watch after midnight, says that while at the wheel something told him to alter the vessel's course, and, without knowing why, he put the wheel over a full point. He thinks now, although he is not superstitious, that a voice sounded in his ears. "Give her a point." But for this the vessel would never have run across Axel Stone on the raft. The second mate came on watch at 8 o'clock and continued to steer the course shaped by the mate. About 4:30 o'clock, when the vessel was nine miles east-north-east, the second mate heard a faint shout and informed Capt. Comstock. At an instant the Captain was wide awake, and coming on deck he saw the raft in the wake of the moon. As soon as possible he hoisted the vessel, lowered the sails, and with two men pulled for the raft. Then a black cloud shut out the light of the moon and the raft was lost sight of. The boat pulled about for half an hour, the Captain shouting as hard as he could. Finally a faint response came, and then the boat struck the raft. Capt. Comstock jumped onto it, and in a minute had Stone in his boat. In leaving the raft he stumbled over something, and asked Stone what it was. Stone replied: "O, that's Bill. He's dead, don't mind him." Capt. Comstock pulled back to the raft, gathered the corpse in his arms, and was just about to carry him into the boat, when a voice called out: "Careful, careful, nursing he was soon on a fair road to recovery."

While cleaning out a well at Bloomington, Ill., recently, Sandy Hamilton heard a rumbling sound at the bottom and dropped a lighted match down where the sound came from. The noise happened to be made by natural gas, and Sandy's curiosity cost him his head, hair, eyebrows and a portion of his face.

A Murderer Revealed by a Vision.

In the cosy office of the genial wharfinger of Howard street wharf were gathered the other day several persons among whom was the nautical reporter of the *Alta*. The conversation was on supernatural occurrences in general and ghostly visitations in particular. One of the men had a story, when the old white-haired mate of a ship now lying in harbor related the following experience with a solemnity that left an impression on all his hearers:

"It is very painful to me," said he, "to recall the incident I am about to relate, but I see you are all more or less skeptical and I would like to convince you that it is possible for the inhabitants of the other world to visit this. Understand that I do not claim that the do this at all times, but I do say that Al mighty God in his wisdom vouchsafes to us at times a glimpse of the other world; or causes to appear before our eyes events that are past, for the purpose of clearing up a mystery or giving rest to the sorrowing soul. It is to the latter class of phenomena that the subject of my story belongs, and to enable you to understand the circumstances properly I must first tell you a little of my earlier life. I was brought up in the British navy as a midshipman, and served my country with honor during the Crimean war, where indeed I gained my epaulettes, and after the war returned to England with several wounds, but also with a lieutenantcy."

"My return home, however, effected a complete change in my life. I fell in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a small farmer who lived near my home, and rather than give her up, threw up my commission and married at the age of 25. A son was the first fruit of our marriage, and he grew up to be a fine, handsome boy. At the age of 18 his mother died, but his sorrow did not last long, as he fell in love with a young lady of prepossessing exterior, and at last few days. My son despised the drudgery of office work, and told me he would rather go to the colonies, make his fortune there and return for his sweetheart. I thought it the best thing he could do, gave him the greater part of my little fortune and my blessing, and he left me."

"About six months after that he wrote to tell me that he had been to the mines, struck it rich, would soon be home. Months, however, passed; two years slipped away, and I heard nothing more of my boy. I determined to go and look for him, and so got to berth as second mate on a sailing ship bound for the colonies. I traveled over the greater part of the New South Wales, but obtained no clew to my boy's whereabouts. I was heartbroken, and when I received news that the bank in which my little fortune was placed had failed, my sorrow was not increased; I rather felt glad that I would have to work for a living, thinking that I had been deceived."

"I shipped again and made several voyages as second mate, and at last when in Liverpool was offered a berth as chief mate of the *Semiramis*, a beautiful vessel belonging to a local firm, and then lying in the Albert dock. I accepted the office and went aboard, though with a grim foreboding that I was to find out in that voyage the secret of my son's fate."

Two days before we left the dock the second mate came aboard. His was the only cabin in the distance shining like a piece of steel. On June 10, in latitude 23 deg. N. and longitude 32 deg. W. we picked up the northeast trade, light breeze, but steady. We had reached about 12 deg. N. with the breeze when the most extraordinary event of my life happened. It was the 22d of June and my middle watch on deck that night. I was pacing up and down the port (thinking sadly of all I had lost, when the second mate suddenly appeared on deck. He looked agitated and alarmed.

"This intense quiet annoys me," said he, approaching me. "I don't know why, but it irritates me to see that moon sailing so placidly through the heavens. Say, when a man commits a sin I suppose his punishment is eternal? I see it written in the stars, and the sky and the wash of the waves seem to echo that word. Eternal damnation it seems to ring in my ears. Look," he cried, pointing to the stars, "my letters on the compass card spell eternal. Ha! ha! the man at the wheel is steering us to eternity!"

"The man's words sent a shiver through my frame. His eyes were a terrible blue, becoming more fixed and steady as he retreated with me to the aft. His gaze was directed to the standard compass, and as he looked his right arm rose slowly, the index finger extended. I felt a cold shiver, and as he was unable to steady, I held my breath, and he was a thin vapor settled down about the binnacle. Presently it deepened toward the center, shutting out the misty view beyond, and I saw it resolving into form, distinct and sharp. There was a rough looking shanty built close to a disused claim. Every detail was there. In the single room of this miserable hut were two bunks, arranged one above another, as aboard ship. The lower one was occupied, and upon it lay a young fellow. Suddenly the door opened, and a one-looking young fellow entered. The form seemed familiar, but strain as I would, I could not get a glimpse at the face. He laid on the table a huge nugget of gold, fondled it in his hands for a few moments, and then, placing it in a chamber-leather bag put it in his breast, and, jumping lightly over the upper bunk, went in a moment fast asleep. No sound did his breathing become deep and regular—for so vivid was the vision that I could hear all that was going on as well as see—that the man in the lower bunk slipped out on the floor. I recognized him at once. The repulsive features were those of the second mate. He bent over the sleeper and a hideous smile crossed his face. Taking a long knife from his breast, and going over to the light he felt the side of the sleeper. A cold shiver ran down my spine as I felt the blood running cold in my veins as the villain, his purpose only too patent, stole over the sleeping boy. Slowly the arm was raised higher, higher, there! My God! I could hear the gasp of the murdered man as the knife was buried to the hilt in his bosom. In his death agony the poor boy rose in his bunk, and then, for the first time, his face was turned toward me, and I, the horrified, heart-broken man, saw the face of my lost son, foully murdered, his life's blood trickling in a ruddy stream to the floor. I couldn't move; some terrible power prevented. The wretch put his hand into my boy's shirt, pulled out the nugget, and with that movement the vision passed away. I was free!"

"Murder!" I cried, fiercely to myself, my companion, ready to rend to pieces. The sight of his face calmed me. He was staring at the wall, and the vision had appeared—staring with a fixedness that was terrible."

"Look, how it comes toward me," he muttered hoarsely. "Look! look! The blood is running this way." "Is over my boots." "His rising and will drown me. I will save myself." And then with a fearful effort he threw off his supernatural bonds, and leaping to the aft, went bounding overboard with a shriek that startled the sleeping sea birds and brought the watch aft and the captain from his room. I threw a life-bow toward the white frightened face, which looked indescribably ghastly by the light of the moon. The ship was brought to, and a boat lowered, but we got nothing save the life-bow; the guilty mate had gone to his last account."

"So I found out what had happened to my boy, and though it added a few more white hairs to my head, yet I did not regret it, for I had thanked him for his money and long, long hope of meeting my son on the other shore."

"And, Mr. Mate," asked the scribe as the old man turned sorrowfully to go, "what became of his sweetheart? I suppose she waited until at last deferred hope sent her to an early grave?"

"Nothing so romantic, young man," was the dry reply; "she has been married twice since."—*San Francisco Alta California.*

Letter from Professor Wilder.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Your paper for this date has just come. It takes from one to two days, generally two, for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to get to New York, longer than to New York. I like this number very much. That discourse of Rev. J. H. Palmer is a veritable sermon on the Mount, and ought to be repeated in every pulpit, and on every platform. The mesh of corporate power that this nation is in the grasp, and I often fear beyond the ability of the people to release themselves. It is verily the dominion of a beast coming out of the earth with horns like a lamb, but speaking like a dragon. No man may buy or sell except by the stamp of a corporation—a creature of legislation, stronger than its creator, and mighty above moral law. The greatest crimes of the age are the outcome of this wrong.

I sympathize heartily with what you say in regard to the matter of the anarchists. They have been apotheosized from miscreants to martyrs. Doubtless their execution was a crime; certainly it was a blunder. It was a spectacle of a community afraid, mad, revengeful, insane. The history of thirty years teaches us that in the eyes of this people, it is a crime to slay a few individuals than to include and carry on a work which has been a quiet and a deadly poison to the nation, and thousands are made to perish with more fearful tortures. Yet, I suppose, that all these things must needs take place, or the earth would not meet the end of its creation.

The elections are over, and we have only the moral to draw from them, that the situation is substantially what it was a year ago. If I was to venture upon a forecasting, I would predict a Democratic president, and four years more for the "little woman" whose exquisite manner and sweet smile turns men's heads. The Republicans can carry Indiana and Connecticut, which they lost in 1884, but they do not seem to know how to carry New York. A great reason is to be found in their modes of managing, and their steady departure from the ideas upon which the Grand Old Party was founded. Besides, what death has done there has been a quiet crowding out of the men of ideas who once led, and the adopting of expedients that dishonor any body of men. I do not see why Geo. W. Julian, Lyman Trumbull, John M. Palmer and others are democrats; but I can easily perceive why they are no more Republicans.

The prohibitionists are increasing; they are the only party that added to their vote "off year." I question the intrinsic right of men to interfere with the tastes and doings of others. Will there be some encroachment on liberty of personal rights by those others; but the error, if such it be, is in behalf of honest, social virtue, and general happiness. It does not, unfortunately, place the ax at the root, but hews away at limbs. The saddest of life, fearful foreboding, the utter hopelessness which shuts out our prospects, and makes life a dreary, must be recognized by intelligent men as the source of vice and crime. Drunkenness is loathsome, and the crime in its train exceeds our power to compute; so a prohibition band would seem to be most desirable, and I feel in that way. But the slower reform, the teaching of what life is and how to live it wisely, is the only efficient bore and opportunity. So I dissent from the prohibitionists with my warmest sympathy; they may not love wisely, but they love well."

In these parts, the Labor vote dwindled to a pitiful figure. Mr. George's 68,000 of last year, fell to 35,000. He says he is stronger with that; he may be, for it gives him an army of Gideon that will not cover before a superior force. His real adversaries were the Democrats, they transferred their strength bodily into the Democratic ranks, according to the party the City and the State. In so doing they betrayed the weak element that exists at the vitals of every Labor movement of the poorer population. They are in the market; they can be bought every time. The distinction of the poor is their poverty; the empty purse will not stand upright. These men who are always in quest of a purchaser elect the legislature; and from the legislature the capitalists and corporations purchase the enactment of statutes. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

I fear this sounds pessimistic; and the outlook for the better is certainly not good. There are dark sides to the brightest cloud, and dark periods in every history. Generally times become brighter, and life more cheery. We are, however, much in the old discount attitude. I believe that providence can get us out, but I don't see how on earth it can. It is by the fearful anguish in childhood that men come into existence; and the throes of a people may yet bring forth salvation and deliverance. We are pretty apt to feel, however, that if there is a good time coming, there ought to be another locomotive attached to that train.

NEWARK, N. J.

First Independent Club of Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The call for united effort among Spiritualists has created Boston, and a few of its most modest and earnest believers, after some weeks of study, have concluded that no body of people, however earnest in their purpose or sincere in their attempt to put Spiritualism upon a nobler basis, can have the slightest hope of success unless they begin with the deeper unity that lies in the harmony of individuals.

After reaching this conclusion to trace the cause of the trouble, and especially in the spiritualistic ranks, is an earnest desire to know the cause, and has determined the noblest edifice, and the poison that has killed our fairest prospects, and the demoniac fog which has marked failure upon every possibility of success, is scandal.

On Nov. 1st these earnest workers met at the parlors of a celebrated medium, and with the co-operation of their guardian angels, formed an organization to be called the First Independent Club. To be a member of this Club, it is necessary to have a kindly feeling for the members, and to solemnly covenant the forwarding of scandal about them. To repeat the offense, will entail dismissal.

Members are elected by ballot, provided the Spiritual guardians of the Club assent to such election. Should an applicant be black-balled, reason for such action must be furnished to the committee on membership, and the rejected applicant is entitled to a hearing.

The following are among the aims and objects: The forming of a society, to which Spiritualists and their friends may belong, irrespective of age, sex or nationality, who are interested in, and will further, the following objects:

1. To arrange for regular unsectarian meetings, where the greatest encouragement can be given to the liberty of thought and courtesy of speech, upon all subjects that may be of interest to the majority of its members.

2. To endeavor to put Spiritualism upon a higher basis; to encourage the development of the spiritual more than the intellectual or physical; to afford opportunities for the discussion of metaphysical questions, and while admitting the beauty and utility of the phenomena, teach that the highest aim is around all phenomena, the education of the soul.

3. To assist the young and inexperienced, in public work, by developing latent talent, and affording opportunities for its expression.

4. To secure headquarters which may constitute a Bureau of Information upon the subject of Spiritualism, and the movements of professional Spiritualists. To send delegations to attend funerals and marriages, lectures, public and private circles, and make appointments for such mediums as may become members of this Club.

5. To establish a library of valuable literature, a circle room, reading, writing and supper room.

6. To found a Protective Union for mediums, and a fund for this and other charitable and benevolent purposes. Ladies Society shall also be inaugurated for general service to the Club.

7. To promote good feeling among the members, to become better acquainted with each other, and to gain the culture that alone comes through the utility of agreeable association, and thus extend the element of harmony in the community at large.

8. To give special attention to the forming of associations, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and Spiritual Societies, whenever an opportunity offers.

9. To co-operate with other societies, in all good works.

Among those who are to officiate the Club, are: Mrs. Maggie Polomoe Butler, Wm. S. Falls, Esq., Rev. Wm. M. F. Daisley of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and they request me to send the above to you, and to request that you find an early place for it in your columns.

BOSTON, MASS. MRS. M. A. TERRY.

Kansas City Chips.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Rev. Cameron Mann (Episcopalian) has been giving a series of sermons on "The Life of the Future," in which he discussed the relation of the church to dogmas, and claimed that no authoritative decision binding upon the conscience of any member upon the questions of future life and the doom of the soul had ever been promulgated; and that any minister or member who dares to draw his own conclusions from revelation and nature and express them freely, whether they sanctioned eternal misery, final restitution, endless probation, or annihilation; and after exhausting all the theories in a course of five sermons, he arrives at the conclusion that the persistently wicked will be annihilated. By request from some of our friends, I have advertised to review these sermons, commencing next Sunday evening. The sermons as published show ability, culture, liberality and sincerity.

The Central Ave. Methodist Church is popular, having a talented pastor, who is a fine orator, and a popular choir, said to be the best in the city; but with the exception of one remarkable male voice, which is the exception of the church, the choir is not equal to the choir at Pythian, especially in the female part, which is conspicuous in both choirs.

But the Methodist Church did not elevate its culture by getting the Rev. (7) Sam Jones to represent them in a lecture for the benefit of the Sunday School. Those who heard him were required to pay \$1 each, and the fee is the usual price for first-class lectures, and the reason assigned was that it was for the Sabbath School. He made some good hits, and said some sensible and more silly things, and kept the audience laughing most of the time, but the lazier, the blackguard and the vulgar wit dominated the whole two hours of pious slang. It is only for a barroom or brothel, and shadowed all fine sensibilities with shame and disgust. I am thankful he does not advocate or represent Spiritualism, which is healthfully growing in spite of all the sham and load it down, especially among the class of thinkers who are not satisfied with repulsive phenomena alone; but having proof of an unseen world, desire to cultivate a rational acquaintance with it, and the laws that govern its relation to this.

Valuable as phenomena are when not veiled in doubt and mystified by their fellowship with jugglery and the lowest methods of charlatans, those who limit their investigations to phenomena cannot grow nor realize any important benefit from Spiritualism. I have sometimes thought that the dubious character of a large share of physical manifestations, and the necessary doubt and constant feeling of uncertainty, which such a union of fact and fraud inspires, is a blessing in disguise. It ought to teach all who can that there is no rest or security in physical facts without the philosophy and moral applications of which they are the feeble exponents. The mortal drift is in the direction of spiritual truth and moral culture.

I think the little band of "Christian Scientists" in this city still survive and are working at the problem of life in their own way, but they no longer risk the tender growth in their atmosphere of Spiritualism, and the last spring were regular attendants at our meetings, and now are conspicuous absent, and I hear nothing of their work, success or failures. They are a "peculiar people," and seem to avoid the light of rational philosophy, as we of the world understand it.

The press, quite liberal in a general way, show no favors for Spiritualism, except advertise meetings when paid for doing it, and while noting the sayings of the different clairvoyants, and often publishing whole sermons, the never refer to our meetings at all. Sam Jones gets a liberal notice, and his vulgar wit is reproduced for the edification of the public, but nothing tainted with Spiritualism defiles the press of this city, unless it be some story of marvels.

Dr. Thorne is confined to his house with a sick wife and a severe bronchial cough, which unfits him for outdoor exercise. He has been faithful to his convictions as a Spiritualist, and fearlessly expressed them and done valuable service to the cause in many ways, always avoiding fanatical extremes. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake has been in the city the past three or four weeks, under Dr. Kimball's treatment, and I hear that her throat trouble is considerably improved, and the Doctor thinks she can be cured. I believe they start for California this week next.

Our meetings continue with unabated interest and good audiences greet us every Sunday evening, the music being an attraction for many who might not care much for the lectures.

Dr. Granville is absent on business in Topeka and other places, and we miss his helpful influence much. His family are here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, staunch and faithful veterans of the cause, have just returned from a visit to Ohio—their former home—and the light of their presence is helpful. The situation is reasonably encouraging.

LYMAN C. HOWE.
922 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo.

Investigating Dreams.

The American Society for Psychical Research, Boston, is about undertaking a new line of investigation. It proposes to study the stories which are so often told about dreams of waking impressions concerning persons at a distance, who it was afterward proved were at the moment passing through some great crisis or danger. These coincidences are often reported, and the society will endeavor to find out whether they are mere coincidences or something more. To do this they will endeavor to ascertain, first, the names of persons in a community who have not had any such extraordinary occurrences, and the number of persons who have had such experience coinciding with events; third, the number of persons who have experienced which, though similar to the foregoing in other respects, did not coincide with real events.

A circular has just been issued by the society asking any reader of it in the course of the next six months to repeat the following questions verbatim to as many trustworthy persons as possible, from whom he does not know what answer to expect, and who have not already been interrogated by some one else, and communicate the result:

Have you, within the past year, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you, about whom you were not anxious at the time, which dream you marked as an exception to the usual rule, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?

Have you in the past year, when in good health and completely awake, had a distinct impression of seeing or being touched by a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence, when no one was there?—Ez.

Such as feel an interest in the work of the American Society for Psychical Research, and are willing to aid in securing data for it, can address Mr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, who will forward blanks upon which to record information obtained.

"Out of the Mouths of Babies."

In a few thoughts offered to the members of the Seibert Commission for their consideration, Mrs. Minerva Merrick, in *The Watchman*, says:

Many little children know that they can hear rape and see forms. Some negro children were once sitting on a curb-stone, holding a board—asking questions and getting answers by rape. Those children knew no tricks—they did not make rape with their mouths, as they say, but they did hear and see. They said: "Oh no, he would not come; he was a Christian."

A lady medium, with her son five years old, called at my home, and telling us that the child was a medium, we asked him to sit at a table with us. He did so, and in about five minutes the boy looked away from the table, and stared at something a few seconds, then turning to his mother, said: "I saw papa, and he was not in the box."

When the boy went home he said to the man who worked in the shop:

"Is papa at the shop? I saw him at Mrs. Merrick's and he was not in the box"—meaning the coffin. The boy is a clairvoyant.

A fourteen year old boy was found dead in a corn bin in the elevator at Shabbona Grove, Ill., Thursday. Some men were loading a car Wednesday out of the bin, when the corn stopped running, and they carried the idea that the bin was empty. Thursday it was noticed there was plenty of corn in the bin and an attempt was made to load the car, without success. On close examination it was found that the boy lay across the spout in such a way as to stop the flow of the corn.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A man at Medicine Hat, N. M. T., has cleared \$1,100 so far this season by gathering up buffalo bones from the prairie and shipping them east.

J. C. Barber, of Leary, Ga., says that while out hunting quail, one day he shot and killed a white partridge. He says there were four more birds of the same color in the covey.

A lady clerk in the Coldwater postoffice proudly wears as a pin a small silver teaspoon, which the British overlooked when they pillaged Peekskill, because it was hidden under a baby's head.

Mrs. Julius Magner, of Medford street, Charleston, Mass., is the mother of a girl baby, born this month, with a weight upon its arrival, of nineteen pounds. Two years ago she gave birth to a nineteen-pound child.

There is an unaccountable and remarkable mortality among the hardens of San Luis Obispo bay. They are dying by the thousands and the shores of the bay are covered with these dead fish to the depth of two or three feet, and the stench is unbearable.

Portland, Oregon, makes its 160 saloons pay \$48,000 into the treasury, and Portland landlords charge the saloon-keepers rent to the amount of \$192,000 yearly. This means that a good many men in Oregon support the saloons better than they do their families.

Kansas is trying to encourage silk production, and has, by act of legislature, established a station where eggs will be distributed and reared educated. Ten acres have been set out with mulberry trees, and fifteen rears are now rearing, producing. It is said, excellent silk.

The worst enemy of the Tarantula is a big insect, something like a wasp, only much larger, which attacks the monster spider whenever it sees him. Almost invariably these wasps sting the tarantula to death in a short time, and then tear the body in pieces and carry it away.

Division of labor has been carried to such perfection in this country that it is now possible, so it is said, to make a complete sewing-machine in a minute, or sixty in an hour, and a responsible fifteen minute; a locomotive in a day, and five hundred watches in the same time.

The last surviving representative of the Delaware tribe of Indians, who played so important a part in the early colonial history of the country, is Ann Roberts. She is eighty years old, and lives at Indian Mills, on the old Brotherton reservation in New Jersey.

It is a singular fact that a photograph of a sun or star taken through the big telescope recently constructed at Cleveland for the Lick observatory gives a view of the heavenly object much clearer and more distinct than that which the naked eye is looking through the powerful instrument.

A patient at the Benevolent Home in Atlanta was kept alive by nitro-glycerine for several days after a cancer in the stomach had eaten away that organ entirely, and reduced him to a skeleton. The explosive was placed on his tongue and absorbed into his system without being swallowed.

Governor Waterman, of California, upon assuming his seat recently, had all the money in the State Treasury counted, insuring upon every seal of every tag being broken. The money, \$1,100,000, was all there; and the Governor gave an elaborate dinner to all who had a hand in the count.

To determine whether her two pet canaries possessed the sense of color, a Chicago lady placed before them two bathing caps, one of ordinary white ware, the other of colored glass. After a moment's hesitation the birds plunged into the colored cup, and have since refused to bathe in any other.

A man in Oil City with a small oil well would not accept the terms that the Standard Company offered him for the produce of his well, and to dispose of it started a little refinery of his own and peddled the oil about town. Now his product has become famous for superior excellence, and he supplies the whole Oil City retail trade.

M. Louise Thomas and Elsie F. Beckingham are two women of business. The first is one of the most successful bee raisers in the country; and it is said that her bees produce 10,000 pounds of honey yearly. The other is the successful manager of a fruit farm of several hundred acres in California, and advises all women who can to take up this line of business.

Mr. Christopher Chancellor, who lives in the Spoon river brackes, was digging a stock well a few days ago, and when eighteen feet below the surface he found 123 petrified rattlesnakes. They were as heavy as stone, and the largest one measured eight feet in length and twenty-eight and one-half inches in circumference and had forty-three rattles on it.

A lad in Pasadena, Cal., was advised by his physician to dig in the earth as a way of getting exercise and bettering his health. He followed the advice, and now he has a well over 100 feet deep on his father's lot. He dug every shovelful of the earth himself, and with his own hand carried it all from the bottom of the well to the surface.

The Guild of the Iron Cross is a new Episcopal organization, having for its object the spreading of the principles of temperance, reverence and charity. Father Field, of Philadelphia, the guild's chaplain, has just returned from a successful tour in the West and in Canada, and reports 2,000 members, 117 priests, and seven bishops connected with the guild.

A NOBLE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

A Sermon by Reed Stuart at the First Congregational Unitarian Church at Detroit.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. (Matt. VI. 33.)

A NOBLE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Jesus holds a commanding place not only among the world's prophets and teachers of religion, but he is worthy of a position among its philosophers. Some sage of the East said, within the centre of the sun is light and in the centre of light is truth and no one better than this Jewish prophet knew that secret. He found the nearest road to the centre of things and dared to follow it, no matter what opinion or custom it cut in twain,—as the emperors of Rome made roads from every outlying province to the capital without regard to what private estate might intervene. If philosophy be to life what science is to nature—the grouping under one generalization of many facts and finding a reasonable theory of things—then his teaching is worthy to be called a philosophy. We can afford to pass by many of the alleged miraculous events, in connection with his coming and career, that we may come sooner into the presence of his noble theory of the origin and destiny of man, and the form of life which should be lived during the years of earth.

To philosophize is to classify,—to find the relation of this event to that cause; the power of unifying, of coupling things near with things remote; of tracing things to a common source—as of finding all the rivers and all the rain-drops issuing primarily from the ocean, or all the many branches of the banyan tree nourished by one root. The mind, when in the philosophic mood, sees that nothing is chaotic, and that nothing is foreign or dissimilar, but that each is related to each, and each to all. No fact is so rebellious, or so refractory but that it can be made to fall into line; no phenomenon is so strange and remote but that it finally can be traced to identity, and is seen cohering at last to the one substance of which all things are modes and appearances.

The lament of Xenophanes—that all variety hastened to become unity—is the open secret of the universe. It is the province of mind to make this discovery;—to see that the fable of Proteus is no fiction, but a truth forever being enacted in plain sight; to see that the gas flame having passed through many changes is only another form of sunlight; that the diamond is the Saxon brother of the American coal; that motion is only another form of heat; that pyramids, and cathedrals, and statues are only thought taking visible shape; and thus go on finding analogies and identities until the outermost limits of nature are seen to be thrilling with the same life which palpitates at the centre. Life is one; and all facts follow the path of law, and are threaded together as pearls upon the single cord. This cord has no end and no beginning. The current is nowhere broken; every battery is in communication with another battery; the circuit is complete, and power is forever arriving and departing. The soul is a station on this endless line, and is in communication with every part of the Universe,—with capital and province alike; and the discovery is made that one government is over the whole empire. All things hasten to yield up their secrets; and it is revealed that Orion blazing in the sky, and the grain of sand on the earth are under the same organization.

Beyond any of his countrymen, the man of Nazareth had made the discovery of the secret of unity. He saw that the web which God weaves, though of many patterns, is all one piece. The day with its sun; the night with its stars; the blowing wind, the growing grass; men and women; Solomon on his throne and the lily of the field, were all parts of the one whole. He found that all things grew originally from the same root; and that a thrill of relationship and sympathy swept through all the value of being.

But every truth leads to another truth. Every idea hastens to become a visible fact. The use of nature is to serve as an illustration of thought, or the mind. Thus the discovery of relationship, and endless analogies between all things could not rest with that but must open the way to something higher, or some higher use of the discovery. It is not enough to find America; the work of Columbus is not done until the new continent becomes the abode of a high civilization.

It depends upon temperament to what use knowledge is put. Herbert Spencer finds the law of correlation running through all phenomena, and referring all things to measureless and inscrutable Force for their cause, forms a science. Burns and Wordsworth saw the same relationship and sympathy existing between all things and the soul, and turned their thought into poetry. The Mystics saw the same, and turned it into reveries, and ecstasies. Plato found the grand of all phenomena in the absolute, and called it philosophy. Jesus found the source of all things—the Root out of which the tree of the universe grew and grows, to be spirit, and he turned his knowledge into life or religion.

Strictly speaking there are no abstract truths. Everything becomes practical at last. In the mind, mathematics lives only as an abstraction; but the commerce of a world moves in obedience to that invisible idea. Geometry exists as an idea; but it is also the actual measurement of earth and sky. Thus the idea of Jesus can be applied to life. What the mind sees can be turned into deed. A form of philosophy is never complete until it becomes a form of life, and the noblest philosophy is that which leads to the noblest living.

Conviction is to character, as food and air is to the body. As climate gives color and temperament to races, and decrees the kind of plant and animal which can endure in certain districts, so philosophy becomes a climate of the soul determining its form and color. As a man thinks in his heart so is he. Who believes in Plato or Emerson most, is most like Plato or Emerson. Opinions may be held as an infant's hand may hold "purpures" what is placed therein;—beliefs may be superficially attached for mere temporary decoration, like flowers sown from their native stem but genuine opinions reveal character as surely as the crop reveals the quality of the soil. We may know by the velvet petals, pearly kind of food its roots have to eat, and by its thought and actions—the flower and fruit—upon what the soul nourishes itself. Not more surely does the river, following the law of its being, hurry toward the sea, or the flame mount toward the sun, or the dove coo to the tiger, than does man hasten to follow along the line of his strongest conviction, and make his beliefs manifest in deeds. As much virtue as there is within, will reveal itself. A man need not take pains to publish his creed. It publishes itself. Our confession

of faith is in our eyes; is in our smiles; is in our gait; in our salutations and leave-takings. Hercules did not have to prove that he was a God. Everything he did betrayed it. Nor will concealment avail. Never think that if your doctrine be low, or your heart weak, that it will not be found out. Though you may pretend that your views are identical with the apostles and prophets, and show medals commemorating your bravery, it will not avail; you will finally pass for what you are worth. Try to conceal yourself as you will it is of no use—every dress you put on to hide your true character, like Vivion's robe, will only serve more to express than conceal you. Give Cuvier a single bone and he will construct a counter part of the whole skeleton, give the mathematician an arc of a curve and he will draw the whole figure; so a gleam of the eye, a grasp of the hand is sufficient sometimes to show what form of soul there is back of it. We could not mistake Alexander for Socrates, though we should find him barefoot in the market talking of temperance or truth; nor mistake Judas for Jesus, though he carried the golden rule on a banner. What is within comes out;—if Bibles then Bibles; if Illads then Illads; if treachery then treachery; if virtue then virtue. Being is forever becoming doing. Deeds are crystallized beliefs. A thought which has not passed into action is like a distant star, so far off that its light has not yet reached earth.

How great the necessity then, if life be the transcript of thought, that thought should be high! If what we think makes us what we are, and our prevailing attitude toward earth, and man and sky be a faithful register of our philosophy, then upon what lofty plane should our thinking be and how noble our philosophy? As poor soil makes poor harvests, and bad food leaves the body poisoned, or weak, so poor thought, or a bad philosophy makes life poor or bad.

Life needs forever a noble purpose. Nothing can be substituted for a lofty aim. Work cannot, of itself, accomplish anything worthy. The intention consecrates all endeavor.

"Better far Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means Than a sublime art frivolously."

The foolish man in the chair of state is only a foolhardy man. The wise man always justifies his calling. Paul making tents with his hands, while he carried in his heart a deep regard for the welfare of the race and the germs of the civilization of Europe, was a greater man than Agrippa on the throne. Why one lives, must first be considered when the question is debated, whether life is worth living. When a man does his work grudgingly, or his soul ceases to flow into his performance, and he is content to become a part of the machine, or when he toils only to keep himself from drowning—as in some of the instruments with which men once were punished, the question is worth considering whether, as far as he himself is concerned, he would not better cease to cumber earth with his presence. "But I must live," said the beggar to Dr. Johnson, and had for reply, "I cannot see the necessity for it." Work only becomes worthy when it points to a noble end, and becomes the regal and graceful action of a soul.

Genius will not suffice to ennoble life, if purpose equal to it be lacking. It is a sun, capable of warming and lighting a world; but if its flaming chariot be trusted to some rash Phœbus, as in the fable, it will burn instead of illuminate, and will leave a desert instead of fruitful fields. Napoleon had genius; but unguided by a noble intention he only succeeded in turning Europe into huge battle-fields; and sent the angel of death into a hundred thousand homes on his dread errand. There is a long list of names of those who had conferred upon them the awful gift of genius, but without the gift of wisdom to use aright their power. They had the eye to see and be ravished by the light, but there was no restraining grace to prevent them, like the moth, from falling into the flame and perishing. Power is beneficent when guided; but unguided it is a terrific enemy;—it is air which presses upon every part of the earth with a weight which Atlas could not carry, but so distributed, and so delicate in its touch that it does not crush the petal of a rose, turning to a cyclone which sweeps towns away as if they were so much dust; or it is electricity consenting to run on all errands—the quickest and quietest messengers that ever came into our homes—but at times turning to lightning and crashing into those secure homes, lays its old masters dead at its feet. Thus genius may bless or blast a life, as it possesses or lacks guidance. As in the physical world there must be the proportion between speed and distance, between mass and lever, and the mistake is never made of asking the tortoise to carry express across the continent, or of using a trip hammer to tack down carpets, so, in life, power and destiny must equal each other, and endeavor to be in proportion to the aim in view.

Time is a blessing only to the wise souls—to those who have learned how to use. What an estate is this seventy year life which we inherit! But, like every inheritance, its value depends upon its use. If it is not well used the loss of it there is the better. Our world is not a world of chances in which everything depends upon a lucky throw. It is arranged upon a scale of cause and effect. The youth to whom a fortune is left has opened before him splendid opportunities; but if he is unwise all these opportunities will disappear. So the youth who inherits a million hours has as many glorious opportunities, but if they are not approached with the purpose of turning them all into worthy uses they will disappear, and at the end his capital all gone he will be a moral bankrupt. Neither work, nor genius, nor length of days can make good the absence of a philosophy to a life.

If one were to assume the ungracious task of criticizing the form of education, popular in the schools and colleges of our land, he would first note the prevalent failure to communicate the wisdom of true living. Our education is technical, and specific, whereas it should be as broad and as deep as the nature of man.

We aim to make good readers, good geographers, good accountants, good surveyors, as if that were the object of education, and forget that the sole end of education is to make noble women and men. Our culture is, in deep, when it ought to go to the depth of the soul. We are, oh, so practical. We hate abstractions. We want our children to have no nonsense; we want them to learn how to make a living; we would have them take the prizes and have their minds loaded with facts, and the teachers do as we ask them. Bogus and dance, virtuous and bright, all become a part of the machine, and the same kinds of facts are the daily food of all. Knowledge is communicated in abundance; but knowledge is not enough. Many of the intemperate, and criminal, and dishonest, are educated in those forms of knowledge which are supposed to be the basis of success. Education should respect life and its

highest possibilities. First and last it should confess that the moral sentiment is supreme; that there can be no success which revolts against the authority of that Sovereign; and that teacher and pupil can only do the work of life truly when in company they follow the shining laws of virtue. Thus does education become an ally of divine Providence; the teacher becomes an organ of that wisdom which cometh from above; and every pupil, through the teacher, comes in contact with that impersonal Energy which goes throbbing, wave on wave, to the outskirts of society, and breaks in surge or ripple, on the shores of the universe. There are teachers who, having found the key which opens the gates of wisdom, are leading their pupils in the noblest paths toward the worthiest ends. Endowed with the believing soul and the prophetic eye they can believe and prophesy good of whoever dull or disobedient hearts come under their care. They can see not only that the rule of the text book should be learned and applied, but that those rules of love and justice, not fully printed in any book but written in the sky and engraved on every heart, should also be learned and applied. However good a formula of mathematics, by which a correct result is reached, they see that a formula of life by which a correct result is reached, is better. God enters the mind by many doors; and there are teachers who try to keep these all unlocked and ready to swing on their hinges at His approach.

Knowledge has come in abundance. Power is here without limit. Knowledge has been turned to use in a thousand ways. There is no form of force—steam, gravitation, cohesion, electricity, fire, air, water—but what has been utilized. Wisdom, the faculty of directing means to a given end has come. There is earnestness enough of a certain kind, namely, in the quest made for those things which are useful for to-day and to-morrow. And yet our life seems far from being complete. There is reason here which enables the majority of people to walk across the earth with some method, and some security; but it is not the highest form of reason. We carry a torch when we ought to have the sun.

Life is an opportunity, placed, so far as we know, only once before us. Within us is power, without is material with which to build. What is the plan of the structure? When the scaffolding is taken down how will it appear? Life is a rough mass, the soul is the sculptor. What will stand forth at last—a statue symbolizing victory? or a sorrowful group; like the priest of Apollo and his sons, in which our life is being crushed by a stronger and more relentless foe than the serpent of Tenedos—by the iron bands of fate which our own errors and passions have forged and welded? Character is destiny; but character is the work of the soul. We elect what our destiny shall be. If we absolutely refuse, and pitch our action upon the plan of our revolution, to obey the command of fate, then fate is powerless to command us. Nay, fate is on our side and will help us to disobey its former law;—the king has joined the insurgents and will help them annul the oppressive edicts. The Welsh proverb says that "God himself cannot procure good for the wicked;" but it is just as true that God himself cannot procure evil for the good. We find what we search for, whether it be a loaf of bread or the kingdom of God.

The resolute soul carries a key which fits every lock. Thus the legends and fables which everywhere grow around the names of the great. All things yielded to them, because of their purpose and their dauntless attitude. He who sought the kingdom of God was miraculously fed and clothed. The ravens and the brooks were his purveyors. Seas open at his approach. Manna fell every day at his door. The rocks became fountains. The sea obeyed his voice. Devils fled at his approach. The trees listened to his music. All gates flew open at his command. Hell gave back its victims. The fish in the sea, the animals on the land, the stars in the sky befriended him; and he would gain his battles though the sun and moon must halt to give him more time. "To the persevering mortal, the immortals are swift."

The complaint may be made against society that too low an estimate is put upon life and its significance. Its purposes and plans seem too much to ignore the element of the vast, which is an attribute of the soul. Our aims leave out of sight the claim of the spirit for infinitude. Our schemes take a firm hold of the earth and of time, as if we were sure there is nothing greater than earth and time. All our work falls within a century, and we sometimes make leases for ninety-nine years, as if that were the utmost limit to which a transaction could reach. Some hundreds of millions in the civilized lands, all hurrying to and fro, alternating between hope and dread concerning the outcome, to-morrow or the next day, of some one of their plans,—elated with a new joy if it succeed, and bursting with vexation and defying all consolation, like children when the toy is broken, if it fail; the sovereigns of Europe watching each other with jealous eye; the politicians of America scheming for a senatorship or a post office; small natures everywhere and in all callings, "Men who seek their own good at the whole world's cost;" think of all this hurrying multitude, each with his eye glued to his own petty concerns, and then think of the great God, and the great eternity looking down upon them.

"Here eyes do regard them, Is eternity's stillness."

Life should be enlarged, until it could include all possible forms of goodness and greatness in its plans. As man has been led away from barbarism into the realm of the intellect, and now finds so many forms of use and beauty, he should not permit himself to pause forever there, but he should press onward until he reaches the land of the spirit where he would find all things repeating their use and beauty on a higher scale. Having learned to walk along the earthly lines of prudence and reason, and production, and adaptation, he should now accept the guide which will lead him along ascending and broadening lines,—toward love, and justice, and religion;—into that fair Kingdom of God where thought is worth as much as gold; where a lily is more valuable than the decorations of a king; and a dream of immortality, and a heavenly Father is dearer than the making thought which exhausts itself on earth with its food, and money, and toil, and low-lying horizon.

Life will be no greater than its philosophy. The mark that is hit may be lower, but it will not be higher than the aim. Our purpose must be commensurate with the soul. If the soul has the infinite within it, then in our theory of life we must make provision for that immense quality. Wisdom can go forth each day and provide food and raiment for the body; but it should not rest when that work is done. Customs and laws of society and work must be also prescribed to life; but the soul has powers yet unemployed,

and desires yet unrest when this task is done. It goes out on other errands to find beauty and all the tender graces of earthly life. Still the spirit looks wistfully upward, as if expecting the arrival of some diviner guest. It seeks God and Righteousness, and is satisfied. Religion with its duties, and hopes, and sanctions meets the highest demands of life.

A philosophy which omits this greatest factor from its programme, cannot be otherwise than defective. Our age has fallen deeply in love with reason; but that is not reason which leaves out of its conclusion so many and so great facts. That is not music nor is that reason which ignores God and the claims of the soul, which beats forever on one key. After we have struck the cord which gives the sound of earth, we should learn to sweep the whole vast keyboard, awakening all the notes of wail and jubilee, of work and worship which are slumbering among the net work of strings in this strange life—the mysterious music of earth and sky, of man and God. Wise are we all if we learn to awaken this grand harmony. If we have been too long striking the monotone earth, earth, earth, let us have that and pass on to a new lesson which will give us a new combination of chords. Let us all practice that piece whose theme reaches, at times to the sky; whose ground swell of time and earth is sometimes drowned by the grander tones of eternity, or modulated by the dreamy notes of heaven; and which can be heard on both sides of the grave.

"In some hours of solemn jubilee, The massive gates of Paradise are thrown Wide open, and forth comes in fragments wild, Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies, As odors snatched from a bed of amaranth."

The Union Spiritualists, Cincinnati.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mr. J. Cleary Wright, the lecturer, has been in Cincinnati, occupying the platform since the beginning of September, with considerable success. The meetings are well attended. Mrs. Porter, the daughter of E. V. Wilson, is employed to follow Mr. Wright with tests. In his lecture last Sunday evening, Mr. W. drew attention to some of the absurdities connected with Spiritualism. He was very witty and effective in his description of a Boston medium who has married Jesus Christ; and said that this insanity was equalled by such performances as the materialization of Jesus Christ, Hiram Abiff, Napoleon Bonaparte, Josephine, and ancient Egyptian spirits; such things are wicked frauds and insanity mixed up. Mr. Wright pronounced these manifestations fraud, especially emphasizing the name of Mrs. Fairchild.

During the delivery of the lecture the audience repeatedly manifested its approbation by applause, but when the lecturer had sat down, the chairman, Mr. Grooms, said that he wanted to state to the audience that the society did not endorse the statements made by Mr. Wright; that the society "neither affirmed nor denied the mediumship of any person, but left every body to their own judgment."

Mr. Barney rose at the back of the hall and moved a resolution "that The Society of Union Spiritualists did not approve or condemn any medium." When put to the meeting, seven voted for it and one against it. The body of the people did not vote.

Probably it will be a long time again before a society will take such a step with its appointed speaker. Mr. Wright claimed the right to speak his opinions freely; when he saw and knew of fraud he would expose it. The resolution was put to please the fraudulent mediums of Cincinnati. Mr. Wright's language was strong and the meeting went with him.

At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Wright said that he would speak his mind always; societies that did not want free speech should not engage him, and if tricky mediums did not want exposing they should not trick. The officers of this society are afraid of exposing mediums, but half of the mediums of this city are frauds and the people know it. ONE OF THE SOCIETY. Cincinnati, Nov. 15.

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